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PUNCH'S

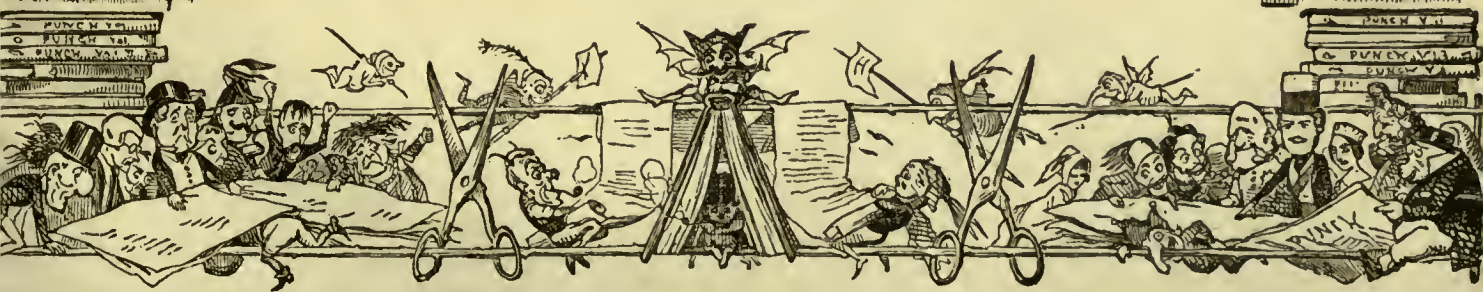
1862—1880.

ALMANACKS

Second Series.

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PUNCH OFFICE 85 FLEET STREET.
LONDON.



AP

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P8

1862-80

& alm.

THE CALENDAR

January xxxi Days.

1 W	Circumc.	17 F	Franklin b.
2 Th	S. a. 4h 5m	18 S	Prin.
3 F	Rachel d.	19 S	3d of Epip
4 S	S. a. of Ch.	20 M	Palan
5 M	Epiphany	21 Tu	Agam
6 Tu	St. Basil d.	22 W	Vincent
7 W	Lucien.	23 Th	Lablache d.
8 Th	Comm. 1840	24 F	For b. 1740
9 F	St. Basil d.	25 S	Con R. Paul
10 S	Hil. Tim. b.	26 S	Lablache d.
11 M	1st of Epip	27 M	1854
12 Tu	Con R. T. b.	28 Tu	Princet. d.
13 W	1854	29 W	S. a. 4h 4m
14 Th	1854	30 Th	S. a. 4h 4m
15 W	1854	31 F	Hilary T. e
16 Tu	H. C. C. C.		

February xxviii Days.

1 S	S. a. 7h 41m	15 S	R. Lailia
2 M	4th of Epip	16 S	Septuag. b.
3 Tu	For. Land.	17 M	Angelo d.
4 W	S. a. 4h 53m	18 Tu	Luther d.
5 Th	Agatha d.	19 W	Copernic. b.
6 F	Priscilla d.	20 Th	Supp. 1817
7 S	1864	21 M	Hab. Corp.
8 M	Hil. q. Day	22 Tu	Berry d.
9 Tu	5th of Epip	23 W	Seapay. b.
10 W	Q. Vic. mar.	24 Th	Matthias
11 Th	1860	25 F	C. L. T. div.
12 F	W. Napier	26 S	T. Moore d.
13 S	S. a. 7h 50m	27 M	S. a. 5h 35m
14 M	Valentine	28 Tu	

March xxxi Days.

1 S	St. David.	17 M	St. Patrick
2 M	Quinquages.	18 Tu	Pa. Low. b.
3 Tu	S. a. 4h 4m	19 W	S. a. 4h 5m
4 W	St. George d.	20 Th	Spring Q. a.
5 Th	St. George d.	21 F	Car. 1831
6 F	St. George d.	22 S	St. Hil. d.
7 S	St. George d.	23 M	St. Hil. d.
8 M	St. George d.	24 Tu	St. Hil. d.
9 Tu	St. George d.	25 W	St. Hil. d.
10 W	St. George d.	26 Th	St. Hil. d.
11 Th	St. George d.	27 F	St. Hil. d.
12 F	St. George d.	28 S	St. Hil. d.
13 S	St. George d.	29 M	St. Hil. d.
14 M	St. George d.	30 Tu	St. Hil. d.
15 Tu	St. George d.	31 W	St. Hil. d.

April xxx Days.

1 Tu	S. a. 6h 38m	18 W	St. Hil. d.
2 W	S. a. 6h 38m	19 Th	St. Hil. d.
3 Th	S. a. 6h 38m	20 F	St. Hil. d.
4 F	S. a. 6h 38m	21 S	St. Hil. d.
5 S	S. a. 6h 38m	22 M	St. Hil. d.
6 M	S. a. 6h 38m	23 Tu	St. Hil. d.
7 Tu	S. a. 6h 38m	24 W	St. Hil. d.
8 W	S. a. 6h 38m	25 Th	St. Hil. d.
9 Th	S. a. 6h 38m	26 F	St. Hil. d.
10 F	S. a. 6h 38m	27 S	St. Hil. d.
11 S	S. a. 6h 38m	28 M	St. Hil. d.
12 M	S. a. 6h 38m	29 Tu	St. Hil. d.
13 Tu	S. a. 6h 38m	30 W	St. Hil. d.

May xxxi Days.

1 Th	S. Ph. & Ja.	17 S	Tallyp'd. d.
2 F	S. Ph. & Ja.	18 M	S. a. 4h 5m
3 S	S. Ph. & Ja.	19 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m
4 M	S. Ph. & Ja.	20 W	S. a. 4h 5m
5 Tu	S. Ph. & Ja.	21 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
6 W	S. Ph. & Ja.	22 F	S. a. 4h 5m
7 Th	S. Ph. & Ja.	23 S	S. a. 4h 5m
8 F	S. Ph. & Ja.	24 M	S. a. 4h 5m
9 S	S. Ph. & Ja.	25 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m
10 M	S. Ph. & Ja.	26 W	S. a. 4h 5m
11 Tu	S. Ph. & Ja.	27 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
12 W	S. Ph. & Ja.	28 F	S. a. 4h 5m
13 Th	S. Ph. & Ja.	29 S	S. a. 4h 5m
14 F	S. Ph. & Ja.	30 M	S. a. 4h 5m
15 S	S. Ph. & Ja.	31 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m

June xxx Days.

1 S	S. a. 4h 5m	18 M	S. a. 4h 5m
2 M	S. a. 4h 5m	19 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m
3 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m	20 W	S. a. 4h 5m
4 W	S. a. 4h 5m	21 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
5 Th	S. a. 4h 5m	22 F	S. a. 4h 5m
6 F	S. a. 4h 5m	23 S	S. a. 4h 5m
7 S	S. a. 4h 5m	24 M	S. a. 4h 5m
8 M	S. a. 4h 5m	25 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m
9 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m	26 W	S. a. 4h 5m
10 W	S. a. 4h 5m	27 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
11 Th	S. a. 4h 5m	28 F	S. a. 4h 5m
12 F	S. a. 4h 5m	29 S	S. a. 4h 5m
13 S	S. a. 4h 5m	30 M	S. a. 4h 5m

July xxxi Days.

1 W	St. Peter d.	17 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
2 Th	S. a. 4h 5m	18 F	S. a. 4h 5m
3 F	S. a. 4h 5m	19 S	S. a. 4h 5m
4 S	S. a. 4h 5m	20 M	S. a. 4h 5m
5 M	S. a. 4h 5m	21 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m
6 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m	22 W	S. a. 4h 5m
7 W	S. a. 4h 5m	23 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
8 Th	S. a. 4h 5m	24 F	S. a. 4h 5m
9 F	S. a. 4h 5m	25 S	S. a. 4h 5m
10 S	S. a. 4h 5m	26 M	S. a. 4h 5m
11 M	S. a. 4h 5m	27 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m
12 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m	28 W	S. a. 4h 5m
13 W	S. a. 4h 5m	29 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
14 Th	S. a. 4h 5m	30 F	S. a. 4h 5m
15 F	S. a. 4h 5m	31 S	S. a. 4h 5m

August xxxi Days.

1 F	Lammas	17 S	S. a. 4h 5m
2 M	S. a. 4h 5m	18 M	S. a. 4h 5m
3 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m	19 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m
4 W	S. a. 4h 5m	20 W	S. a. 4h 5m
5 Th	S. a. 4h 5m	21 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
6 F	S. a. 4h 5m	22 F	S. a. 4h 5m
7 S	S. a. 4h 5m	23 S	S. a. 4h 5m
8 M	S. a. 4h 5m	24 M	S. a. 4h 5m
9 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m	25 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m
10 W	S. a. 4h 5m	26 W	S. a. 4h 5m
11 Th	S. a. 4h 5m	27 Th	S. a. 4h 5m
12 F	S. a. 4h 5m	28 F	S. a. 4h 5m
13 S	S. a. 4h 5m	29 S	S. a. 4h 5m
14 M	S. a. 4h 5m	30 M	S. a. 4h 5m
15 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m	31 Tu	S. a. 4h 5m

September xxx Days.

1 M	Part. sh. o.	16 Tu	Jan. H. d.
2 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	17 W	Lambert
3 W	S. a. 4h 17m	18 Th	Prin. d.
4 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	19 F	1854
5 F	S. a. 4h 17m	20 S	S. a. 4h 17m
6 S	S. a. 4h 17m	21 M	S. a. 4h 17m
7 M	S. a. 4h 17m	22 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m
8 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	23 W	S. a. 4h 17m
9 W	S. a. 4h 17m	24 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
10 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	25 F	S. a. 4h 17m
11 F	S. a. 4h 17m	26 S	S. a. 4h 17m
12 S	S. a. 4h 17m	27 M	S. a. 4h 17m
13 M	S. a. 4h 17m	28 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m
14 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	29 W	S. a. 4h 17m
15 W	S. a. 4h 17m	30 Th	S. a. 4h 17m

October xxxi Days.

1 W	St. Michael d.	17 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
2 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	18 F	S. a. 4h 17m
3 F	S. a. 4h 17m	19 S	S. a. 4h 17m
4 S	S. a. 4h 17m	20 M	S. a. 4h 17m
5 M	S. a. 4h 17m	21 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m
6 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	22 W	S. a. 4h 17m
7 W	S. a. 4h 17m	23 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
8 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	24 F	S. a. 4h 17m
9 F	S. a. 4h 17m	25 S	S. a. 4h 17m
10 S	S. a. 4h 17m	26 M	S. a. 4h 17m
11 M	S. a. 4h 17m	27 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m
12 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	28 W	S. a. 4h 17m
13 W	S. a. 4h 17m	29 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
14 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	30 F	S. a. 4h 17m
15 F	S. a. 4h 17m	31 S	S. a. 4h 17m

November xxx Days.

1 S	All Saints	16 Tu	St. Hil. d.
2 M	S. a. 4h 17m	17 W	S. a. 4h 17m
3 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	18 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
4 W	S. a. 4h 17m	19 F	S. a. 4h 17m
5 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	20 S	S. a. 4h 17m
6 F	S. a. 4h 17m	21 M	S. a. 4h 17m
7 S	S. a. 4h 17m	22 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m
8 M	S. a. 4h 17m	23 W	S. a. 4h 17m
9 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	24 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
10 W	S. a. 4h 17m	25 F	S. a. 4h 17m
11 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	26 S	S. a. 4h 17m
12 F	S. a. 4h 17m	27 M	S. a. 4h 17m
13 S	S. a. 4h 17m	28 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m
14 M	S. a. 4h 17m	29 W	S. a. 4h 17m
15 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	30 Th	S. a. 4h 17m

December xxxi Days.

1 W	St. Hil. d.	17 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
2 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	18 F	S. a. 4h 17m
3 F	S. a. 4h 17m	19 S	S. a. 4h 17m
4 S	S. a. 4h 17m	20 M	S. a. 4h 17m
5 M	S. a. 4h 17m	21 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m
6 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	22 W	S. a. 4h 17m
7 W	S. a. 4h 17m	23 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
8 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	24 F	S. a. 4h 17m
9 F	S. a. 4h 17m	25 S	S. a. 4h 17m
10 S	S. a. 4h 17m	26 M	S. a. 4h 17m
11 M	S. a. 4h 17m	27 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m
12 Tu	S. a. 4h 17m	28 W	S. a. 4h 17m
13 W	S. a. 4h 17m	29 Th	S. a. 4h 17m
14 Th	S. a. 4h 17m	30 F	S. a. 4h 17m
15 F	S. a. 4h 17m	31 S	S. a. 4h 17m

Punch's Almanack



WISH FOR JANUARY.

Paterfamilias. Ah! Dr. TRIPLEX, well met. I wish you'd give my little people a look in. Head-ache, no appetite, and all that sort of thing.
Dr. Triples. I'll look round. I suppose you have been idiot enough to let 'em keep Twelfth Day.
Paterfamilias. I wish there was no Twelfth Day. (*Growling.*)

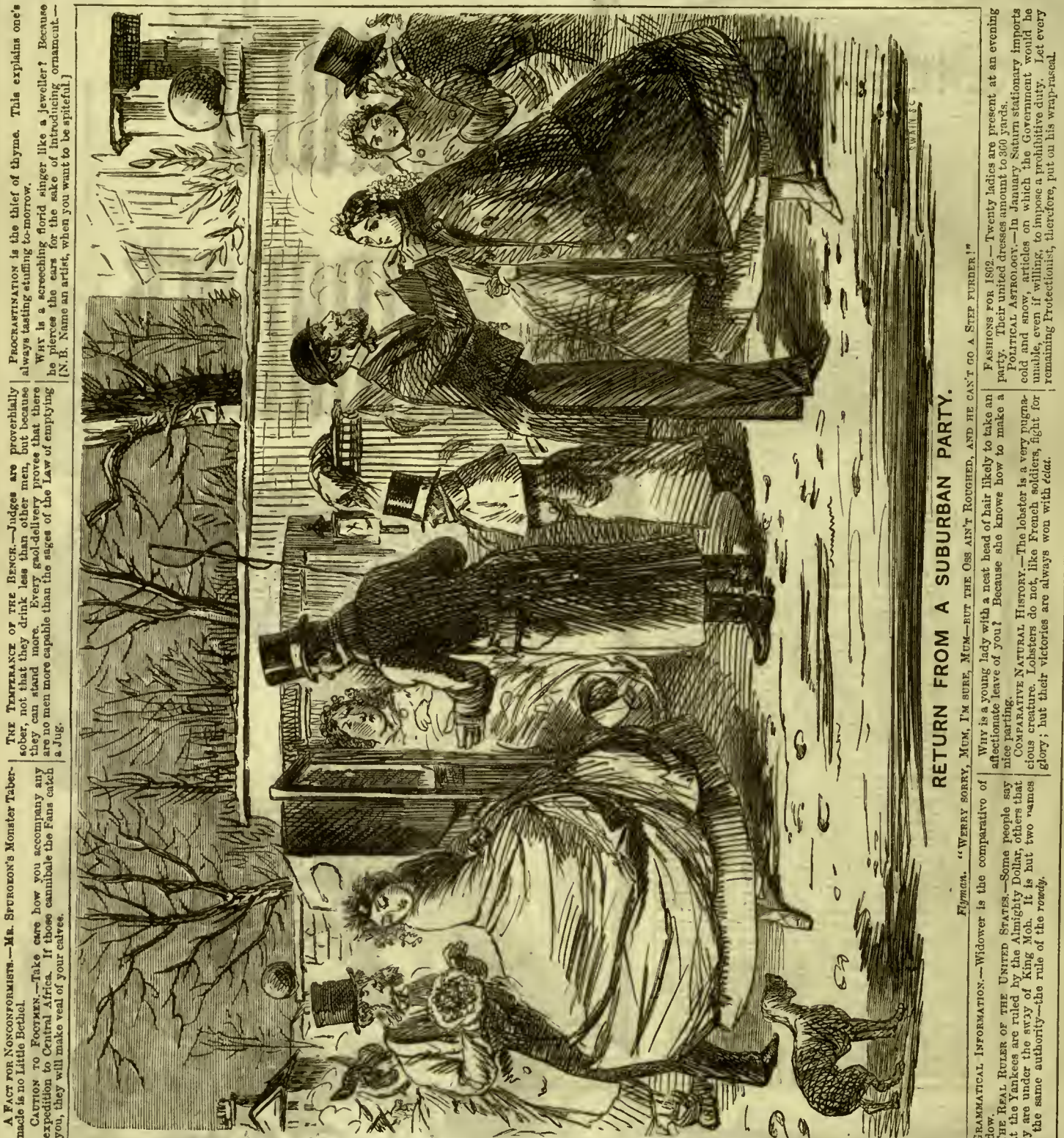
HISTORICAL PARALLELS.

(For Competitive Candidates.)

COMPARE the French Finance system of NECK-AR under LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH, and the French Finance system of Neck-or-Nothing under LOUIS NAPOLEON.
 Compare the enormous abuses of the *Publicans* in the Elections to the Senate in Rome, and the enormous abuses of the *Publicans* in the Elections to Parliament in Finsbury.

WISH FOR FEBRUARY.

Materfamilias. MATILDA, what letter is that you are hiding?
Matilda. It isn't a letter, Mamma.
Materfamilias. Give it me, Miss. How dare you receive such a thing! Why, it's a Valentine. I am ashamed of you, Miss.
Matilda. I wish there was no Valentine's Day. (*Crying.*)



RETURN FROM A SUBURBAN PARTY.

Flyman. "WERY SORRY, MUM, I'M SURE, MUM—BUT THE OSS AIN'T ROUGHED, AND HE CAN'T GO A STEP FURDER!"

GRAMMATICAL INFORMATION.—Widower is the comparative of WIDOW.
 THE REAL RULER OF THE UNITED STATES.—Some people say that the Yankees are ruled by the Almighty Dollar, others that they are under the sway of King Mob. It is but two names for the same authority—the rule of the ready.
 WHY is a young lady with a neat head of hair likely to take an affectionate leave of you? Because she knows how to make a nice parting.
 COMPARATIVE NATURAL HISTORY.—The lobster is a very pugnacious creature. Lobsters do not, like French soldiers, fight for glory; but their victories are always won with *éclat*.
 FASHIONS FOR 1862.—Twenty ladies are present at an evening party. Their united dresses amount to 300 yards.
 POLITICAL ASTRONOMY.—In January Saturn stationary imports cold and snow, articles on which the Government would be unable, even if willing, to impose a prohibitive duty. Let every remaining Protectionist, therefore, put on his wrap-rascal!

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a Builder whose "estimate of cost" was not exceeded by his bill?
 Did you ever know a Speaker promise "only a few words," and not utter a great many?
 Did you ever know a Waiter at an eating-house whose arithmetic would bear a pen-and-ink analysis?

Did you ever know a "Plucked" Man who might not, by his own account, have passed extremely easily if he had only worked?

When you give a piece of your mind, take care it's not the biggest piece.
 When you pay a compliment, always take a receipt.

SONG BY MR. FOWERBY.

ON SPIRIT-PAINTING. TO A LADY.

If spirits around us are constantly hovering,
 Our thoughts acts and deeds every moment discovering,
 Does your ladyship fancy they're skilled in photography?
 Would you like them to illustrate all your biography?

HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY A MAN WHO MARRIED LATE.

SELECT the days when you suspect that there's a make-shift sort of a dinner, for bringing, unexpectedly, a few City men to dine with you; and throw out such artful hints as may lead them to infer that your wife is a bad cat, do what you will to school her.

On any night when you have promised to take her to the theatre, either don't go home till morning, or else come rushing in for dinner two hours before the time, and, when you find she is not dressed, declare she always keeps you waiting, and throughout the whole two hours go on fidgeting and fuming and continually asking her how long she means to be, and predicting that, as usual, she'll be sure to make you miss the only scene you care to see.

MR. SOWERBY'S SEASONS.

SPRING.

Briars now, and brambles shoot;
Nettles grow in hedges thick,
And, of birds' nests in pursuit,
Hands of youngsters sting and prick.
Thorns increase and thistles thrive;
Verdant hemlock crests the bank;
Slugs and snails are all alive,
Midst the weeds that flourish rank.

NOTE ON MARCH, NATURAL AND HISTORICAL.—Rooks in ploughed fields meet in large flocks and hold Diet of Worms, discussing their grub.

THE SUREST WAY TO RISE IN THE WORLD is to go up in a balloon.

You may keep an old friend—a promise made—a woman's love—a balance at your banker's, but never—an umbrella.

THE advocates of indirect taxation would, if they had their way, make the Income-Tax the "Whole Duty of Man."

THING NOT GENERALLY CONSIDERED.—The youngest and prettiest girl is no chicken—if she is a goose.

WHEN you take Counsel with yourself, always pay his travelling expenses.



THE PORTRAIT.—FINISHING TOUCH TO THE DRESS.

Painter. "I beg your pardon, but I'm afraid you are sitting on my palette!"

BALLAD FROM BEDLAM.

The moon is up! the moon is up!
The larks begin to fly,
And like a breezy buttercup
Dark Phœbus skims the sky:
The elephant with cheerful voice
Sings blithely on the spray,
The bats and beetles all rejoice,—
Then let me too be gay!

Last night I was a porcupine,
And wore a peacock's tail,
To-morrow, if the moon but shine,
Porchance I'll be a whale;
Then let me, like the cauliflower,
Be merry while I may,
And, ere there comes a sunny hour
To cloud my heart, be gay!

WISH FOR MARCH.

Landlord. I hope I see you well, Mr.

DAWDLE.

Tenant. You see nothing of the kind, Mr. SCREW.

Landlord. Sorry to hear it, Sir. Drawn out that little cheque for me, Sir? This is the 25th, you know. Sorry to trouble you, Sir.

Tenant. I wish there was no Lady Day. (Sneezing.)

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.

ON A CHRISTENING.

KITCHEE, kitchee, little duck I
Let us hope he's born to luck.
His beginning here we see;
Wonder what his end will be.

Every one has crowed and smiled,
Like this interesting child,
Once, for all were once as young—
Every person ever hung.

PARLIAMENTARY.—An Irish Member takes the sense of the House about himself, and is voted a bore.

OBVIOUS.—Why is next year's Exhibition sure to be popular?—Because it has been well taken up by folks (Fowkes) from the first.

WHEN you speak what you admit to be plain truth, expect others to think it downright ugly.



A HOT CHESTNUT IS A VERY GOOD THING AFTER DINNER, BUT IT IS NOT SO PLEASANT JUST AS THE FOX-BREAKS.

Rough Rider. "By yer leave, Sir! My young horse rushes so if he's kept waiting!"

WISH FOR APRIL.

Little Boy. Sir, Sir, if you please, Sir. There's something out of your pocket.
Passenger. Eh, my lad, what is it?
Little Boy. Your hand, Sir.
Passenger (promptly). Yes, Sir, as you shall feel. (*Boxes his ears*)
Little Boy. I wish there was no April Fool Day. (*Howling.*)

A BATCH FROM BEDLAM.

Q. Why is a hunted fox like a Puseyite?
 A. Because he's a tracked-hairy-un. (*Tractarian.*)
 Q. If a Yankee slave-driver caught a female runaway, what would be his first remark?
 A. Let's lick her.
 Q. Why is BLONDIN like a prize-fighter?
 A. Because he can't get his living without some as-saults. (*Prize-saults.*)
 Q. Why is a lazy man a contradiction?
 A. Because he is a far-nigh-ah't-he? (*far niente.*)

FACT FOR ALL FOOLS' DAY.—The Geographical Society holds a Conversation, in the course of which a wag, who has received an invitation to attend, remarks that the most extraordinary river in the world is the Plate, which runs with gravy.

SEASONABLE DEMONSTRATION.—First of April; All Fools' Day. General meeting held by the United Kingdom Alliance. Very wet.

POOR RICHARD'S MAXIMS.

Respectfully dedicated to all true Americans.

BY THE SHADE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

ONE grain of sense is worth a pound of bluster.
 There is moderation in all things. Do not feed the boiler until you make it burst.
 The head of Folly is generally crowned with a Mob-cap.

A nation saved from going to war is a nation preserved from ruin.

The vessel of a State was never yet kept afloat by a number of windbags.

A quarrel is like debt—much easier rushed into than got out of.

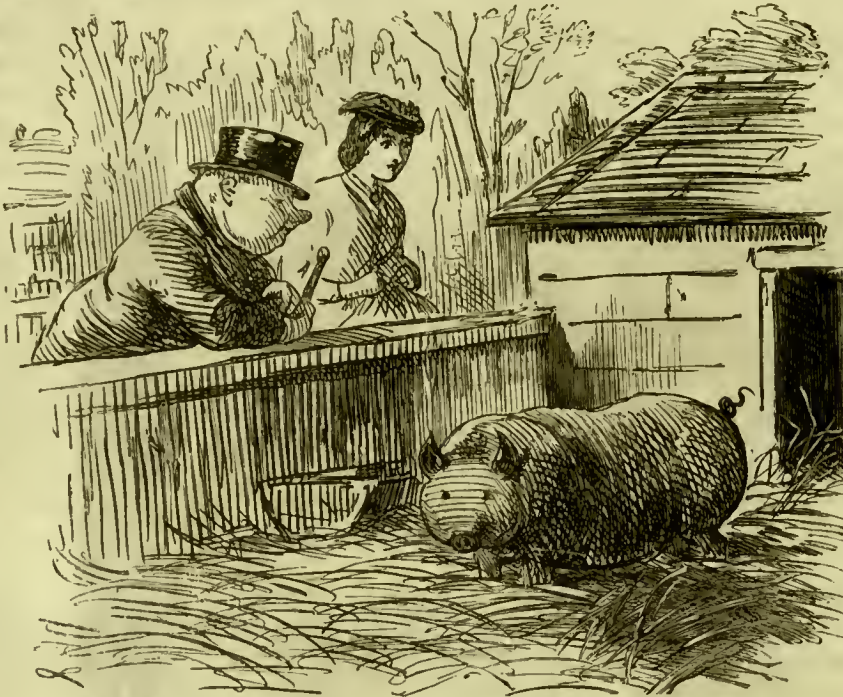
If two bedfellows are both determined to sleep in the middle of the bed, it is pretty clear there will soon be a falling out between them.

One falsehood entails several. As you make your bed with equivocations and deceptions, so you must lie in it.

A pair of compasses, divided against itself, is good for naught.

Brag is a trumpet that's very loud before going into battle, but rarely heard in heating the retreat.

THE ONE THING ONE ALWAYS GETS AT A PUBLIC DINNER.—Buttered toast.



Bacon Fancier. "THERE, NOW! THAT'S MY STYLE!"

HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

BY A MAN WHO MARRIED LATE.

ENDEAVOUR every morning to get out of bed on the wrong side. Always ring for your hot water with a vehemence of one who thinks his house is on fire, and scold the servant through the door for her tardiness in bringing it. Never get your breakfast without grumbling that the eggs are always boiled too much or else not half enough; and that by no chance can you ever get a decent cup of coffee. Except for purposes of diet, or else to make a disagreeable remark, don't open your mouth until the meal is finished. If your wife attempts a little cheerful conversation, stop it by a grunt; and eat with the *Times* newspaper prepped up before your plate, as a hint that you don't want her to bother you by talking. Never positively tell her whether you'll be home to dinner; and be careful on the days when you are certain you'll dine out, to express yourself so that she will be sure to wait an hour for you. When you quit the house leave a last word with the servant, as opposite as possible to what you told your wife, so as still more to prevent her knowing what to do, and give you further chances of complaint at her not doing it. Of course, be sure when you go out to hang the door well after you.

WHEN you draw an inference, be sure about your moral perspective.



HUNTING FROM TOWN.—IT IS SAFER TO GO WITH YOUR ANIMAL.

Railway Porter (reflectively). "EARLY TRAIN! LET'S SEE! LITTLE BAY 'OSS, AND A BROWN 'OSS WITH A BIG KNEE! HAH! THEN YOU MAY DEPEND THEY'RE THE 'OSSES AS WENT ON TO YORK!"

SANITARY DIRECTIONS FOR SERVANTS.

(For the Housemaid.)

NEVER open windows. It admits the blacks. If you find any open, shut them carefully.

In sweeping, work the dust well under drawers, sofas, cabinets, and other pieces of furniture not liable to be moved. If these receptacles are ever discovered, you can remove the accumulation at once.

Never disturb the dust on picture-frames, ledges, the tops of bureaus, &c., or generally, anywhere where your mistress is not likely to see it. Dust once settled is harmless. Meddling with it only sets it in motion to settle somewhere else.

Never hang up, or expose to the air, blankets or bedding. As you have made the bed people ought to lie upon it, and the less a bed is disturbed the better it will look, and the less trouble it will give you.

Never remove slops in detail. Keep a large part in some out-of-the-way place, and let them accumulate. Why should you take many journeys, when one will serve the purpose?

Find a place in or about the bed-rooms for stowing away blacklead brushes, dusters, dust-pans, hearth-brooms, and similar articles, where your mistress is not likely to find them, and by resort to which you may spare yourself the fatigues of running up and down stairs. If you have no other place, put them under a spare bed.

THE LAST INQUIRY OF THE INCOME-TAX.—BILLY BARLOW, singing "Raggedy-oh!" is pounced upon by the District Assessor, and taxed for his rents.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Addicted as the Yankees are to whittling, it is no wonder that, at the Battle of Bull's Run, they cut their sticks.

THE WINNER OF THE DERBY FOR 1862.—The man who doesn't bet.

HOW TO FIND THE CAB FARE TO ANY PART OF LONDON.—Ask the cabman how much he wants, and give him half the amount.

WHEN you embark in a Speculation mind your crew don't scuttle her.



THE USE OF ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sweep. "It's ENOUGH TO TEMPT ONE. HE LOOKS SO JOLLY CLEAN HIMSELF!"

HALF A CENTURY HENCE.

(Extract from the Diary of EVELYN PEPPY JONES.)

"May-day. Take my wife to hear the Monster Concert at the Crystal Palace. Twenty thousand in the chorus and five thousand in the band are all that they are able at present to accommodate; but at the Great Festival which will be held next year, they promise that these numbers shall be very nearly doubled. The solo singers sang through speaking trumpets, as at these monster meetings nowadays is usually done; but our seats were so far off that we could scarcely catch a note, although I had my patent sound-expander with me. After the performance there was some high rope walking between two air balloons a couple of miles from earth, but I unluckily had left my telescope at home, and so could see but little of this interesting sight."

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.

ON A PERAMBULATOR.

MADAM, wheeled in yonder chair,
I your little boy behold,
He may ride, as he rides there,
In a bigger when he's old.

Musing nursemaid, through the throng,
Unobserved where you go,
Push your infant charge along;
Yes: and crush his father's toe.

WISH FOR MAY.

Model Husband. I—hic—hic—ashu—you, my love, hic, that I was—was hindered from coming—hic—by import—tant clients.

Amiable Wife. Very likely, Sir, and are these your clients stuck all round your hat? Dells, as I'm an honest woman.

Model Husband. They're—they're—hic—my love—memorandums.

Amiable Wife. I wish there was no Derby Day. (Sulking.)

CHILDHOOD'S HOME.—Nowhere is there a greater number of infants reared than in Lap-land.

PRECAUTION AGAINST DAMP.—Clothes bought at an out-fitter's should always be well aired before they are worn, for the very obvious reason, that they are all Slops.

JOKE BY A DUMPTY ORDNANCE CLERK.—Why is a tipsy land surveyor unlike water? Because he can never find his Level.

TOAST FOR JOLLY BEGGARS.—More kicks than half-pence.



POSITIVE FACT, OF COURSE.

A MESSAGE COMES OFF ON MRS. BLUEBAG'S LINEN, WHICH SHE IS HANGING, AS USUAL, ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRES.

BALLAD FROM BEDLAM.

I would I were a stickleback,
And lived upon a mountain,
I'd curl my tail, and purr, and quack,
Like sparrows in a fountain.
What joy through icy fire to dart,
Upon a cobweb swinging,
And give my love my sunburnt heart,
While evening drums are ringing!

Yet rather would I wish to be
An elegant young spider,
To treat my love to imps and tea,
And sit and sing beside her.
Then would we fly to Aëna Green,
With bluebottles behind us,
And hidden in a soup tureen,
No mortal eye should find us!

JONES'S MEDITATIONS.

When a lady asks if you admire her dress, she expects you to express your admiration of herself.

The time that women waste in studying the looking-glass men more sensibly employ in studying the dinner cart.

If you wish to know the value that is set on your society, announce that you intend to give up giving parties, and then count the invitations you continue to receive.

It is a sure sign of departing juvenility, when one has no longer an appetite for buns.

Whom do ladies dress themselves to please? Surely not the gentlemen, or they would never stand in such terror as they seem to do of one another's criticism.

Limitation is the homage that dulness pays to genius. Such homage is paid constantly at the throne of the great Punch.

PHYSIOLOGICAL FACT. — The actual powers of the human stomach are in some cases equal to those which fable has ascribed to the ostrich, a bird erroneously supposed capable of digesting iron and steel. Any Tailor can eat his own Goose.

HINT ON GARDENING. — In planting tulips consult the Champion of England, because he is the chief of the florists.

GEOGRAPHY FOR GIRLS. — Iceland is situated in Belgravia.



CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Domestic. "BOTHER MISSUS! SHE WEARS IT HERSELF, AND I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T."

HINTS TO MAKE HOME HAPPY

BY A MAN WHO MARRIED LATE.

WHEN any of your wife's relatives are staying in the house, do all you can to snub them and to make their visit wretched; but when any of *your* family happen to be with you, take every opportunity of saying in her hearing that you fear she terribly neglects them in your absence. Never pay a house-keeping account without a grumble, and always scrutinise each item as sharply as you can, and hint that shawls and bonnets are now and then put down, you think, among the "Sundries." If your wife is a proficient as a pianist or singer, do all within your power to discourage her from practising; and then, when at a party she falls somewhat to exhibit her usual execution, hint that ladies when they marry grow sometimes sadly lazy. In short, do all you can to snub, vex, trouble, aggravate, and torment your wife, and it will not be your fault if, to yourself as well as her, your home is made most happy.

MR. SOWERBY'S SEASONS.

SUMMER.

Whilst the sun shines make your hay.
Yonder see the tempest lower.
Now the forked lightnings play;
Now descends the thunder-shower.
How the lads and lasses flee
Fast away as doe and buck,
Seeking shelter 'neath a tree:
Where they're likely to be struck.

WISH FOR JUNE.

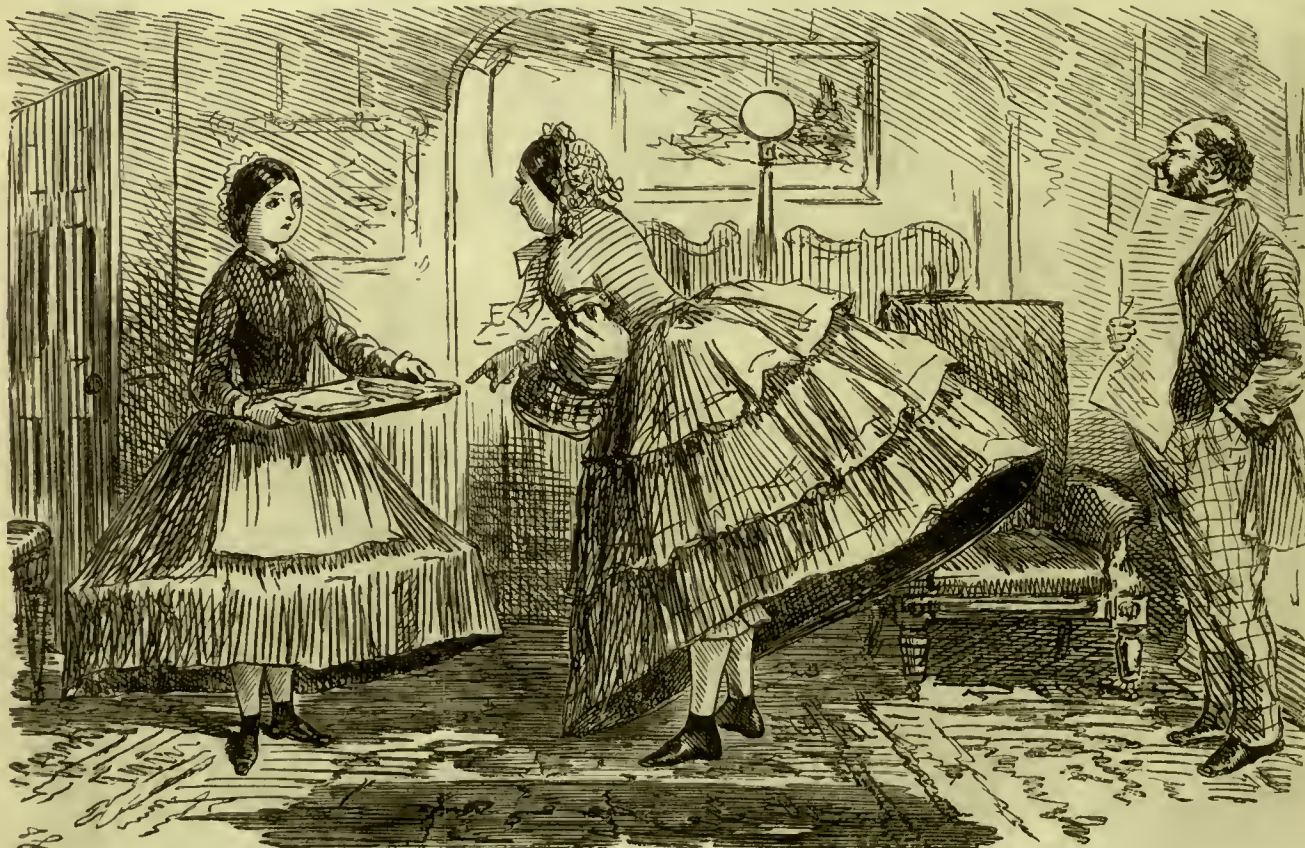
Mistress. Sarah! At last! Provide yourself by this day month.

Sarah. It ain't late, M'm; and please, M'm, my cousin—

Mistress. Don't answer me, and don't dare to speak to me of your cousin. You were to be home by nine, and it is half-past eleven, wicked, rude, ungrateful girl. Go to bed.

Sarah. I wish there was no Whit-Monday. (Blubbering).

QUESTION FOR SOLICITORS.—What nasty thing has more limbs than a centipede? The Law.



CRINOLINE FOR DOMESTIC USE.

Mistress. "MARY! GO AND TAKE OFF THAT THING, DIRECTLY! PRAY, ARE YOU AWARE WHAT A RIDICULOUS OBJECT YOU ARE?"



A PROBLEM FOR YOUNG LADIES.

GIVEN, THE ELEGANT REGINALD FIPPS, WHO USED TO WALTZ SO BEAUTIFULLY, PERFORMING THE ABOVE KINDLY AND MOST NEEDFUL OPERATION AT THE END OF A PIER, WHILE THE BAND IS PLAYING—WHAT RELATION IS HE TO THE DARLING OPERATED UPON?



THE CROWDED STREETS.

Boy. "NOW, MISSUS. THERE'S NO BUSES, KITCH 'OLD OF MY HARM, AND I'LL TAKE YER OVER."

HALF A CENTURY HENCE.

(Extracts from the Diary of EVELYN PETTS JONES.

"August 8. This being my birth-day, my wife gives me a new gun, and the lease of a good moor, both bought with her saved pin-money. How much wiser is this way of spending her spare money than in squandering it absurdly on acres of fine dresses, as our grandmothers were wont to do some fifty years ago! And what hideous frights they looked in their Crinoline and bouffees, and feathered pork-pie hats and cramping high-heeled boots, the *Punch* papers of the period, which one sees in every drawing-room, sufficiently well prove.

"September 1. A glorious day's shooting with my friend CRACKSHOT in Suffolk. We start quietly at ten after a elgar, and bag ten brace apiece before we have our lunch. Total bag at finish five-and-twenty brace of birds, leash of hares, two couple of rabbits and a snipe; all, except the latter, shot fairly from a point. How much more pleasant this than the un-sportsmanlike old way of going out in a great party without a single pointer, and counting one's day's pleasure only by the quantity of game that one could bag! Such follies as battues are now completely out of date, and it is thought the height of snobbism to endeavour to revive them. Certainly in some respects we have improved upon our ancestors, although, judging by their writings, they thought themselves as near perfection as was possible to be."

WISH FOR JULY.

Schoolboy. It don't rain, Ma, at least not much. You might let a fellow go out.

Ma. Charles, I will not hear of it, and your pertinacity is disrespectful to a parent. It rains fast, and your new clothes will be entirely spoiled.

Schoolboy. No, they won't, Ma.

Ma. I repeat that they will, Charles. Don't look black at the weather. We have always rain at this time.

Schoolboy. I wish there was no St. Swithin's Day. (Scratching paint off somewhere.)

MEDICAL DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—Stale dry bread is a very effectual check to juvenile consumption.



TOO DELICATE BY HALF.

Sensitive Party. "HOLLO! HOLD 'ARD-A MINNIT, MARY, YOU'RE A SMOTHERING VUN WITH DUST!"

JONES'S MEDITATIONS.

THAT man may be considered happy in his choice who can take his wife down Regent Street without stopping at a shawl-shop.

Monstrous is the appetite of youth. Nevertheless untoasted muffins are not easily demolished.

As thorns are to the rose, so are pins to lovely woman. A female in full dress is never unprotected.

It is said that, as a rule, favours ought to be returned. But to this rule clearly there are some exceptions. Who for instance ever dreams of returning Wedding Favours?

Surely that man may be envied who can eat pork chops for supper and sleep without a grunt.

Milliners' bills are the tax which the male sex has to pay for the beauty of the female.

Alas! my son, how fleeting is all earthly bliss! Did you ever meet a man who greatly cared for turtle soup after the fourth plateful?

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.

AT AN EVENING PARTY.

MANY a couple past us whirls,
Fine young fellows, handsome girls.
Pleasing spectacle to view,
Spectacles albeit through.

Madam, mark you fair young maid;
Sir, observe that well-built blade.
Once, perhaps, like her and him,
You were graceful, smart, and slim.

WISH FOR AUGUST.

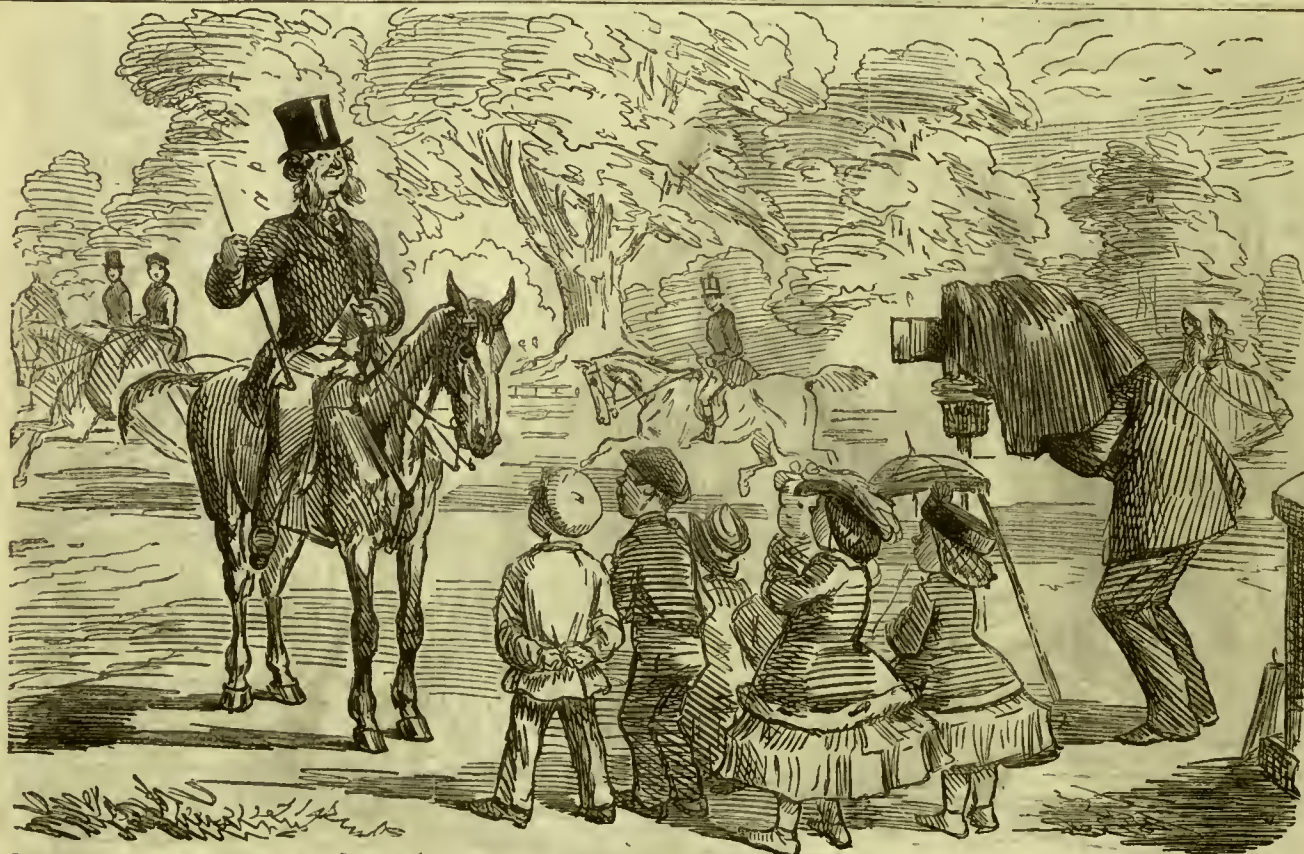
The Sovereign. I am sure, my dear LORD PALMERSTON, that I am glad to release you from your labours.

Lord Palmerston. Permit me to beg, your Majesty, that you will not call them so. Some of the older men feel them, but as for me—

The Sovereign. Well, well, but we must not spur a willing horse. I am very happy to think the holidays begin.

Lord Palmerston. I wish there was no Prorogation Day. (Bowling.)

WHEN you open your heart, be always ready to slam it to again.



JONES PREPARES A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR HIS MARY ANN, AND HAS HIS EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT TAKEN. HE REMARKS, "AND IT YOU KNOW, IF I DO HAVE MY CARTE DONE, I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T AVE MY 'ORSE!"

WISH FOR SEPTEMBER.

Young Goose. Sss—sss—sss—
sss!

Old Goose. Hold your bill, you young fool, you are only attracting notice. I said so. FARMER PIGGINS has his eye on you. I'm tough and safe, but ain't you going to London?

Young Goose. Me—oh—wh—what d'ye mean?

Old Goose. To-morrow's the 23th September, my child.

Young Goose. I wish there was no Michaelmas Day. (struggling.)

MR. SOWERBY'S SEASONS.

AUTUMN.

Corn is ready to be cut;

So are tares and poppies too.

Many a crop is touched with smut,
Marked with spots of sable hue.

Thus, when ears of mildewed grain

Dot wheat, barley, oats, and

rye,

Fields present one yellow stain

Only to the jaundiced eye.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

—In consequence of a great decrease of crime in the rural districts, the farmers, generally, employ the County Police as Clod-crushers.

If you stumble over your new mat in the passage, what science are you shewn to have neglected? Pneumatics.

When you wind up your affairs, mind you use the right watch-key.

THE NEW SPANISH WINE, UNDER THE GLADSTONE REDUCED DUTIES.
—Vino de Tarifa.

A FAIR RETORT.

QUOTH GILES from the Dock to my Lord on the Bench,
Who with poaching offences was twitting him:
"If us poachers do live by the snaring o' hares,
Zure you lawyers do live by the splitten 'em."

GOING NORTH.

"THIS CARRIAGE IS ENGAGED!"

EPITAPH UPON A CAT.

So rare her virtues, it were shabby
Not to lament my faithful tabby:
She lived as pure as any roach;
She died "sans Pitié, sans reproche!"

HALF A CENTURY HENCE.

(Extract from the Diary of EVELYN PEPPY JONES.)

Sept. 7. The cheap nights at the Opera having now commenced, I treat my wife and her mamma to a couple of pit stalls, for each of which I pay two shillings, use of opera-glass included. How thankful we should be that the VERDI reign is over, and that the tide of favour has again set in for GLUCK, ROSSINI, and MOZART! The same good taste is shown, moreover, at the theatres. Trashy farces and burlesques no longer are considered the main features of our stage; and now that managers have sense enough to abolish fees to box-keepers, and all such impositions, to ventilate their theatres and make comfortable seats, and to limit each performance to the playing of one piece, the drama is of course in a most flourishing condition.

ACROBATIC ARITHMETIC.

(For the use of Proprietors of Places of Public Entertainment.)

THREE stumbles make one fall,
Three falls, one broken neck,
Three broken necks, one success,
Three successes, one inquest.

FACT OF COMMON LIFE.—Youth is commonly considered to be ingenious and inexperienced. The common, however, is a field of observation on which we may learn that, notwithstanding all that is said of green geese, a young goose is much more downy than an old one.

DESCRIBE A HOME-CIRCLE.—
The Wedding Ring.

THE VESTRY FIAT.

To your new-fangled ways and means,
We still prefer our stale ways:
We'll neither have street-railway trains,
Nor yet have TRAIN's street-railways.



A LITTLE SHOOTING IN IRELAND.

"NO HIT AGAIN, I'M AFRAID, TIM!"
"O, NIVER MIND, YER 'ONOR! SURE, YE DO IT VERY NIST. THERE'S SOME JINTLEMEN NOW COMES, AND THEY BLAZE AWAY, AND THEY WOWNDES THE POOR BIRDS IN THE LIGS AND THE WINOS, AND SUCH LIKE, BUT YER 'ONOR! O, YE FIRES, AND FIRES, AND ALWAYS MISSES 'EM, CLANE AND CLEVER!"

WISH FOR OCTOBER.

Elegant Stranger. Don't name it, M'm. Allow me to help you over the crossing. These London omnibuses are very reckless, and Pickford's van-men are all ruffians.

Old Lady. I am sure you are very polite, Sir, I am very much obliged to you, Sir.

Elegant Stranger. The obligation is on my side, M'm. Good morning. (*Dives down Court.*)

Old Lady (hand in pocket). O! O Lor! O, I'm robbed, I'm pocket-picked, I'm swindled!

General Public. What's the matter, old girl?

Old Lady. I wish there was no Dividend Day. (*Quivering.*)

HINT BY ONE WHO MAKES CALLS.

The last infirmity of noble minds
Is squinting at you through
Venetian blinds.

A FOOL'S ADVICE.—Under Lunar Influences, says ZADKIEL, "begin new undertakings." This recommendation can only be addressed to the insane members of Necropolis Companies.

THEATRICAL NOVELTY.—A New Equestrian Domestic Drama is produced at Astley's. The Heavy Father rides 20 stone!

LATEST FROM PARIS.—The popular requirement to "Wait for the Waggon" obviously denotes a *four-gon* conclusion. Oh!

THE COOPERATION ON THE BLOCKADE.—Plenty of pods among us; but no cotton.



THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

Small Effective. "—AND THEN, JUST LOOK AT THE IMMENSE IMPROVEMENT IN THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF OUR FELLOWS!"

SANITARY DIRECTIONS FOR SERVANTS.

(For the Nursemaid.)

The hotter your nursery is kept the better, or the children will be sure to catch cold. For the same reason insist on curtains to the children's beds, and always draw them close.

If your mistress is unreasonable enough to take them down, you can put up a shawl, or blanket, when she leaves the room. Be sparing of cold water, and indeed of the bath generally. The instinct of infants protests against washing, in spite of the inhuman prejudice in its favour now prevalent.

If you meet an acquaintance when walking with the children, stop and chat, especially when the wind is East. It will harden the little things—a great point in this variable climate.

Always use pins in the under-clothing of infants. Strings will come off. An occasional prick supplies a wholesome stimulus to the infantine lungs.

Always give children whatever they cry for. Nature teaches them to express their wants, which it would be cruelly to thwart.

Give bread and butter, sweet-meats, &c., between the children's meals. It will prevent them over-eating themselves.

Always keep your foul linen near at hand. A dirty frock or petticoat may often come in handy in the absence of dusters or towels.

Wash the floor of the nursery often. The evaporation will assimilate the atmosphere indoors to that outside, and save the children from sudden changes of temperature.

NATURAL.—The old woman who boiled her tea in her stewpan was misled thereto by hearing that tea is strongest when "it's stood."

NATURAL INDIGNATION.—Why did M. DE CHAILLU get so angry as he did when he was chaffed about the Gorilla? Because his monkey was up.

LEGISLATION ON THE SAFETY LAMP.—To prevent those colliery explosions, which are of so frequent occurrence, he it enacted that every miner on descending into the coal-pit, shall be required to take his Davy.

ADVICE TO CROWN LAWYERS.—Employ a hydropathic doctor, if you want to pack a jury.

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.—A female begging impostor importuning a member of the Mendicity Society to give her a "copper," the benevolent gentleman replied that she should have one, if she would only leave off begging, and take in washing.

MUSIC READILY ACQUIRED.—Stealing a March.



ENGLISH DARLINGS REFLECTED IN A FRENCH MIRROR!

(DEDICATED TO THOSE POLITE AND PROFOUND OBSERVERS OF BRITISH MANNERS AND CUSTOMS—THE PARISIAN ARTISTS!)

SANITARY DIRECTIONS FOR SERVANTS.

(For the Cook.)

TAKE care always to throw down the sink the water in which you boil your greens. The effluvia will tend to deter your mistress from ordering green vegetables, which are always troublesome to the cook, and out of which little credit or effect can be got.

Never let your fire down, whether you have anything to cook or not. How can you tell when it may be wanted?

Nail down your kitchen windows. It is the only way to avoid draughts, colds, and face-aches.

Never scour your stew-pans. It wears off the tinning, and "cooked dishes tell no tales."

Keep your pig-wash tubs under the dresser. It will save you many a walk into the yard.

Never wash pudding-cloths or dusters. They will only want washing again the sooner.

Keep your pantry-windows shut. If the cold meat don't keep, all the more reason for your getting rid of broken victuals.

If your mistress is given to the bad practice of coming into the kitchen, take care she always finds things in a litter. You can say, "you were just clearing up," and it will probably end in breaking her of the habit of interference.

A VOICE FROM THE OORILLA.

A oon deal has been said about the "softening influence" of female society, and really ladies when they get together do talk such sad nonsense, that one may well believe their intercourse is softening—that is, to the brain.—Our own Brute.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—According to a trade circular issued by a Coekney company, Florence and Lucca, whence the finer descriptions of oil have been heretofore imported, are threatened with a vigorous competition by the Isles of Greece.

WHEN you strike a balance, expect that the blow will be returned.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

THE LAZY ORGAN GRINDERS HAVE HAD IT ALL THEIR OWN WAY WITH THE MONKEYS—NOW THEN—CHANCE ABOUT!

ORGANIC REMAINS.

DEAR ALMANACK,
I'm a man of few words!
I was Poet! Painter! Mathematician!
Essayist!
Now:
I am mad. Stark mad!
I'm in the Strand! In the Strand!
I'm in Dixie's Land!
I'd choose to be a Daisy!
I'm a Perfect Cure!
I Love you then as now!
I'm old DAN TUCKER!
I'm Limerick Races!
I Wish I was with NANCY!
Don't I Love my Mother!
I'm not the Queen. Ha! Ha!
I live in a "Quiet Street," and am removing to HANWELL!
Organs! Water-cresses! Organs! Brass Band! Organs! Penny Papers! Organs! Water-organs, Brass-cresses, Paperbands have done it! Police! Police!
FRANTICUS.

MR. SOWERBY'S SEASONS.

WINTER.

NATURE wears a sheet of snow,
All the pools and ponds are froze.
How the cheeks of Beauty glow!
Ruddier still is Beauty's nose!
No more water can you draw;
Ice must melt in coldest first.
Then, as soon as comes a thaw,
All your water-pipes will burst.

WISH FOR NOVEMBER.

Mr. Lovechild. HENRY, dear, I wish you'd run up to the nursery. I think I smell smoke.

Mr. Lovechild. Pooh, nonsense, you're always fancying something.

Enter Jane. O, if you please, M'm—O, if you please, Sir, MASTER REGINALD has set himself and all the beds a-fire with that gunpowder as he got out of the Roming candles master didn't let off.

Mr. Lovechild. I wish there was no Guy Faux Day. (Sneezing.)

If I send away an organ-grinder by the present of a goat, why do I lose nothing? Because I have gained a four-penny Peace.



A GORDIAN KNOT FOR ROBINSON.

Miss Selina Hardman. "WOULD YOU BE SO GOOD, SIR, AS TO GIVE ME A LEAD OVER?"

WISH FOR DECEMBER.

Mr. Bachelor Huncle. A happy Christmas to you, niece, and to your family.

Mrs. Married Niece. Thanks, dear uncle, but we won't be lumped together like that. Here, come in all of you, kiss your dear uncle, and I dare say he'll show that he remembers you. Come in ELLEN, JEMIMA, GEORGE, WALTER, MARIA, TODDLES, TIDDLE, and here BABY BLOBBY, come

and kiss uncle. There, another kiss from baby, because that was a sad slobber—there, uncle, wasn't that nice?

Mr. B. H. I wish there was no Christmas Day. (*Wiping his mouth and feeling in his pocket.*)

ADVICE TO EVENING-PARTY GIVERS.—Don't "keep the Ball a-going" till you weary out your guests. A *fête de nuit* too often proves a *fête d'ennui*.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

For a Christmas partner—
A nudstletoe-kiss.
For a Christmas dun—
A dismissal-too kick.

THE REAL DINNER REFORMER.—KING ARTHUR, when he established the Round Table.

PERS OF THE COUNTY BENCH.—Birds of prey are principally defended by their talons; but the peasant and partridge owe their chief protection to their beaks, which are very formidable to poachers.

NEAR.—Young NIMRON, being asked by a lady for his photograph, pleaded that his hunting did not give him time to sit for it. On which the lady naively answered, "I fear, Sir, you are putting the horse before the cart."

FAMILIAR SPIRITS.—The United Kingdom Alliance tries hard to persuade us that alcohol in all its forms is an unmixed evil. Nevertheless certain it is that Gluiviat is good for mixing, and that neat Cognac if genuine is unmixed good.



A FAMILY GROUP—BABY STIRRING THE PUDDING.

HIGHLY-TIMORY.—The phrase is of classical origin. It is a corruption of the exclamation of a Roman matron, a washer-woman, who when irritated by her son, an idle boy, used ungrammatically to cry "He Tit!"

PROPHECY FOR THE PEOPLE.—DR. CUMMING may fix what period he likes for the commencement of the reign of peace; but the fact is, that Manchester has inaugurated the Millennium.

VOICES OF THE STARS.—Mercury, the ruling star of thieves, now instigates a juvenile prig to fake a cly, and several officers of the metropolitan police-force, who have been studying music, join in a catch.

SONG BY MR. SOWERBY.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

"MERRY Christmas and happy New Year!"
How merry a Christmas 'twould be,
I fancy, for all of us here,
Next twelvemonths if we could foresee.

"Wish you happy New Year!"—but affliction
What blessing to bar can avail?
Many subjects of that benediction
Have, ere the year's end, gone to gaol.

A STOCK JOKE.—The proprietor of a pen of Hampshire prize-pigs observed at the Cattle Show, "Lookee there, mun; that there's a specimen of my penmanship."

CHRISTMAS WEIGHTS.

The Boxes on my patience,
The Bills on my pocket,
The Pudding on my stomach, and
The Pantomime on my spirits.

LIGHT BOBS.—The Fleas volunteer, and are universally voted a crack regiment.



January xxxi Days.		February xxviii Days.		March xxxi Days.		April xxx Days.		May xxxi Days.		June xxx Days.	
1 Th. Chronica.	17 S. Franklin b.	1 S. Septuag.	15 S. Quinquag.	1 S. 28. In Lent.	17 Tu. St. Patrick	1 W. S. r. 61.30m	18 Th. B. Clontarf	1 F. B. Ph. & Ja.	17 S. Sun. of As.	1 M. S. r. 30.51m	16 Tu. Wat. Tyler
2 F. R. 61.30m	18 S. 3. Saf. Kp. p.	2 M. Purif. Cand.	16 M. S. 5. 14m.	2 M. St. David	18 W. Pa. Lou. h.	2 Th. S. a. 45.32m	19 F. B. Lorida	2 S. 4. 45.32m	18 M. Com. E. d.	2 Tu. S. a. 61.6m	17 W. St. Alban
3 S. a. 4. 1m	19 M. (Trices.)	3 Tu. S. r. 71.30m	17 Tu. S. 7. 14m.	3 Tu. S. 7. 14m.	19 Th. S. 7. 14m.	3 W. S. r. 45.32m	20 F. S. a. 45.32m	3 Th. S. a. 45.32m	19 M. S. a. 45.32m	3 W. S. a. 45.32m	18 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
4 S. Tr. d. 4. 1m	20 Tu. F. 14m.	4 W. S. a. 45.32m	18 W. S. a. 45.32m	4 W. S. a. 45.32m	20 Th. S. r. 45.32m	4 Th. S. r. 45.32m	21 F. S. a. 45.32m	4 Th. S. a. 45.32m	20 M. S. a. 45.32m	4 W. S. a. 45.32m	19 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
5 M. Tr. d. 4. 1m	21 W. Agnes	5 Th. S. a. 45.32m	19 Th. S. a. 45.32m	5 Th. S. a. 45.32m	21 F. S. a. 45.32m	5 F. S. a. 45.32m	22 Th. S. a. 45.32m	5 Th. S. a. 45.32m	21 M. S. a. 45.32m	5 W. S. a. 45.32m	20 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
6 Th. Epiphany	22 Tu. Vincent	6 F. S. a. 45.32m	20 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	6 F. S. a. 45.32m	22 Th. S. a. 45.32m	6 Th. S. a. 45.32m	23 F. S. a. 45.32m	6 Th. S. a. 45.32m	22 M. S. a. 45.32m	6 W. S. a. 45.32m	21 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
7 W. R. 61.30m	23 W. R. 61.30m	7 S. S. a. 45.32m	21 W. S. a. 45.32m	7 S. S. a. 45.32m	23 Th. S. a. 45.32m	7 Th. S. a. 45.32m	24 F. S. a. 45.32m	7 Th. S. a. 45.32m	23 M. S. a. 45.32m	7 W. S. a. 45.32m	22 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
8 Th. R. 61.30m	24 Th. R. 61.30m	8 M. S. a. 45.32m	22 Th. S. a. 45.32m	8 M. S. a. 45.32m	24 F. S. a. 45.32m	8 F. S. a. 45.32m	25 Th. S. a. 45.32m	8 Th. S. a. 45.32m	24 M. S. a. 45.32m	8 W. S. a. 45.32m	23 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
9 F. R. 61.30m	25 F. R. 61.30m	9 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	23 Th. S. a. 45.32m	9 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	25 F. S. a. 45.32m	9 Th. S. a. 45.32m	26 F. S. a. 45.32m	9 Th. S. a. 45.32m	25 M. S. a. 45.32m	9 W. S. a. 45.32m	24 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
10 S. R. 61.30m	26 S. R. 61.30m	10 W. S. a. 45.32m	24 Th. S. a. 45.32m	10 W. S. a. 45.32m	26 Th. S. a. 45.32m	10 Th. S. a. 45.32m	27 F. S. a. 45.32m	10 Th. S. a. 45.32m	26 M. S. a. 45.32m	10 W. S. a. 45.32m	25 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
11 M. R. 61.30m	27 M. R. 61.30m	11 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	25 Th. S. a. 45.32m	11 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	27 F. S. a. 45.32m	11 Th. S. a. 45.32m	28 F. S. a. 45.32m	11 Th. S. a. 45.32m	27 M. S. a. 45.32m	11 W. S. a. 45.32m	26 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
12 Th. R. 61.30m	28 Th. R. 61.30m	12 W. S. a. 45.32m	26 Th. S. a. 45.32m	12 W. S. a. 45.32m	28 Th. S. a. 45.32m	12 Th. S. a. 45.32m	29 F. S. a. 45.32m	12 Th. S. a. 45.32m	28 M. S. a. 45.32m	12 W. S. a. 45.32m	27 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
13 W. R. 61.30m	29 W. R. 61.30m	13 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	27 Th. S. a. 45.32m	13 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	29 F. S. a. 45.32m	13 Th. S. a. 45.32m	30 F. S. a. 45.32m	13 Th. S. a. 45.32m	29 M. S. a. 45.32m	13 W. S. a. 45.32m	28 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
14 Th. R. 61.30m	30 Th. R. 61.30m	14 W. S. a. 45.32m	28 Th. S. a. 45.32m	14 W. S. a. 45.32m	30 Th. S. a. 45.32m	14 Th. S. a. 45.32m	31 F. S. a. 45.32m	14 Th. S. a. 45.32m	30 M. S. a. 45.32m	14 W. S. a. 45.32m	29 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
15 F. R. 61.30m	31 F. R. 61.30m	15 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	29 Th. S. a. 45.32m	15 Tu. S. a. 45.32m	31 Th. S. a. 45.32m	15 Th. S. a. 45.32m		15 Th. S. a. 45.32m	31 M. S. a. 45.32m	15 W. S. a. 45.32m	30 Tu. S. a. 45.32m
16 F. R. 61.30m		16 W. S. a. 45.32m	30 Th. S. a. 45.32m	16 W. S. a. 45.32m		16 Th. S. a. 45.32m		16 Th. S. a. 45.32m		16 W. S. a. 45.32m	

July xxxi Days.		August xxxi Days.		September xxx Days.		October xxxi Days.		November xxx Days.		December xxxi Days.	
1 W. S. r. 61.30m	17 F. S. 4. 1m	1 S. Lammes	17 M. S. 4. 1m	1 Tu. S. 4. 1m	16 W. S. 4. 1m	1 Th. S. 4. 1m	18 S. 4. 1m	1 S. 28. of Tr.	16 M. S. 4. 1m	1 To. S. 4. 1m	17 Th. S. 4. 1m
2 Th. S. a. 45.32m	18 S. 4. 1m	2 M. S. 4. 1m	18 M. S. 4. 1m	2 Tu. S. 4. 1m	17 W. S. 4. 1m	2 Th. S. 4. 1m	19 S. 4. 1m	2 S. 4. 1m	17 M. S. 4. 1m	2 To. S. 4. 1m	18 Th. S. 4. 1m
3 F. S. 4. 1m	19 M. S. 4. 1m	3 Tu. S. 4. 1m	19 M. S. 4. 1m	3 Tu. S. 4. 1m	18 W. S. 4. 1m	3 Th. S. 4. 1m	20 S. 4. 1m	3 S. 4. 1m	18 M. S. 4. 1m	3 To. S. 4. 1m	19 Th. S. 4. 1m
4 S. S. 4. 1m	20 Tu. S. 4. 1m	4 W. S. 4. 1m	20 M. S. 4. 1m	4 W. S. 4. 1m	19 W. S. 4. 1m	4 Th. S. 4. 1m	21 S. 4. 1m	4 S. 4. 1m	19 M. S. 4. 1m	4 To. S. 4. 1m	20 Th. S. 4. 1m
5 M. S. 4. 1m	21 W. S. 4. 1m	5 Th. S. 4. 1m	21 M. S. 4. 1m	5 Th. S. 4. 1m	20 W. S. 4. 1m	5 Th. S. 4. 1m	22 S. 4. 1m	5 S. 4. 1m	20 M. S. 4. 1m	5 To. S. 4. 1m	21 Th. S. 4. 1m
6 Th. S. 4. 1m	22 Tu. S. 4. 1m	6 F. S. 4. 1m	22 M. S. 4. 1m	6 F. S. 4. 1m	21 W. S. 4. 1m	6 Th. S. 4. 1m	23 S. 4. 1m	6 S. 4. 1m	21 M. S. 4. 1m	6 To. S. 4. 1m	22 Th. S. 4. 1m
7 W. S. 4. 1m	23 W. S. 4. 1m	7 S. S. 4. 1m	23 M. S. 4. 1m	7 S. S. 4. 1m	22 W. S. 4. 1m	7 Th. S. 4. 1m	24 S. 4. 1m	7 S. 4. 1m	22 M. S. 4. 1m	7 To. S. 4. 1m	23 Th. S. 4. 1m
8 Th. S. 4. 1m	24 Th. S. 4. 1m	8 M. S. 4. 1m	24 M. S. 4. 1m	8 M. S. 4. 1m	23 W. S. 4. 1m	8 Th. S. 4. 1m	25 S. 4. 1m	8 S. 4. 1m	23 M. S. 4. 1m	8 To. S. 4. 1m	24 Th. S. 4. 1m
9 F. S. 4. 1m	25 F. S. 4. 1m	9 Tu. S. 4. 1m	25 M. S. 4. 1m	9 Tu. S. 4. 1m	24 W. S. 4. 1m	9 Th. S. 4. 1m	26 S. 4. 1m	9 S. 4. 1m	24 M. S. 4. 1m	9 To. S. 4. 1m	25 Th. S. 4. 1m
10 S. S. 4. 1m	26 S. S. 4. 1m	10 W. S. 4. 1m	26 M. S. 4. 1m	10 W. S. 4. 1m	25 W. S. 4. 1m	10 Th. S. 4. 1m	27 S. 4. 1m	10 S. 4. 1m	25 M. S. 4. 1m	10 To. S. 4. 1m	26 Th. S. 4. 1m
11 M. S. 4. 1m	27 M. S. 4. 1m	11 Tu. S. 4. 1m	27 M. S. 4. 1m	11 Tu. S. 4. 1m	26 W. S. 4. 1m	11 Th. S. 4. 1m	28 S. 4. 1m	11 S. 4. 1m	26 M. S. 4. 1m	11 To. S. 4. 1m	27 Th. S. 4. 1m
12 Th. S. 4. 1m	28 Th. S. 4. 1m	12 W. S. 4. 1m	28 M. S. 4. 1m	12 W. S. 4. 1m	27 W. S. 4. 1m	12 Th. S. 4. 1m	29 S. 4. 1m	12 S. 4. 1m	27 M. S. 4. 1m	12 To. S. 4. 1m	28 Th. S. 4. 1m
13 W. S. 4. 1m	29 W. S. 4. 1m	13 Tu. S. 4. 1m	29 M. S. 4. 1m	13 Tu. S. 4. 1m	28 W. S. 4. 1m	13 Th. S. 4. 1m	30 S. 4. 1m	13 S. 4. 1m	28 M. S. 4. 1m	13 To. S. 4. 1m	29 Th. S. 4. 1m
14 Th. S. 4. 1m	30 Th. S. 4. 1m	14 W. S. 4. 1m	30 M. S. 4. 1m	14 W. S. 4. 1m	29 W. S. 4. 1m	14 Th. S. 4. 1m	31 S. 4. 1m	14 S. 4. 1m	29 M. S. 4. 1m	14 To. S. 4. 1m	30 Th. S. 4. 1m
15 F. S. 4. 1m		15 Tu. S. 4. 1m	31 M. S. 4. 1m	15 Tu. S. 4. 1m	30 W. S. 4. 1m	15 Th. S. 4. 1m		15 S. 4. 1m	30 M. S. 4. 1m	15 To. S. 4. 1m	

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS,
FOR ALBUMS.

"The cab was a fast one, and it seemed but a moment between the brilliant lights and sparkling table of the Club, and the silence of the dark cold Lane of the Temple. I hurried towards my chambers, with a slightly uncertain step, for champagne is Circe, and as I emerged from the gloomy cloister, I beheld a monstrous Snake, lying in all its slimy blackness upon the pavement, white in the moonlight. A Snake, of awful length, such a one as met the army of the conquering HANNIBAL, and died under the crushing avalanche from the military engines. More horrible, for at intervals I could descry foul, dwarfed legs, and could see that the stones were damp with its hideous slime. Its head glittered with a fiendish and lurid gleam, and was upturned towards my own windows, waiting for the Living Flesh. Magnetic fascination drew me on against my will; I approached it, shuddering, and, horror on horror, stumbled, and fell upon the Beast. Its clammy chill came upon my warm hands and face, and then I heard a fierce gurgling sound, and the loathsome Snake vomited a torrent of—I know not what—I had fainted. * * * * *

"Then foremen ought to be ashamed of leaving their pipe to trip up the gentleman," said the Policeman, "and—"
Author of *What will he do with a Strange Story?*

TO ANY ONE FOND OF GOOD SUPPERS.—Become a Policeman.



PLUCK!

Master Cock-Robin. "I TELL YOU WHAT, UNCLE CHARLES—IF YOU ARE AT ALL NERVOUS ABOUT THE GAROTTERS—I'LL WALK HOME WITH YOU!"

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

MRS. GOOSE'S PREFACE.

Don't tell me of your ZADRIELS and FRANCIS MOORE Physicians. I don't valley nayther on 'em a brass farden. They againt agoin to come over me with none o' their figuralios. Bother! There! Give me hold o' the 'Strology book, and if I don't read the Wices of the Stars truer than them, blow in my face and call me Dap, lo!

JANUARY.—Saturn in Libra is he? Libra the Scales. Ah! the old sarpint—drat him! Then there's sure to be bobs and botherations and Barbary q's somewhere. For Saturn finds some mishtif still for idle hands to do. No doubt but what there'll be a rumpus of some sort in France, or else a to-do in Roosha or Proosha or Italy or a mess in Greece, and goins on in Amererrykey, Turkey in Europe, Asia or Africa. But a fiddlestick for Saturn! I defies him. My motlar is and hallways wor, "Tell truth and shame the

devil." Mars in Ilarris opposito Jupiter and Sun semi-square to Mackery; why then in course we must expect things unsettled, partickler washing bills and other little accounts. The blacks is a risin' in the Cotton States, and a fallin' elsewhere; so much the wus for linen.

A SERIOUS FACT.—A Preacher of Total Abstinence gravely delivered the following observation from his platform:—"Gin is a Snare."

SEASONABLE FESTIVITIES.

As soon as the frost sets in, the Serpentine will "receive" every day. There will not be any restriction, as to dress. A warm bath, besides a glass of brandy and water, will be provided for all those who happen to drop in. The outsiders on such a hospitable occasion will not be forgotten, inasmuch as refreshments will be provided on the spot for all those who choose to pay for them. Drags will be stationed at certain distances for the convenience of the company, and can be hired (or lowered, if the person wishes it) at a moment's notice by any one holding up to that effect his hand.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE WAS a young lady of Bicester,
One day that her lover had kissed her,
She seemed quite perplexed,
And to show she was vexed
She gave such a slap to her sister.

A FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

If you are anxious to know what marvellous things the tongue of the Adder can do, and what extraordinary lengths it will sometimes go to, listen attentively to a Richmond waiter, in the height of the season, when he is reckoning up your score.

AN UNDENIABLE CONTRADICTION.—Whitebait is no small fry.



DELIGHT OF THE HON. TOM RASPER (WHO HAS PROMISED HIMSELF A DAY WITH THE PYCHLEY) ON FINDING THAT THE BOX WITH HIS HUNTER HAS BEEN LEFT AT COWLEIGH STATION, WHILE A FINE YOUNG BULL, INTENDED FOR THAT PLACE, HAS BEEN BROUGHT ON TO—HARBOROUGH, SHALL WE SAY?

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS, FOR ALBUMS.

"I know that LAVINIA has written to him," said Miss MALCOLM, quietly.
"But she has not moved from the sofa. The pens have not been used, and though there were five sheets of note-paper yesterday, and now there are four, you took one for little LUCY's bonbons. I have counted the envelopes, and all are there," I said.

"Yes, she has written, and sent the letter. Look out, and you will see that his blind is drawn down. That is the white signal which means 'no danger.'"

"Has SARAH been in the room?"

"Only once, to take away the soup, which LAVINIA scarcely touched."

"Did she eat her roll?"

"A mouthful or two of the crumb. I watched SARAH, and am certain that LAVINIA gave her nothing."

"Give me the opera-glass," I said quickly, and I turned it on CAPTAIN VERNON's other window. He was eating something, I fancied with a sort of ostentation. A thought flashed on my mind.

"Have you done with the newspaper, LAVINIA?" I said.

"Lor, yes," said the invalid, petulantly.

"An hour."
A corner of the paper was gone. It was in the Roll VERNON was eating. Now, to get at that scrap. But first, what was it about?—Author of *The Dead Woman in White's* Secret.

A SONG FOR SPRING.

Now behold the buttercup
In the meadows springing up;
And PHILLIS now, with rapture crazy,
Cries out to CHLOE, "Lark! a daisy!"

LIVING LIKE A PRINCE.—A certain rich nobleman, who keeps a French cook, is accustomed to call his chef "Minister of the Interior."

CUTTING OBSERVATIONS.—Why is a biting jest like a stale proverb? Because an old saw must have teeth.

BATHS AND WASHROUSES.—The beneficent exertions of sanitary reformers for the good of the working-classes in densely crowded districts are never more successful than when they make a clean sweep.



TOO CLEVER BY HALF.

First Boy. "ARE YOU IN A HURRY WITH THAT LETTER, BILL?"

Second Ditto. "YES. IT'S TO BE DELIVERED IMMEDIATELY, AND I'M TO WAIT."

First Boy. "WELL! WAIT HERE, AND HAVE A GAME AT PITCH AND TOSS, AND DELIVER IT IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARDS."

THE POPLAR UNION.

The Approaching Marriage of the PRINCE OF WALES
with the PRINCESS ALEXANDRA of Denmark!
Three cheers, boys!

DOMESTIC ECONOMY AND MEDICINE.—"Stuff a cold," says the proverb, "and starve a cough." Accordingly a cough is the cheaper complaint for a family, because in starving it you save your butcher's and baker's as well as doctor's bills.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

MARCH.—Jupiter a pullin' right and Saturn left—pull baker, pull t'other, as the sayin' is—which signifies there must be ups and downs. If there ain't a railway accident in the course of this month, there will be one or more arter, or praps afore; and some manufacturers possible bustes their bilera. Some individual or other makes a fool of his self. Births, deaths, and marriages appears in the papers, a good many complains of rheumatiz, and somethink or other, mark my words, is safo to happen to somebody. Several dogs and legs is talked off in the Ouse of Commons.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

(The Questions, by some accident, have not yet occurred to us.)

1. BECAUSE he's a Dick Tatur.
2. When he says Gee-hoss-so-fat.
3. Because it is in-farmhouse.
4. The one is a chin chill, the other a chin chiller.
5. Victor You-go.
6. Because it is an alrey-o-light.
7. A weeping Will (oh l!)
8. Because it is the Olnar-knack.

MATHEMATICS FOR MISSES.

PROP. I. Theorem. The angles in a Square may be obtuse angles and acute angles, as well as right angles.

Let AB be a square, and C D a young lady in it. Now when C D angles for a husband in the square, she may either book EF, who makes believe that he has money, or G H who keeps his carriage and is as rich as Croesus. Of these two angles clearly the one is an obtuse and the other an acute angle. But if C D be herself angled for, and caught by a man who really loves her, this, we are inclined to think, is a right angle without doubt.



LITTLE TOM NODDY, WHO IS STILL FOND OF HUNTING, HAS A DAY WITH HIS FRIEND HOLLYOAK, WHO NOT ONLY MOUNTS HIM, BUT RIGS HIM UP IN A SUIT OF CLOTHES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN MADE FOR HIM.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS,

FOR ALBUMS.

"Won't be the first step?" says Mr. Boltinbo.

"Well," said the moist lawyer, looking at the writ, "we must put in an appearance."

"An appearance," said Mr. Boltinbo, thoughtfully. "That will be hard lines, Mr. Toggles, Sir, but if you say that's the law, it's no use me saying contrary. But I could wish the law wd be content with something else."

"But it won't," said Mr. Toggles, peremptorily.

"Then, Mr. Toggles, Sir, we must give in. But it's hard lines. There never were but one Appearance in our family in all the days of its lives and the nights neither, and that you might have heard talk on by your using the Pickled Egg, which my grandfather, Owl Boltinbo as they called him, not that he were baptised Owl, quite the reverse, but in regard to his meeting one of them animals in church to which for I won't deceive you he was not greatly addicted, and he materially supposed he had seen an Angel, till his mind was made easy by the scratching and biting, which is not in the way of angels, except the women who are called angels in a paragonic sense, I've heard."

Mr. Toggles united owls, angels, and women in a compendious wish, and demanded what the Devil Mr. Boltinbo was talking about.—Author of *Expectations of Two Great Cities*.

AN ANTITHESIS OF EVILS.—Mity cheese and weak ale.

WHERE DIFFERENT PEOPLE SHOULD LIVE.

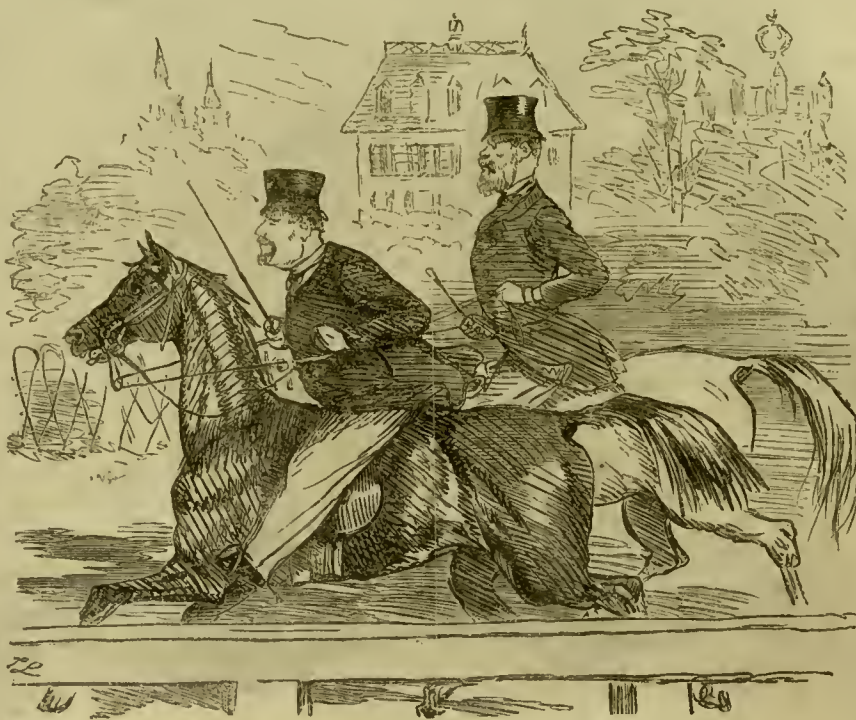
LAWYERS should live in Bond Street, Magistrates in Beak Street, and Parsons and Thief-Catchers in Fetter Lane; Glaziers should live in Glasshouse Yard, Dairy-men in Cow Lane, Bakers in the Rolls' Court, and Sausagemakers in Cat-eaton Street; Pawnbrokers should live at Balls' Pond,

Scamstresses in Soho, Musicians in Bow Street, and Printers in Chapel Place; Chiropedists should live in Cornhill, Dentists in Long Acre, and Undertakers in Bury Street; Actors should always live within call of Acton, and Surgeons should study to be as close to 'Baling as possible; Lovers should live in Pantom Street or Size Lane, newly-married couples in Hart street, and Old Bachelors in Vinegar Yard.

PEOPLE WE DESPAIR OF MEETING.

A MUSICAL critic who will call a voice a voice, and not puzzle simple people by terming it an organ.

A Greengrocer out waiting whose gloves are not too long for him, or a Hair-cutter who can hold his tongue while he is operating.



BOIS DE BOULOGNE.—FOR CAVALIERS ONLY!

VOICES OF THE STARS,

BY MOTHER GOOSE.

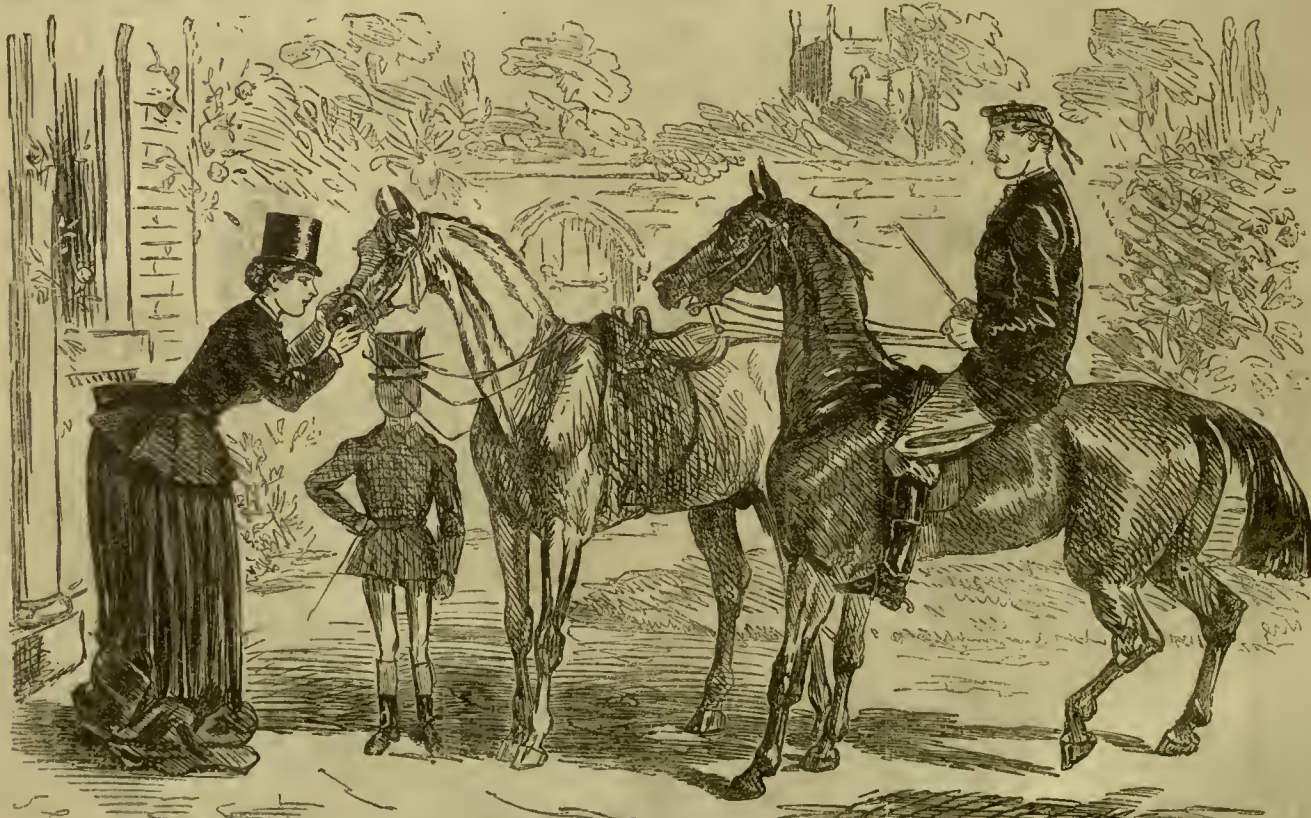
APRIL.—The first bein' All Fools' Day, whippier-snapper sportin' gents, clerks, shopman, and prentices makes up their bettin' books. The *Spiritual Magazine* comes out with a cock-and-bull American story, and tommoddies meets for to practise table-rappin'. Ah! Mars in conjunction with Uranus—is he? If it's a conjunction, and if the skies was to fall we should ketch larks. St. Paul's may be crished by a hairy-light—who knows? and there's no sayin' that the New Houses of Parliament won't be swallowed up by a hearthquake. Them as be may live to see.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Leeds,
Her eyes were the blighness of beads,
When they said, "Do you squint?"
She replied, "I've got lint,
Which I put to my nose when it bleeds."

NOTE ON THE GAME LAWS.—Meteors called shooting stars may shoot without a licence; but the stars themselves do not really shoot; neither do any of the planets, although they are all revolvers.

A GIFT IN SEASON.—On the first of April the President of the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic receives the present of a Cork-screw, and a box of Seidlitz powders.



DOOSED AGGRAVATING FOR YOUNG CORNET FLINDERS, YOU KNOW.

Darling (coaxingly to Favourite Hack). "It was a nice 'tittle soft nose, it was—and it had very nice eyes, it had—and it was very handsome, it was—and it was a nice 'tittle sing altogether!!"

AUTOGRAPHS OF ACTIONS,

FOR ALBIONS.

"The forest was on fire, but that was nothing. It was the wild and frantic dominions of the forest that mowed death, hideous death to PETER and the FAIRY FAWN. She clung to her lover, as a nub of mad elephants crossed their path, snorting and screaming, and the monsters had scarcely passed,

when eleven frenzied figures of the largest size came bounding over the ferny brushwood, their eyes shooting horses' flame than the blazing herbage. One of them, with glissinging tang, made direct for PETER and his bride. But the best hidden was firm, and sprang to a large tree, crying to PETER to follow. The tiger dashed at them, but his claws imbedded themselves in the bark, and ere the roaring savage could free himself, the hot ball was in his brain. But he was yet writhing in the death agony when a vast DON came

stricter that had taken refuge in the tree wound himself round the FAIRY FAWN, and his poisonous breath smote on the face of PETER. To draw his bow-knife, to slash with one fierce gash, the hideous reptile in twain, was a moment's work,—the serpent fell dead, when a vast hippopotamus rushing at the tree, follo'd it in a second, and —" —Author of *The Rifle-Scalp-Mark*.

NEW NAKE FOR SIN CRESSWELL CRESSWELL.—The Juleious Un-Hooker.



A NICE SENSATION FOR BRIGHTON.—POP OVER THE RAILS AND HAVE A GALLOP ON THE RACECOURSE.

VOICES OF THE STAIRS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

MAY.—Highly-highly! Mackerel in semiquart to the Royal Horseguard. Her Majesty's servants, then as worn chronicles, had better take care how they goes might the fire, for if the ferocious climbings is sweep, still there may be danger in the kitchen both to small and girth. Exploptions of gash takes place from champagne and sodawater bottles, and pop goes the wetted upon the

Hesperus Down. Banks breaks out into bloom, and the sun bath in Taurus about the Pope's birthday, his Chinese comes out with a Bull; but let Old Hengland always take time by the forelock and the Bull by the horns. How to Keep One's Birthday.—If you are married, keep it at home in the bosom of your family; if you are not married, why then keep it to yourself, for who cares about the birthday of a stupid, selfish old bachelor?

NEAR AS IMPROVED.—On his return from the Rhine a bithons old tourist, being asked what he thought of the fineness of the Rhine there, answered, "Well, of all the views I cared to clip my eyes on, the finest to my taste was the *Peter's Copac*." A Racer Riddle.—Why is the Turf like a Woodhouse? Because it has a great many legs.





BIARRITZ.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS, FOR ALBUMS.

"SOME more coffee, Mrs. HAWKESLEY, and vex not thou the poet's mind with mundane trifles," said her husband, helping himself to marmalade.

"But you'll give me the cheque, CHARLES, that's a duck."

"It isn't, woman, it is a phasant. Shall I help you to some?"

"No, dear, but give LAURA a roll."

"She has had one already, and you and she are in a conspiracy. Mr. Pore describes you,

"One lulls the Exchequer and one stuns the rolls."

Author of the *Silver Harpsichord*.

FOLK-LORE.

IN some rural districts little boys are accustomed to repeat, as a sort of charm, the following string of names denoting common occupations, counted off on their fingers:—"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, apothecary, plough boy, thief." The collocation of the honest agricultural youth with "him as prigs wet isn't his'n" is inexplicable, though some reason may be assigned for conjoining the medical man with the practitioner of plunder. The lad of the village lives by tillage, but the apothecary and thief both live by pill-age.

A FLING FOR A HORSE-LAUGH.

—A timid rider is generally a good-natured fellow, because he is slow at taking a fence.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

JULY.—Mars and Saturn still a goin' of it. Jupiter in Libra means BLOODY balancin' his self upon the tight-rope about this time unless he breaks his neck afore. More or less fightin' in Chaney, and Gunpowder plots no doubt consorted among them Tea-Pings. The asp of Mars to Uranus betokens warm work in Amorrykey, and likewise here in the Ayinakin' season.

A SONG FOR SUMMER.

With sunshine now the Summer's come,
The bee from flower to flower doth hum:
Poor insect! ah, I know too well
That wax-work oft turns out a cell.

SLAWKENBERGIOUS ON NOSES.—The large aquiline nose of Mr. Punch is an indication of the ardour of his Judyism.

A SMALL CASE OF NEEDLES.

WOMAN sows, and man reaps the advantage of it. Vows, like waistcoat-strings, are frequently broken, when they bind a person too tightly. When you find your property (but mind not your person) is running to waste, then only it is justifiable to pull in. Man without a button is hopelessly adrift, not less so than a ship without its needle.

VOICES OF THE STARS,

BY MOTHER GOOSE.

JUNE.—Mars enters Leo, and the British Lion will show fight if so be he's attacked, which his enemies will think twice about afore they rouse him. Saturn in the nativity of the HEMPAER or HAUSTRIA—the doose is in it—and afore long I reckon he's like to lose Venus. The same in the natal figger of the PRINCE OF PROOSIA makes things look rayther Prooshian blue; jest a spot, no more I ope than enough to make a Dutchman a pair of breeches, and perhaps leave a rinnant for a Dane.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Harrow,
Who would go to church in a barrow,
It stuck in the aisle
And she said, with a smile,
"They build these here churches too narrow."

OBSERVATIONS ON GROUND BAIT.

Boys are often taught, though they never learn, to regard fishing as a cruel amusement, when nevertheless angling, at least as most commonly practised in the Thames, is universally admitted to be particularly and pre-eminently the gentle craft.

CON BY A CONVERSATIONALIST.
—Why is a negative like frozen rain? Because it's no.



ILL! OH, DEAR NO! ONLY INDISPOSED—TO WALK.



SCENE ON A BRIDGE IN PARIS.

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE MATTER HERE? WHY, ALPHONSE, IN A BOAT ON THE RIVER, HAS JUST CAUGHT A GOUJON ABOUT THE SIZE OF HIS LITTLE FINGER!

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS, FOR ALBUMS.

"STUFF," said the DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

But RICHY, though he worshipped a duke more than anything in or out of the world, was not put down. The Duke had demolished NAPOLEON, but could not demolish RICHY.

"I would not contradict your grace," he said, with his inimitable mixture of abjectness and audacity. "RICHY's Mixture," as LADYAN GAY called it.

"I would n't, if I were you," said the young Viscount, who in his Eton days could blush with honest anger at an impertinence.

RICHY did not care a rush for him, for his father was ruined, and Mr. RICHY knew where he had tried in vain to get a bill done that very week.

"Would n't you?" said RICHY, turning on him insolently. "Well, you should know. Dr. COOKESLEY tells me he has cured you of making answers. How's birch? But, your Grace," he continued, resuming his own manner, "I contend that if you had used Dartford gunpowder at Waterloo, the battle would have been over six hours sooner."

"You be —," began the DUKE OF WELLINGTON; but at the moment, MIRIAM, in all her fresh and pearly beauty, entered, and the Duke advanced to meet her.

"I'll punch that beggar's head one of these days," said the Viscount.—Author of *Pivian Tancred Temple*.

THE LIFE OF A SWELL.—All's well if a Swell ends a Swell as well as he began.



CROQUET.

VOICES OF THE STARS,

BY MOTHER GOOSE.

AUGUST.—Mars leaves Leo, ah! but you don't catch the British Lion asleep, no more than a weasel, whatever you may the 'Merican Engle, if you put a bit o' salt on his tail. Howsomever now there's two 'Merican Eagles, a clapperclawin' one another like mad, and as like as not to be madder about the eclipse of the moon, which bein' sure to appear, there's one prediction for you as can't turn out all moonshine. Much beer drunk at arrest-ones.

LINES ON AUTUMN,

BY A GARDENER.

CONVOLVULUS arvensis now,
And all the Hieracia fade;
And, sweet Nymphaea alba, thou
Dost feel the frost thy soils
Invade.

The Anthoxanthum's pollen falls,
Though the Libellula are dead;
Sad Nectarynia leaves the walls,
Hypericum deserts the bed.

No more, Oh Passiflora, rise
Thy radii leguminous;
But Celandine pratense dies,
And Hyacinthus inscriptus.

A MODERN ORACLE.—"As regards diet, how about mild liquor?" was the question put to a mesmeric somnambulist practising medicine in the state of clairvoyance. The reply of the Seer was "No beer but ALL-SOR."

AN OBTUSE ANGLE.—An Old Maid fishing for a compliment.

VOICES OF THE STARS, BY MOTHER GOOSE.

SEPTEMBER.—Wenus and Mars at their wagarics. Mars about the Ouse o' the Hanstrian Keysir, praps in the shape of GARRYBRAWLDY; and Wenus occasions crowned eds and many others great exciseman. There's a talk of invasion, endin' in smoke. Git out! There's the Wolunteers ready

to receive 'em and my old broomstick will be about their ears, which, if to be as they do come, they'll go away with fleas in 'em.

THE QUICKEST WAY OF LEARNING FRENCH.—Turn English Dramatic Author.

THE RACECOURSE AND THE RING.—She who takes a sporting man for better or for worse, may find him both better and worse than she expected.

CON BY A POOR CROSSING SWEEPER.—Why is a birch-broom like a weeping willow? Because it's a thing as (s)weeps.



CROQUET.

Chorus of Offended Maidens. "WELL! IF CLARA AND CAPTAIN DE HOLSTER ARE GOING ON IN THAT RIDICULOUS MANNER—WE MAY AS WELL LEAVE OFF PLAYING."

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS,
FOR ALBUMS.

"Do as you like, Bishop," said Mrs. PROUDFLESH.

Now when Mrs. PROUDFLESH told her bishop to do as he liked, that well educated dignitary knew perfectly well that if he did not do as she liked the consequences would be unpleasant. He therefore said no more, but went to Prebend's Buildings, and knocked at the door of Ivy Nook.

But there was no Dean there. Mrs. VIRGINAL knew her husband too well to leave him to meet his bishop, and Dr. VIRGINAL had gone to St. CHILBLAINS to inspect a highly interesting fresco, just discovered behind the altar. The Dean liked frescoes or anything else better than disobeying Mrs. VIRGINAL.

O how sorry she was that the Dean had gone out! You would have thought that her pretty eyes were really going to fill with tears.

"I know who is a humbug," thought the bishop, but he did not say so, of course, for he was always polite, and humbug is not an episcopal word.

"A new Landseer, I see," said the bishop, for they don't always begin with talk about religion.—
Author of *Most of the New Novels*.

* CRUEL USE OF A SHAKESPEARIAN MEMORY.—"You might buy me some gloves as you come up Bond Street, HENRY," said a blue-eyed wife to a brute. "AVOUSTA," replied the brute, "you profess to like SHAKESPEARE. Do you remember what *Hamlet* remarks, 'Buy, and buy, is easily said.' AVOUSTA looked scissors!"

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

REMEMBERING when you are more than half-way to the Opera, that you have left your box-ticket at home upon your dressing-table, and at the same time recollecting that the overture was what you wished especially to hear.

While walking home to dine *en famille* with your wife,

remembering that you've asked a few old school-fellows to sup with you, and have quite forgotten to tell her to provide for them.

Remembering at bed-time a business letter which your uncle (from whom you have expectations) begged you to post that morning, and which, you now find, is still in your coat-pocket.

As you drive to him in penitence next day at seven p.m., remembering that his note of invitation said "six sharp," and recollecting that of all things he hates waiting for his dinner.

AN OLD BEAU.—STUBBS, at eighty, stained his hair and whiskers. He died at a good old age—didn't he?



A SOU-WESTER IN A SEA-SIDE LODGING HOUSE.

VOICES OF THE STARS,
BY MOTHER GOOSE.

OCTOBER.—What with Saturn and Mars confined and Uranus at a stand-still, and the Sun a goin' right through two on 'em, and Mars and Jupiter together in Libra, and Mackery in the stationary line, things in general gits into what I calls a otch-potch. Misfortuns needs must appen in the best reglated families, and, because they never comes single, in course there must be unlucky marriages. Domestic troubles may be expected from foreign affairs. Beware of interestin' furrenners as comes a courtin' your darters, and mind, afore you kicks 'em out o' the house, you counts your spoons.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Pinner,
She said, "How I wish I was thinner;"
Said Mamma, "A good way
To do that, I should say,
Was to go for a week without dinner."

A QUESTION FOR LORD
DUNDWEARY.

If a woman mawwy a man,
and her husband dies, what do people call her?—A widow.

If she then mawwy again, and the second husband dies, what ought she then to be called?—A widower.

RIDDLE FOR A BEGINNER.—
When is a cherry bigger than a pumpkin? When it's a bigaroon.



SEA-FISHING.

Boatman. "DON'T YER FEEL ANYTHINK YET, SIR? PRAPS YOU'D BETTER TRY ANOTHER WORM!"

AUTOGRAPHS OF
AUTHORS,
FOR ALBUMS.

"Now, if you ask me even in the most delicately porphyrastical and circumamphant manner what I ought to have done, revered Lector, I am compelled to answer you, in the words of the beloved RADIUNDEUS POTATOR, cited by ALCOFRIBAS and say—but you know I at he says, and we have read our HORACE about *mazina reverentia*. Of course we know what RHAMPINITUS the Rich, CHOSROES PURVIS, ETRONIOUS ARBITER, MISPII AOMUTHOSIS, EXCUPERIUS, DALMATIUS, ATHIA BEHY, GANONELLI, and AULUS GELIUS might, could, would, should and ought (or ought not) to have done in the premises; and that reminds me of an excellent story (*da veniam*) which was related to me across a silver samovar by PRINCE ADAM MACCETHOWITCH, descendant, but with the bar sinister, of SWALOSLAS III., on an anonymous island of the Neva. 'Little father,' says ADAM—'—Author of *The Seven Dangerous Sons of Buddington*."

MOOR'S ALMANACK
FOR 1863.

Smoky house,
Red-deer frisky,
No Grouse,
And big-still whiskey!

A STINGY LOVER'S PARODY.

O WHY should the girl of my soul be in tiers?
In Boxes the frivolous loungeer may sit;
But it's more economic, and better one hears,
In the playgoer's place, the fourth row of the Pit.

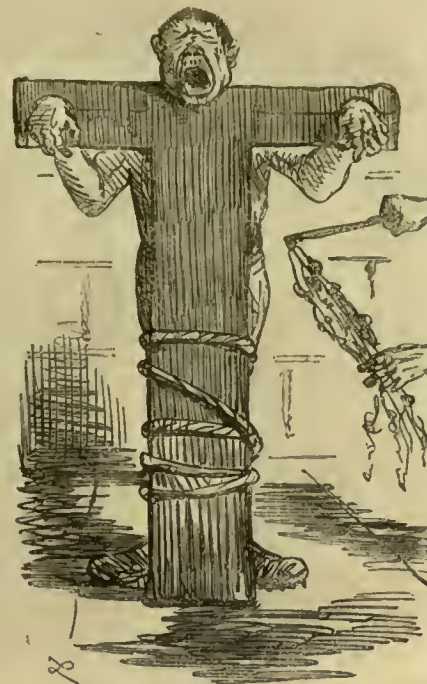
THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—Have you been garrotted?

There's a nice rump
Steak pudding coming
Sir! & a Snipe to
follow!



THE GAROTTER'S LUNCH.

AS SIR JOSHUA JEBB WOULD GIVE IT.



THE GAROTTER'S LUNCH.

AS WE WOULD ADMINISTER THE SAME.

VOICES OF THE STARS,
BY MOTHER GOOSE.

NOVEMBER.—So there's Mars and Jupiter on the midheaven of LEWIS NAPOLEON. I spose that signifies he's enjoyin' of his self at Compeeny, and meanwhile there's a VICTOR EMMANUEL and the poor Italians a whistlin for Rome. Saturn at his tricks in Libra, but weighed and found wantin', like most of the sacks o' coals we has in and, half the quarter leaves as comes from the baker's; for now trades-people uses false weights and mizzures, and adulteration goes on wuss and wuss that raly you can't hardly depend upon nobody.

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Stroud,
Whose voice was so awfully loud,
When she went for a walk,
They forbid her to talk,
For fear of attracting a crowd.

"Oh! HORRIBLE, MOST HORRIBLE!"—Of what General are you reminded by seeing a stable full of horses eating hay? Why of GENERAL HAY-GRAW, to be sure!

How does a fellow's marrying a wife influence his choice of Counsel? When he gets She(a) he generally gives up Chambers.

DITTY FOR DINERS-OUT.

REMEMBER, remember,
Dark nights hath November,
See your bowie-knife ready you've got;
With a leaded stick and
A revolver in hand,
Beware of the brutes who Garotte.

SEW-SEW.—Devote your leisure to needle-work. The richest lady in the land is the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

A COMMON FORM OF SHORT-SIGHTEDNESS DURING THE HUNTING SEASON?—Not being able to see the end of a run.

CONUNDRUM FOR THE COUNTRY.—Which wind does the Pig see plainest? The Sou-West.



GOING OUT TO TEA IN THE SUBURBS.

A PRETTY STATE OF THINGS FOR 1862.

AUTOGRAPHS OF AUTHORS,
FOR ALBUMS.

"He stood on the bridge at midnight, mounted the stone coping, and beheld the river below him, rushing, bubbling, hurrying on its way. He drew from his velvet jacket pocket in succession the bottle of poison, the revolver, and the long bowie-knife, for he had resolved to *shingle off this mortal coil*, and to quit the scene of his many unmerited afflictions. Did not still small voice arrest him in his fierce resolve, and bid him live and retrieve his errors, saying *To err is human, to forgive divine*. Alas, who shall say? He waited in his full determination until a huge barge, then before the towers of the Archbishop's palace, where the proud priest slumbered in purple and fine linen, nothing heeding the wretched outcast, should glide beneath him, to make assurance doubly sure. Dashed against her side, he thought, the waves will receive me lifeless. Then with one wild cry the wretched man drove the dagger into his bosom, swallowed the fatal poison, discharged the pistol at his head, and sprang into the gloomy abyss. But his time was not yet come."—Author of *Any Penny Novel*.

A LOVE SONG BY A LUNATIC.

THERE'S not a spider in the sky,
There's not a glowworm in the sea.
There's not a crab that soars on high
But bids me dream, dear maid, of thee!

When watery Phebus ploughs the main,
When fiery Luna gilds the sea,
As flies run up the window pane,
So fly my thoughts, dear love, to thee!

(ADVERTISEMENT.)

TO LOVERS OF PET DOGS.

FOLLOWED A Gentleman home on Friday last, 12th, an overfed hideously fat Spaniel Dog. If the foolish owner does not send for it immediately, and pay the expenses of this advertisement, the brute will be hanged forthwith. Address, 85, Fleet Street.

RED LETTER CARRIERS.—Avoid Slang. Yet you may say that General Postmen "cut like beans"—because they are Scarlet Runners.

DOUBLE-FACED.—MADAME RACHAEL the fashionable enameLList is now known by the name of a favourite character of her celebrated namesake—*Lecouvreur*.



Jones (who is naturally proud of his first-born). "A LITTLE DARLING, AIN'T HE?"
Bachelor Friend. "H'm, HA! I SEE—YOUNG OORILLA! IS HE REAL OR STUFFED?"

Why is a huy like a Christmas-box? Because the party who gives it is an ass.

A NEEDLE-POINT.—An argument soon drops to the ground, and so will a button, unless supported by a thread strong enough to hold it.

THE GREATEST CHRISTMAS CRACKER.—Every Theatre's punctual Christmas statement that its particular pantomime is "the very best of the season."

A FACT FOR THE FRENCH.—Vaccination was an English discovery, and yet a JENNER-ous idea.

VOICES OF THE STARS,

BY MOTHER GOOSE.

DECEMBER.—And now the Moon is afflicted by Saturn, and comes to grief. Well, there, if Saturn will only leave this earth alone anyhow we shall have a merry Christmas. The Voices of all the Stars is unanimous in promising roastbeef, plum-pudding, and mince-pie even to the porpers in the workuses. The freedom of the City ain't in no danger; but there's many a Alderman in 'Chains. Colds and coughs prevails on Christmas Day, and the day arter bile and indigestion with much sickness. Enough 's as good as a feast, and a great deal better, so now to conclude with a Happy New Year, and many on 'em; and may none on you ever want a threepenny piece to buy *Punch's Almanack*!

NURSERY RHYME.

THERE was a young lady of Oldham,
And when she got presents, she sold 'em.
When folks said, "How mean!"
She replied, "All 's serene."
And that was the whole that she told 'em.

LOVE AND CALORIC.

ACCORDING to one of the songs of the day, "*Love will Thaw the Ice*." It had long been known that love, like many a skater about Christmas, would break the ice; but its effect in the liquefaction of that substance is a discovery. Will love thaw the ice at 32? In that case, what a comfort it would be, if, during a hard frost, Love would get up betimes of a morning, and impart fluidity to the contents of the wash-hand-jug!

"UN SUCCÈS D'ESTIME."

A FRENCH dramatic author was talking about a "*succès d'estime*" at a certain Theatre, when an English civil engineer, who was present, suggested that "the railway locomotive was the greatest '*succès de steam*' that he had ever known."



CHRISTMAS EVE.

Ellen (who is so simple). "Now, PRAY TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, FRANK! WHAT IS IT THESE DREADFUL GAROTTERS CALL 'GIVING ONE THE HOO?'" [FRANK shows her presently.

[illegible][illegible]

GUR GROWLING BARD.

PRELUDE.

We live in changes, which imply
Improvements, as some men
assert.
I change my money, and my
shirt,
But that the world improves,
deny.

Revered old *Punch*, accord me
space
In this your royal Almanack:
For, through the Months, I
hope to smack
Improvement on its insolent
face.

I.

We ride in railway cars where
gas
Flares bright, that he who
rides may read:
Why, let the blockhead, but,
indeed,
A railway reader is an Ass.

The Public's eyes are dimmed,
and wrung
From reading when they didn't
ought,
And penny wisdom's dearly
bought
At price of eyesight lost when
young.

ORNAMENTAL WATER. — The
most ornamental is that which
has the most wavy curls playing
round a quantity of pretty little
ducks.

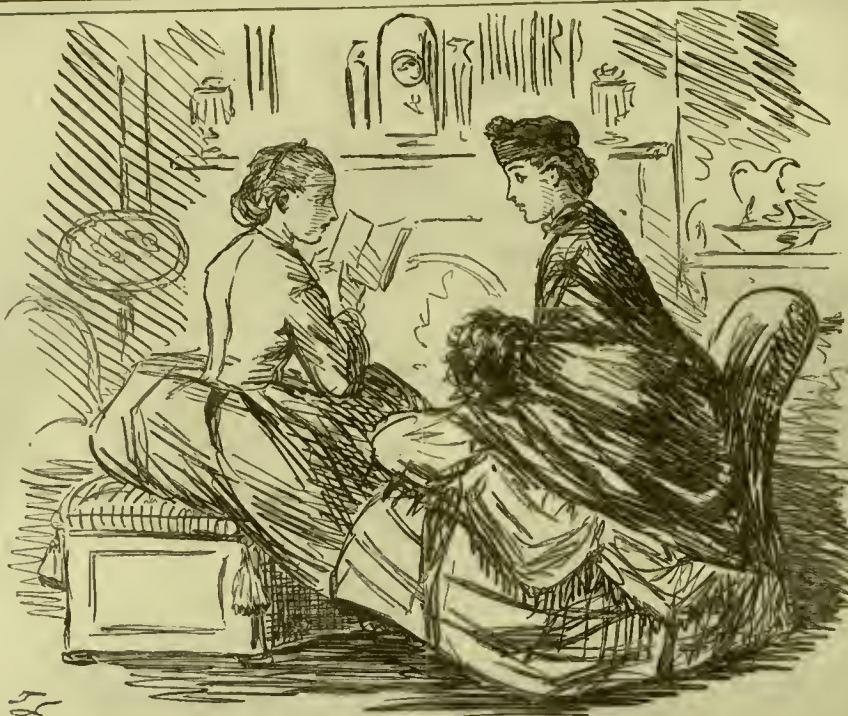
THE IMPERTINENCE! — The rea-
son why ladies' watches are
made of the diminutive size they
are, is because time is generally
such a very small object in a
lady's eyes.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

ARIES.

BRIGHT Phoebus at *The Ram* ascends his car,
But first partakes of something at the Bar.
His rays illumine ale of amber, old,
Or turn a powder-pot to burnished gold.

A COMMERCIAL TRUTH. — Money, like a boot, when it's
tight, is extremely trying.



THE SENSATION NOVEL.

Clara. "YES, DEAR. I'VE GOT THE LAST ONE DOWN, AND IT'S PERFECTLY DELICIOUS. A MAN MARRIES HIS
GRANDMOTHER—FOURTEEN PERSONS ARE POISONED BY A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL—FORGERIES BY THE
DOZEN—ROBBERIES, HANOINOS; IN FACT, FULL OF DELIGHTFUL HORRORS!"

STREET MORALS.

FRIEND CACKLE'S, doubtless, knows a lot,
His sentiments are very fine,
But 'twill be best to see him not,
When you are hurrying home to dine.

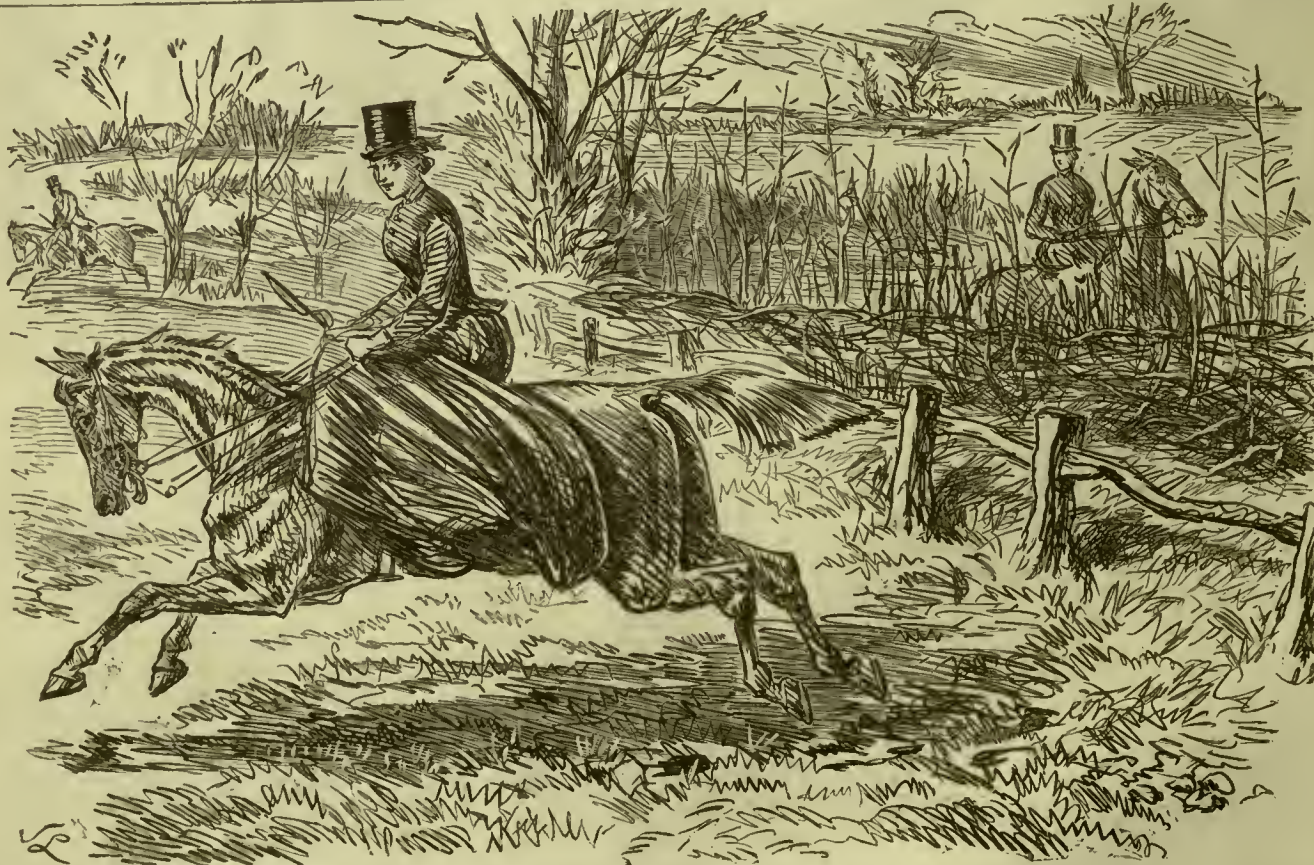
DEFINITION. — The capability for describing from personal
experience the highest points in a mountainous region, is
called, a Topographical knowledge.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

TAURUS.

GLORIOUS Apollo now has reached *The Bull*,
Where he pulls up, and takes another pull;
Earth's signs arrest the driver, passing by:
So do the public-houses of the sky.

THE FIRST LAW OF NATURE — and more especially at a
Theatre on the first night — is Order.



Hard-riding Young Lady. "CUT MISS GEORGINA DOWN THAT TIME, I FANCY, AND HAVE GOT INTO THE SAME FIELD WITH GUS!"

OUR GROWLING BARD.

II.

A WIRE is touched by female
hands,
(That ever like to do with
sparks)
And lightning flies with your
remarks
To distant friends in foreign
lands.

The foreign clerk, with smirk
serene,
Transcribing what you deemed
so plain,
For *Jane* has wedded *Thomas*
Grane
Writes *Jane* has wedded *Turnham*
Green.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

Jan. 2. Day breaks at 6.2. That
is certainly very late for day to
break—but never too late to
mend. The days get out soon
enough, and the ticket of leave
men too soon.

Jan. 11. Plough Monday. Farm-
ers mind your ploughshares,
and Capitalists, look to your
shares in the lines intended to
plough up London.

Feb. 2. *Candlemas Day* and *St.*
Blaise. As the laundress justly
remarked, *Blaise*'s comes natural
next to *Candlemas Day*.

Feb. 17. *Ember Week* begins.
Now 's your time for 'taters all
hot.

A BEAUTY TO DRAW US WITH
A SINGLE HAIR! — A Scotch
Countess, whose ringlets we
may say without hesitation, are
decidedly several *avances* stronger
than what is politely called au-
burn, is always priding herself,
on belonging to the *hair-red-tary*
peagee.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

March 7. The feast of *Perpetua*, that is *Judy* by conjunction. *Punch* for over!

March 21. *Benedict*. The name of this Saint means blessed, and is often used to signify a bridegroom. Why do we never hear it applied to a husband who has passed his honeymoon? A youth may be supposed to have the lot of *Benedict* in view when he declares that he'll be blest if he ever marries.

A STANZA FOR SPRING.

SEE, now reminded by the weather,
The birds work hard their nests to feather;
And thou, my son, think not of rest,
Till thou hast feathered well thy nest.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To *Stuff a Hair*.—First catch your hair: then invite him to your table, and stuff him with all the good things that you are able. In pressing them upon him do not be rebuffed, and if your hair be young he will soon be nicely stuffed.

Q. If the Clerk were to burn a paste in church, what would be the effect?

A. The congregation would be incensed, and the parson in a fume.

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.—The very bluntest observations are often pointed.

SUBSTITUTE FOR *EAU SUCRÉE*.—Take a quantity of slush, and sweeten it with charcoal.



BOARD AND LODGING!

Landlady. "Yes, Sir, THE BOARD WERE CERTAINLY TO BE A GUINEA A WEEK, BUT I DIDN'T KNOW AS YOU WAS A-GOING TO BATHE IN THE SEA BEFORE BREAKFAST AND TAKE BOTTLES OF TONIC DURING THE DAY!"

OUR GROWLING BARD.

III.

Go, pose yourself, and do not laugh,
The lens is hid, the trick is done,
And in a brace of shakes the sun
Has fixed you in a Photograph.

"Well, he's not handsome, in the least,"
Say those to whom your portrait's shown,
Though in your wife's eye, and your own,
You're rather a good-looking beast.

A FAVOURITE dish of the wild animal hunter, GORDON CUMMINO, is *Sauissons de Lyons*.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

GEMINI.

DELUS to feel the call of thirst begins
Again, and cheeks his cattle at *The Twins*;
The Jove-born Chicken and Ledean Pet
Detain him o'er a pint of heavy wet.



Elmly Lady. "BUT I MUST REALLY BEG THAT YOU WILL TELL ME YOUR FARE. I CANNOT BE SUPPOSED TO KNOW YOUR BUSINESS!"
Cabby. "WELL, MUM—I DON'T THINK WE SHALL FALL HOUT.—LET'S SAY, THREE BOB AND A KICK!"

HINTS ON HOUSE-HIRING.

BY A CLOWN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

WHEN you see a house to let, knock at the front door, and, when the cook or housemaid opens it, chuck her underneath the chin, or prod her in the ribs, saying with great tenderness of feeling, "Kartittrek!" Then fall violently in love with her, and at once demand a kiss, telling her "O MAEKARY, I loves yer to substruction!" If she declines to let you kiss her, twitch off her white cap and stick it on your head, and then make faces at her till she screams and runs away, of course leaving the front door open. You may then enter the house, and, if you find it empty, take immediate possession, and show your right to do so by smashing all the furniture and flinging it out of window. Should the rightful owner show himself, and seem inclined to make remonstrance, pitch a pillow at him, or cover him with flour, and, when he is half-blinded with it, hit him in the bread-basket. If a policeman interfere, pick his pocket of his truncheon and hit him on the head with it; or if you prefer it, draw a sword from somebody and cut off the policeman's head with it. Then you may live happy in the house that you have hired, until the ghost of the policeman comes at night to haunt you.

SUPERFLUOUS PHILANTHROPY.—The idea of imparting polish to Japan is like that of carrying coals to Newcastle.

MEDICAL MYTHOLOGY.—Anæsthesia is the daughter of Chloroform.



LONDON CREAM. THE PRODUCE OF WEST-END DAIRIES.

Cook. "DO YOU CALL THIS CREAM? WHY IT'S THINNER THAN MILK!"
Milkman. "OH, ALL IT WANTS IS WELL STIRRING UP.—THE CREAM'S AT THE BOTTOM!"

OUR GROWLING BARD.

IV.

AN angel wife whose hand has spilt
A previous husband's blood: a son
Whom strychnine helped to heirship: one
Or more such types of household guilt

Are household study now. A smudge
Of gore, or else the Tale's a bore.
Improving! Yet was never more
Employment for my lord the Judge.

ETHNOLOGICAL.—The language of the Bojesmans is supposed to be a dialect of Bosh.

THE SUN IN THE SIGNS.

CANCER.

Sol's handsome trap is standing at *The Crab*,
As oft below we see a Hansom Cab.
Thy son, Latona, baits his horses hero,
And has another quantity of beer.



THE NURSERY FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB.—THE FIRST MEET OF THE SEASON.

Master Robert (loq.). "HERE, JAMES, JUST STAND BY THAT BAY FILLY.—SHE'S RATHER FRESH THIS MORNING!"

CONS FOR CIVIL SERVICE CANDIDATES.

1. Why should you never expect to find hot *Curaçoa* in a Quart Pot?

Because it would be the last common multiple (mullied tippie) in the greatest common measure.

2. What is there extraordinary in the Rules immediately following Proportion!

That they are intractions (in Fractions.)

[We beg to suggest these specimens of the "Art of ingeniously Tormenting," for the next Report of the Civil Service Commissioners.]

STREET MORALS.

VILE is the smell those cook-shops spread,
Yet, Swell, keep down that nose, you know,
Thy bank may break, thy aunt may wed,
And thou come dining for a Joo.

HOROLOGICAL THOUGHT.—You can stop a Clock, at any moment, but you cannot stop a Watch. The same remark, my brethren, applies to the stopping the talk of a Man, and of a Woman. He is a great, coarse, ugly machine, but you can silence him. She is a beautiful, fragile, jewelled thing—but she will run on until she stops of herself.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.—To Pluck a Goose.—To do this you have only to send your goose to College, and the chances are that, when he is examined, you will find him plucked.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

SAINT Martin, idly called Lo Grand,
Sends me twelve postmen every day,
With twelve deliveries. I may say
My knocker's never out of hand:
I think the system very wrong,
And often wish Saint Martin
kicked,
Why does he tease me, and
inflict
Loquacity the whole day long!

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To Dish a Bore.—Invite your bore to dinner, and as an additional inducement for him to be sure to come, just drop a casual hint that you intend to have some turtle. This you will be careful to forget to order; and if you tell your cook to send up nothing in its place, and then let your bore sit down to a cold shoulder of mutton, with no pudding to follow, you may rest assured that he is very nicely dished.

A LUMINOUS APPEARANCE.—SPARKINS, stooping over the candle, set his head in a blaze. LARKINS told him that he made a regular meteor with his hair o' light.

GASTRONOMY.—The term Gastronome was originally applied to M. SOYER, on account of his gas apparatus in the Reform kitchen.

NOTE OF THE MONTH.—May 23. Night all twilight. "O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!" Half-and-half is a seasonable beverage.

CONFUSION OF RACES.—So gross is the dishonesty prevalent on the Turf, that even the sporting gents decline to back the favourite at Epsom, as they say, for fear the Derby should turn out a hoax.

A FACT FOR MAY MEETINGS.—An uncommonly zealous Missionary proposes to send out a cargo of Richmond Maids of Honour to wean the Fans of the Interior of Africa from Cannibalism.

ELECTRICAL SCIENCE.—It is well known that the domestic cat, if rubbed in the dark, will emit sparks of electricity. This kind of lightning on a small scale is only a *brutum fulmen*.



REAL TRAGEDY.

Old Party (proprietor of nasty yapping Pet Dog.) "Oh, Policeman! my darling FLO JUST BIT THAT HORRID MAN'S LEG, AND HE HAS HIT HIM WITH HIS CANE."

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

LEO.
THE Bright One's next stage at The Lion ends,
And, while his reeking steeds the outer treads,
Mine host makes haste to serve his brilliant guest
With some of that home-brewed of his—the best.

STREET MORALS.

Those crossing-sweepers are a post,
We've paid, in rates, for what they do,
Give one, give all. You'll find it best
Never to give one single sou.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

(ADAPTED TO CIRCUMSTANCES.)
Canny Scotchman visiting London for the first time.

Oh, where! and oh, where! is that wily Cabby gone?
He's gone to get some change, and I hope he won't be long.
And it's "Owe!" for to part with my money I was wrong.

HIO JACET VERITAS.—Truth lies in a well. No wonder then that although Philosophy calls so loud for it no answer is received; for if Truth lies in a well, who can truly affirm, that it hasn't kicked the bucket?

POETICAL.—The Poet DRAYTON describes Queen Mob's chariot as drawn by gnats. This, say uncertain Commentators, is the first instance on record of a gnatty turn-out.

THE IRON RACEHORSE.—An Express Locomotive may be called the High Metall'd Racer.



THE DOG-DAYS!

1st Foncier. "NOW ISN'T HE, GEORGIE!—FOR BREED AND SHAPE AND MAKE, THE MOST LOVELY LITTLE CREATURE?"
2nd Ditto. "WELL, DEAR, HE CERTAINLY IS VERY HANDSOME, BUT TO MY TASTE MY LITTLE TREASURE PUGGY IS PERFECTION, AND SO AFFECTIONATE!"
3rd Ditto. "DID THEY PRAISE THE OTHER DOGS?—LITTLE CHARLIE WAS A DARLING; HE WAS, HE WAS, HE WAS!!!"

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To Clean White Kid Gloves.—Soak them in boiling water for a fortnight, taking great care that the water is kept always "on the boil." Then make a good lather with brown Windsor soap and beeswax, and wash your gloves with it until you have reduced them to a pulp. Put them in a stewpan and keep them gently simmering on the hob for a month or two, then stretch them to your shape, and hang them up to dry. Perfume them with turpentine and a dash of assafoetida, and your gloves will be quite clean and fit for hall-room use.

QUEER QUERIES.

Occur a pair of trousers which have been obtained on credit to be legally regarded as breeches of trust?

When a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right to think his speech an-arrow-minded one?

Would a promissory note which is made payable at sight be a legal tender to an inmate of a blind asylum?

AN EMBLEM IMPROVED.—A symbol, commonly supposed to represent Eternity, is the Serpent with its tail in its mouth. This is a mistake. The Serpent with its tail in its mouth more truly represents Economy, as it makes both ends meet.

AN INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC.—The Universal Vegetable Medicine is a certain cure for inflammation in the eyes of potatoes.



OVER THE WAY—THE INVALID.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

VI.

Arms of precision we desire:
Two millions vanish, melted
cash;
And then, alternate, go to
smash
Big gun and target, when we
fire.

Let's hope. But here's a good
way too:
Discharge your guns. Amid
the smoke
Lay the ships close, then,
Hearts of Oak,
Board, slash, gash, hash, and
smash Mossoo!

SPIRITUALISM.

When the Magian Home was visiting the Tuileries, it is reported that he caused the shadow of the Great NAPOLEON to appear to his Imperial Nephew. Mr. HOME, on being subsequently blamed for extravagance while staying in Paris, replied that, "He had fared very well, since he had managed to make both N's meet."

If a Male Pig took to literary composition, under what signature would he write? None; he would probably use a sheep-pen and remain an Ink-og.

STRANGE SUPERSTITION.—At Abbotford a little child's Cradle is shown, not as belonging to the great poet, but as being actually Sir Walter's Cot!

THE TRAVELLER'S TROUBLE.—The hardest of hard lines are the contents of Bradshaw.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

VIRGO.

The Virgin's charms our Cynthia's chariot stop,
Again he rests and takes a little drop,
The Hebe of the Tap supplies the glass;
A sympathetic wink rewards the lass.

MOTTO FOR A HAIRDRESSER.—Cut and Comb again!

A STANZA FOR SUMMER.

BRIGHT Phoebus, with his face so red,
Now leaves at four his ocean bed:
My eon, if thou would'st also shine,
Thou must not lie a-bed till nine.

A PERIPATETIC PHILOSOPHER AND DISCIPLE OF OLD
IZAAK.—HOOKEY WALKER.

STREET MORALS.

I do not bid you shut your eyes,
Yet if you look at shops, no doubt
Unless you're most uncommon wise,
You'll buy what you can do without.

SIGNOR FRANCATELLI has discovered a new method of mashing potatoes; they will be done by mash-incry.



HOW NOT TO DO YOUR DUTY TOWARDS YOUR NEIGHBOUR!—THE ORGAN-GRINDING NUISANCE.

Old Lady (1) "BOTHER OVER THE WAY! WE LIKE THE HOOKEYS!"

A PLAN FOR LEAP-YEAR.

Is the windows of drapers' shops are exhibited ladies' dresses, marked with their prices, conveniently for men who wish to have some idea of what it may cost them to be pulled inside. An improvement on this convenience, for men disposed to marry, would be a similar commer-

cial exhibition of costumes with waltzers in them, ticketed with the jointure, settlement, or income which they may demand, individually or in lots. As, for instance, Finest Quality, £1,000,000. Superior, £500,000. Distinguished, £150,000. This Prime Widow at a Great Reduction, and All these Girls at Ridiculously Low Figures. This expedient to effect a sale of goods for which there have been

no offers might be resorted to with propriety during a year when the ordinary relations between wood and wooer are reversed.

FORRAITURE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Could a photographer take the portrait of a lawyer who went to him with a *fortis*?

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

Now has the Golden-Haired attituded *The Signs*, A noted House for choice and various ales, So here awhile his quadrupeds he relins, And a brown jug of foaming nectar drinks.



HOW WOULD IT BE WITHOUT CRINOLINE?—TRY IT FOR 1864!

OUR GROWLING BARD.

VIZ.

FROM FRANCE'S CHATEL GRADROUX takes the law, that Bird may fill his skin with dirt mean liquid, sour and thin, whereby his stomach often aches:

"I were better we repeated the lave That hinder us of blessed Beer, A noble fluid which, I fear, Will seldom pass our children's jaws."

TREPOY OF THE TONNET.—No woman can be plain when she is dressed.

DEMOBILISING EFFECT OF PROUDISM.—Mrs. GRUSBY eye she can't stand that noisy prize-fighting, because it sometimes occasions the employment of light weights. The NEAREST APPROACH TO THE MILESTUM.—If we would only love others one half so much as we love ourselves, what a happy world it would be!

DIFFERENCES OF AGES IN DIFFERENT SEXES.

A MAN attains his majority at twenty-one, but it is difficult to say when a woman attains hers. There are different terms applied to the two sexes. For instance, whoever heard of a lady spoken of as being "under age?"

IMITATION OF HORACE.

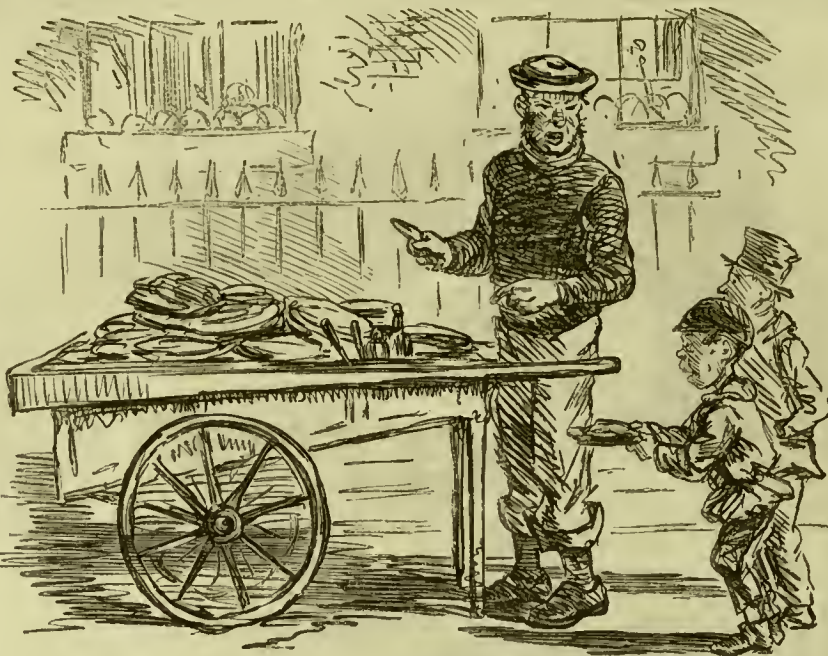
An attempt at a Classic Metre in a very small quantity; dedicated to MR. ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE Argument is on this wise, in the first lloe a Farmer expresses his disgust at the detriment done to his seedlings; a Friend makes him a present of plenty of new potatoes, whereupon he asks his companion to "liquor up." The commencement of line 3 is placed in the mouths of both speakers; first as wine in the month of his friend, secondly as an expression of admiration for the quantity of potatoes presented to him in that of the farmer. The next expression ("all in rows") alludes to the plan of arrangement which his servant is following, and this changes into a desire to dress, go out, and do the work himself.

("Persicos Odi.")

Pussy eats hats I over my potatoes.
Present sent next me? Fill away, my Crony!
Pretty sack! all in rows. Ah, to look o'er em—
Sarah, my Gaiters!

GENUINE ARISTOCRACY.—The Landed Gentry of England have been censured for pride of birth, and the Farmers for clownishness; but the Fat Cattle Show warrants the former in boasting of their Stock, and also attests the latter's good breeding.



OYSTERS.

Itinerant Oyster-Man. "NOW, THEN—HAVE ANOTHER DOZEN, IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE MONEY!!"

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES.

To make Strawberry Jam.—Take two score of Strawberries, British Queens, if you can get them, and the biggest you can find. Pick them carefully from their stalks, and place them on a clean dessert-plate. Sprinkle them with fine white sugar, powdered in a mortar. Then take a dessert-spoon, and, if you are wise, proceed to eat thirty-nine of them; after which, by simply placing the fortieth in the crevice of an open door, and violently slamming it, you may make jam of your strawberry to your heart's content.

STREET MORALS.

CARTS, cabs, and vans! You'll dash across.
Hear what a Jew said to me once,
"Praps, shir, you'll shave a miln-it's loss,
And praps you'll be laid up for munes."

AN EXPENSIVE RESEARCH.—Pearls are found in oysters, and oysters rarely cost more than a shilling a dozen, but still it strikes us that a man would have to shell out to a pretty considerable extent, before he could expect to meet with a single pearl.

WHY AND BECAUSE.—Why is a person of an oven temper like Greek fire? Because you can't put him out.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

VIII.

FROM Battle-Bridge unto the Bridge
Below the Monument to SCOTT,
(On which they spent a precious lot)
Beneath EDINA's hog-back ridge,

Ten hours will take us. Are the Scotch
Improved? Have they learnt soberer ways?
Are not their Sundays penal days?
Eat they not haggis, oats, hotch-potch?

ODE TO MY WIFE'S MILLINER.

DEARER to me than I dared to think!
Dearer to me than the flowering Pink!
Dearer to me than many I've known
Of the little Milliners now full blown.
Ah! When she came for her bill to call,
Then, then I found she was dearer than all.

ADVICE TO COOKS.—Bewars of a blazing fire; and don't dress your meat in Crinollins.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

SCORPIO.

THE vehicle of him that Python slew
The Scorpion hails, arrived as soon as duc,
That Scorpion's stingo is its only sting;
He tries it, and declares 'tis just the thing.

FAST AND SLOW.—No fast man now any longer scoffs at a thinking one as a Slow Coach. He calls him a Parliamentary Train.



AN INCIDENT OF TRAVEL.

Monthly Nurse. "BUT I CAN'T FIND MY BOX, SIR!"

Paterfamilias (furious.) "CONFOUND YOUR BOX! YOU MUST GET IN AND LEAVE IT, AND WE'LL TELEGRAPH FOR IT.—COME! THE TRAIN'S STARTING!"

Monthly Nurse. "OH YES, SIR,—THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. ONLY I THOUGHT AS MY BOX HAS GOT ALL YOUR PLATE AND LINEN IN IT," &c., &c., &c.

O DID YOU TWIG HER ANGLE?

(A Song to be Encoored at any of the
Music Halls.)

As I strolled down Piccadilly,
A scrumptious gal I met,
Her name was JANE JEMIMA,
And her hair was in a net:
Her cheeks were red as roses,
Her hat was a porkpie,
And just to show her petticoat
Her dress was held up high.

Chorus—(in which the enlightened
audience all join.)

O did you twig her angle?
Too ral loo ral li do.
O wasn't it galopshus?
Too ral loo ral li i

[And so on for a score or so of silly,
senseless verses, with shouts and
shrieks of rapture at the end of
every verse.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

SACRIFICIUM.

The Archer next arrests the drag
of day,
So four-in-hand the "Robin
Hood" might stay,
Here Smitheus, parched with
still recurring drought,
Allays it with a swig of extra-
stout.

NOTE FOR THE MONTH.—Sept. 1.
St. Partridge and St. Giles. In
honour of the former Saint the
birds are peppered, and out of
respect to the latter, Giles Scrag-
gins's Ghost is exhibited by Per-
ryn at the Polytechnic, and walks
the theatres.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN FASHION-
ABLE LIFE.—When Poverty
comes in at the door, the Turkey
carpet hangs out of the window.

GUR GROWLING BARD.—IX.

EACH playhouse boasts its hosts of Ghosts,
Raised up by PEPPER, KINO, or DINCK,
Henceforth no fearful foot will shirk
The churchyard dim, or white-armed Post.

Yet are we wiser? Come, declare,
Quack RAPHAEL, or thou, blunderer lamo,
MORRIS, who borrowest ZADKIEL's name,
What myriads buy your idiot ware.

UNIVERSAL MUSIC.—A Bank Note.

A STANZA FOR AUTUMN.

Now ranging o'er the fields, my son,
The sportsman aims the deadly gun;
See thou at small birds never aim,
Or Punch will of thyself make game.



THE FANCY FAIR.

Eleanor. "YOU HAD BETTER BUY SOME OF MY COARS—COME TAKE ONE!"
Young Swell. "A—A—THANKS, NO—I NEVER SMOKE!"
Eleanor. "WHAT! NOT IF I BITE OFF THE END!"

MICHAELMAS DAY.

THE INVITATION.

Come dine with me on Goose-day,
Michaelmas;
I've lost your right address, so
send at random,
I've got a goose, you can't refuse
me, as
"De Goose-tibus," you know,
"non disputandum."

THE REPLY.

At that day's dinner with you
I'll be soon,
Such is the purport of my pre-
sent stanza;
Sniffing the Goose has made my
hunger X's,
And hunger for your Goose,
friend, is my Answer.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

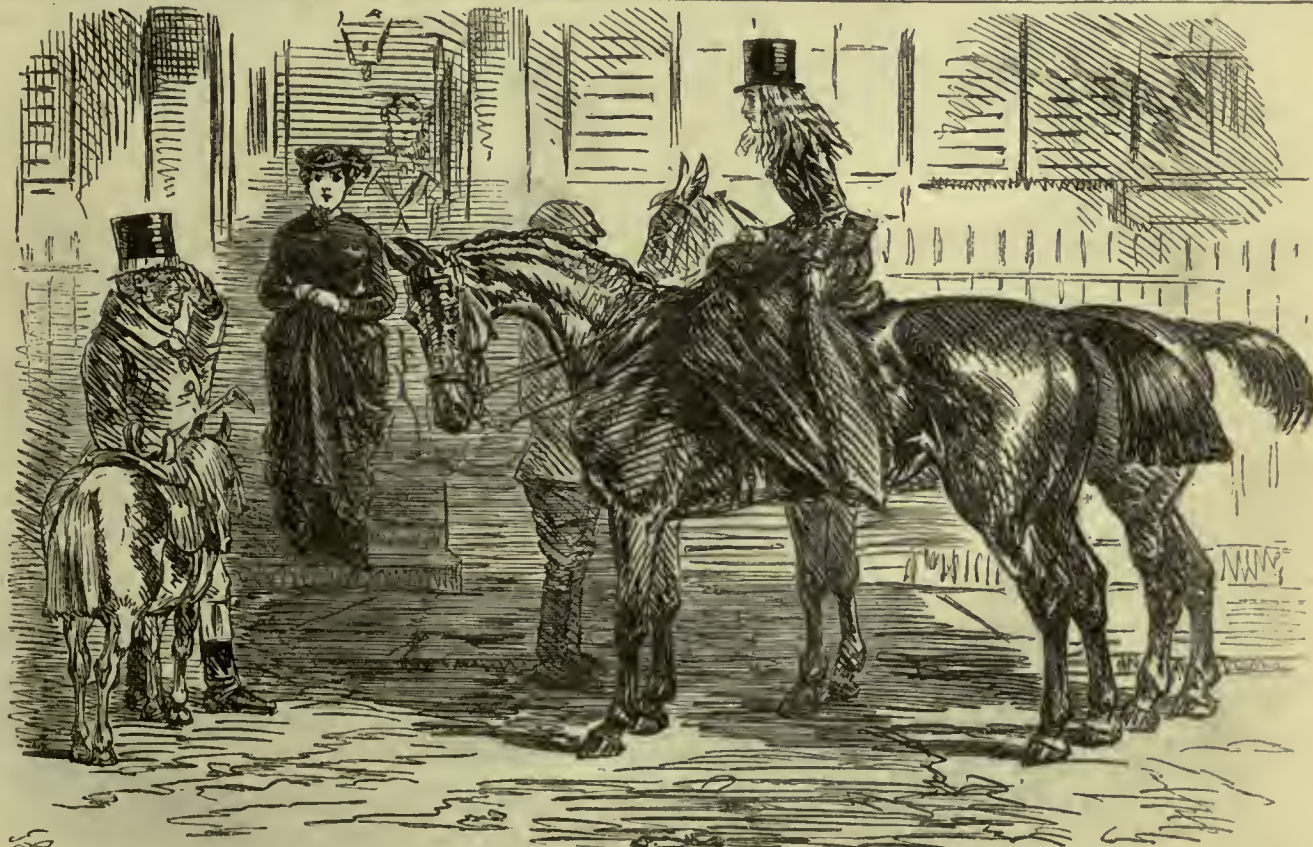
MASTERS and Mistresses are
fond of calling servants "the
greatest plagues of life." We are
extremely curious to know what
servants are in the habit of call-
ing their masters and mistresses?
Depend upon it, it is something
extremely endearing!

FASHION.—A short time ago
there was in vogue a head-dress
called the sugarloaf bonnet.
Young ladies generally con-
sidered it a sweet thing.

MEDICAL ECONOMY.—Parents
and Preceptors will effect a great
saving by recourse to the newly-
discovered Family Pills for cre-
ating a bad Appetite.

NOTE ON MICHAELMAS DAY.—
Geese now arrive at an age of
discretion.

THE CUP THAT NEITHER CHEERS
NOR INEBRIATES.—The hiccup.



THE RISING GENERATION.

Mamma (coming down the steps.) "WHY, CORNBRYN! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? MISS ALICE PERCHED ON HER PAPA'S BIG HORSE, AND THE PONY BROUGHT FOR ME!"
Cornbyn. "YES, MA'AM! YOU SEE, MA'AM, MISS ALICE SAID AS YOU WAS RATHER NERVOUS, AND SHE THOUGHT THAT YOU WOULD GET ON BETTER WITH TOM TIT."

THE GREAT BEAUTY OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

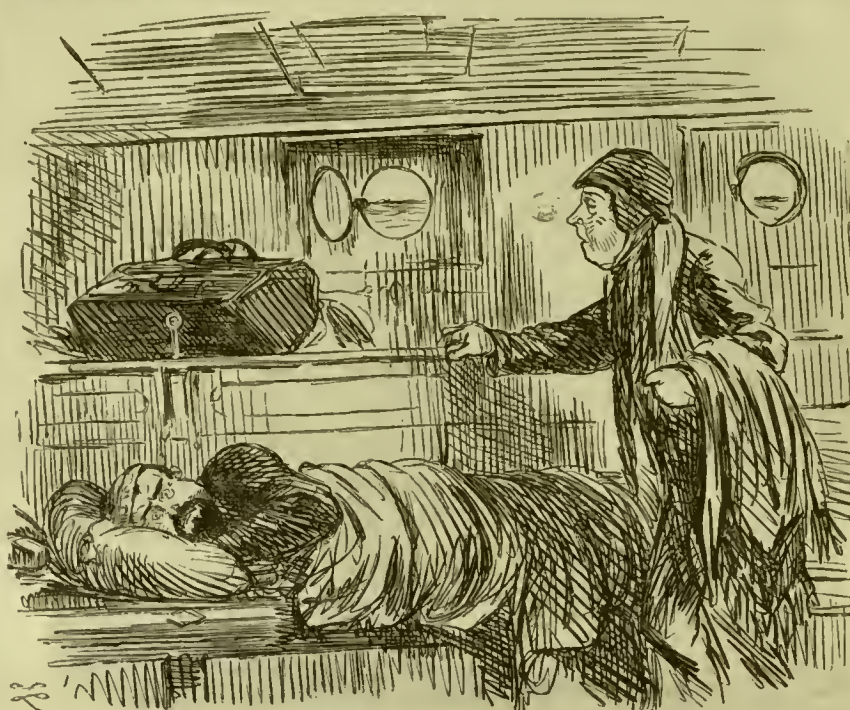
Their great beauty is, that they provoke conversation. They furnish innumerable heads for discussion. If the cook happens to be late for dinner (and cooks generally are), they will find how invaluable these new "Heads of the People" are, and what agreeable reading they will supply to even the hungriest, as its illustrated pages present some new feature at every turn. Even an Alderman would forget his appetite in devouring its contents. The amusement, too, is all the greater as it gives one an opportunity of criticising friends, not only to their faces, but behind their backs. A Photographic Album is the most amusing antipractical friend that a lady could have in her establishment. In fact, no respectable drawing-room is complete without one, at the very least.

RETRIBUTION.

BOLD Chanticleer proclaims the morn,
He used to wake me up at dawn,
Weep, DAME PARTLETT, weep and mourn,
With nice bread-sauce your mate has gone!
So tough was he, so long since born,
His woke me up again next morn.

CURE FOR BALDNESS.—Onions rubbed frequently on the head are said to restore the hair. They will certainly make it grow strong.

A CORDIAL FRIEND.—Old Tom.



THE STEAMER.

OLD MR. SQUEAMISH, WHO HAS BEEN ON DECK FOR HIS WRAPPER, FINDS HIS COMFORTABLE PLACE OCCUPIED BY A HAIRY MOSCO!

A BALLAD BY A BEDLAMITE.

O come to the West, love :
Come, jump there with me :
Like cucumbers dress, love,
How happy we'll be !
Bright thunder and lightning
Thy hair shall entwine,
And we'll quaff rosy white wine,
And spirits of wine !
So slumber, my darling,
To the West let's away,
For the crow of the starling
Proclaims it is day.
To the heights of the ocean we'll
Start a balloon,
Or fly in a diving-bell
Up to the moon !

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To Remove Corns.—Cut away as much of your corns as you are able, then place your kitchen poker in the fire and, when it is white-hot, apply it pretty freely to each corn in succession, until you feel quite certain that they are all removed.

LITERARY NOTICE.—Books for every Month.—The Banker's Book, illustrated with figures. The Butcher's Book,—motto, "The times are out of joint." "Some Suits for a Barrister, with a long account of the Same," by our own Tailor.

NOTE FOR THE MONTH.—Oct. 25. Crispin. A Saint of the last generation; a great mender of soles; he showed his humility in wearing highlows. He wrought many wonderful works of healing, and is said to have predicted Balmoral boots.

OUR GROWLING BARD.

x.

"NEVER so easy as 'tis now
To Correspond," Improvement cries;
I tell Improvement that she lies,
And bellows like a vain old cow.

You write with scratchy splochy steel,
Your envelope's a treacherous foe;
Your servants steam its gum, and know
Your love, and what you owe for veal.

A SPORTSMAN'S MORNING COMFORT.—There is no such liquor as your Foxhunter's Early Purl.

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."

CAPRICORNUS.

Now has the Laurel-Crowned, at Delos born,
Got on again as far as Capricorn.
The Goat; at which he lingers, just to quaff
A cool refreshing pint of half-and-half.



Jones (who has accepted a mount with the Harriers, because it is all galloping and no obstacles). "Oh, YES, LET HIM COME! THAT'S ALL VERY WELL. WHY, IT'S LIKE THE SIDE OF A HOUSE."

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

(The Questions will be given in our next—if they are wanted.)

1. Because it is an act of negro-man-see.
2. Because they are a pair o'-little-bipeds (paralelopods.)
3. He would say simply "Ink-you-hus."
4. Because the one may be a mealy one, but the other is Amelia.
5. When he went to tell-em-a-cess (Telemachus.)
6. Because the one is a bat and the other is a bat-too.
7. The difference is merely that the one is an-ut, while the other is an-ovel.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPE.

To make Bread and Butter go a long way.—Take a slice of bread and butter, place it in an envelope and post it to your cousin who is living in New Zealand. If you do this in London and it reaches him in safety, your bread and butter clearly will have gone a long way.

NOTE FOR THE MONTH.—Dec. 28. Innocents. Winter Baby Show at the Crystal Palace. There are present 100 children whose united ages amount to 100 years.

FROM SMITHFIELD.—At the last Cattle Show a stout farmer whose old-fashioned continuations did not reach to his ancles, was taken up for exhibiting his calves in the street.

UMPH!—Of two hunchbacks of unequal height, which would you select as an arbitrator? The one you'd call the hump-higher.



A WATERING-PLACE PLEASURE.

THIS IS THE EIGHTEENTH OLD FISH FAG WHO HAS SCREAMED AND SHRIEKED, BUT BY NO MEANS THE LAST WHO WILL SERIEK AND SCREAM, UNDER POOR OLD MR. TOMKINS'S WINDOW.

OUR GROWING BARD.

XII.

PUNCH cheereth Christmas with an Almanack,
And he is sweet upon it, not a few;
'Tis the most cruel thing that he can do,
So on his head I deal my final whack.

We read the sparkling pages after lunch,
And rear at the engravings.
Then how flat,
Stale, and disjointed, sounds the household chat
At Christmas dinner-parties, after Punch!

PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON LIFE.

THERE is a depth of policy in the hairdresser's pertinacious question, Try Bear's Grease, Sir? For it impresses the shrewd worldly customer, who looks below the surface for motives, with an idea that the man's anxiety to sell his grease arises from an assurance of its virtues. Every thinking mind discerns that a hairdresser must be interested in the success as well as the sale of a preparation for promoting the growth of the hair. The philosopher, therefore, instead of being irritated by the importunity which thrusts Bear's Grease into his ribs, regards it with complacency as a revelation of human nature, and replies to it, smiling, with "No, I thank you," instead of furiously shouting "Go to Jericho!"

THE SUN IN "THE SIGNS."—PISCES.

LASTLY The Fishes, as of course you'd think,
Invite the Driver of the Sun to drink;
And having circled this terrestrial ball
His Brightness orders Punch to wind up all.

A STANZA FOR WINTER.

Now Christmas comes: of all the year
The time, my son, to man most dear;
For then, 'mid other costly ills,
He has to pay his Christmas bills.

LEGAL TERMS.

We often hear the term made use of, "a limb of the law." It strikes us forcibly that it is a mistake. The term intended is not "limb," but "limbo;" for that is apparently the end of all persons who are foolish enough to go to law.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.—ALL FAIR IN LEAP YEAR.



AQUARIUS

JANUARY xxxi Days.

1 S	1 S. of Chr.	17 Tu	Franklin b.
2 M	S. r. 3h Sun	18 W	Price
3 W	S. r. 4h Sun	19 Th	Watt h.
4 Th	Rachel d.	20 F	Falton
5 F	(O.C.) Day	21 S	Agnes
6 S	Epiphany	22 S	38. of Epip.
7 M	(P. A. V.)	23 M	Put d. 1866
8 T	1. of Epip.	24 T	For b. 1799
9 W	Neelson's fu	25 W	Ca. R. Paul
10 Th	Louisa d.	26 Th	Brazil disc.
11 F	Hil. T. m. h.	27 F	Movet b.
12 S	S. r. 3h 4m	28 S	Vincott d.
13 M	Ca. L. T. h.	29 S	48. of Epip.
14 T	Out. L. T. h.	30 M	S. r. 4h 4m
15 W	S. r. 4h 4m	31 Tu	Hil. T. ends
16 Th	S. r. 4h 20m		

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1865.

PISCES

FEBRUARY xxviii Days.

1 W	S. r. 7h 41m	15 W	Laurel d.
2 Th	Perf. Cand.	16 Th	Huske ecc.
3 F	S. r. 7h 33m	17 F	Junior Wh.
4 S	S. r. 8h 33m	18 S	S. r. 7h 33m
5 M	S. r. 8h 33m	19 M	Seaver d.
6 T	1844	20 T	Homo diel
7 W	S. r. 8h 33m	21 W	Trinidad b.
8 Th	M. Q. S. bnd.	22 Th	Ferguson d.
9 F	Darley m.	23 F	Sir Ray d.
10 S	Q. V. m. r.	24 S	Mathias
11 M	1840	25 M	Wren d.
12 T	Septua. 8.	26 T	Quinn d.
13 W	Co. b. war.	27 W	S. r. 8h 33m
14 Th	Valentine	28 Th	Shrove T.

THE BOAST OF THE BOARD OF WORKS.—“Our Saxon forefathers drained the mead, and we will drain the metropolis.”

NEW PROVERB.
EARLY TO bed and early to rise,
Is the way to feel stupid and have red eyes.

WORSHIP OF THE SUN.—Was practised by the ancient Britons. Is still kept up by young British Mamas with their first baby-boys.



First Punch and Judy Man (to invalid ditto). “Hullo, BILL, COULDN'T THINK WHAT 'AD BECOME O' YER. RETIRED FROM BUSINESS? WHERE 'A YER BEEN? WHY! YOU DON'T LOOK WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YER?” Invalid Punch and Judy Man (in a whispering whisper). “BEEN LAID UP, JOE, WERY QUEER, OOT OVER IT NOW, THOUGH.” First Punch and Judy Man. “WHAT, HAVE YOU 'AD A COLD?” Invalid. “WUSS, 'AD A HACCIDENT. SWALLERED THE CALL!”

HACKNEY CARRIAGE (OR CAB) FARES AND REGULATIONS.

THE Driver must drive six miles in any direction, no matter where you want to go.

If a dispute occur after the closing of the police court, the hifer will remain in the cab all night, and the Driver is bound to call him at a seasonable hour in the morning.

Ladies will invariably address every cabdriver as "Mr. Cabman."

Young men may talk to him as "Cabby," but must, of course, pay something extra for the privilege.

Property left in a cab shall be given up to the commissioner of police, who is bound to find an owner for it somewhere.

The proprietor of every omnibus shall present each passenger, on leaving his vehicle, with a bill of fare.

Any cabman or 'bus conductor misbehaving himself in any way whatsoever, as dressed in a long white sheet, and, with a lighted candle in his hand, is forced to walk barefoot to St Paul's, where, after publicly recanting, he will be invited to partake of a cold collation in the whispering gallery. He will then be driven three times round the cathedral, accompanied by the organist on the large organ.

No cabman has undergone this sentence for many years; a fact that speaks volumes for their social improvement.

SONG OF MERCURY.

VERY brief my circuit's term is,
My Homeric name is Hermes,
Which don't rhyme to Holofernes.



BANTING BE BLOWED.

Needy Nephew. "I BELIEVE YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, UNCLE, AND THAT IT'S MY DEBTS KEEP ME SO THIN. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO TAKE 'EM OFF MY HANDS, GIVE OVER BANTING, AND GO IN FOR THAT OLD PORT AGAIN!"

A VALENTINE.

THE turtle doves, they bill and coo;
The hen goes cluck cluck-cluck!
The cock cries "Urearoora-roo;"
The drake quacks to the duck.
The gander cackles to his goose;
Compliance hisseth she:
The lark—the lark were Hy-men's neose,
Old Fright, for you and me.

THINGS NOT WORTH REMEMBERING.

(FOR SERVANTS.)

That master has to be called at six o'clock, in order that he may go by the first train on most important business.

That (if called) he'll want his breakfast.

That any bell has been rung twice already.

That you have been told over and over again not to slam the doors.

That your mistress called you five minutes ago.

That the area gate must not be left open.

That the newspaper is not to remain in the kitchen or pantry all day.

That you have broken three of the new wine glasses and a decanter or two.

That master's hoots have to be cleaned—also the silver by a certain time in the day.

That the cloth should be laid for the dining-room in dinner twenty minutes before it is required.

That the family requires to be quite as comfortable as those in the kitchen.

A SEPULCHRAL BARROW.—
The Knacker's cart.



MIGHT BE WORSE.

Darling Daughter. "OH, PA, WHAT D'YOU THINK? MA'S LOST TEN POUNDS!"

Daughter. "HUSH—SH, PA! SINCE SHE'S BANTING I MEAN—AVERDUPOISE OR WHATEVER YOU CALL IT, YOU KNOW!"

Papa. "WHAT! THE OLD —."



ARIES

MARCH xxxi Days.

1 W	Ash Wed.	17 F	St. Patrick
2 Th	S. r. 5h44m	18 S	Pa. Loe. h.
3 F	S. a. 5h42m	19 S	3 S. in Lent
4 S	Romans h.	20 M	Spring U. c.
5 S	1 S. in Lent	21 Tu	Good Fri.
6 M	N. Ang. h.	22 W	[d. 1839]
7 Tu	Parsons	23 Th	A. Webber
8 W	[1566]	24 F	Q. Eric d.
9 Th	Rissio mer	25 S	Jed. D. An.
10 F	[prop. 1842]	26 S	4 S. in Lent
11 S	Income Tax	27 M	James I. d.
12 S	2 S. in Lent	28 Tu	Cates
13 M	Priestley h.	29 W	8 r. 5h44m
14 Tu	Byng shot	30 Th	St. Vex
15 W	[1601]	31 F	S. a. 5h38m
16 Th	De Kant d.		

SONG OF VENUS.

GREEKANS called me Aphrodite,
And my little boy has wings;
From the sea I sprang up, mighty,
So my chariot has C. springa.

GUIDE FOR MARCH.

This is the time for Hyde Park.
On the beautiful river Serpentine (so called from its winding course from Pimlico to Bayswater), you can take a row; and on your way back, if on foot or on horseback, you can take another row—Rotten Row. In winter boating is at a discount: this is during an *oar frost*.

LOVE SONG.

Love me, lady!
My hair is gray;
When round comes pay-day
I cannot pay.
My corns are awful,
My prospects shady,
I want a comforter:
Love me, lady!

FANCY HISTORY.—"Take away that Bauble," as TOM SAYERS exclaimed, contemptuously, to MACE, after his seconds throw up the sponge.

A LINE FOR LENT.—A fast day is the stomach's holiday.

TAVRVS

APRIL xxx Days.

1 S	B. Collins	16 S	Kewer Nun.
2 M	1 S. in Lent	17 M	Kewer Mon.
3 Tu	4 r. 5h33m	18 Tu	Grants d.
4 W	S. a. 5h36m	19 W	Ca. E. T. h.
5 Th	Nap. abd.	20 Th	Spe. F. d. o.
6 F	Old La. Da.	21 F	Ca. E. T. h.
7 S	[1832]	22 S	Oliver's bun
8 M	Pr. Long. h.	23 M	Long hand
9 Tu	Palm Sun.	24 Tu	H. Landrol
10 W	Healt h.	25 W	Mark Pro
11 Th	Canning h.	26 Th	Alice b.
12 F	Young d.	27 F	Gibson h.
13 S	S. c. 5h11m	28 S	[1797]
14 M	Good Fri.	29 M	S. a. 5h38m
15 Tu	Kent. T. h.	30 Tu	S. a. 5h38m

THINGS NOT WORTH REMEMBERING.

Things, also, most particularly *not* worth remembering, are—

Where that cold fowl and jelly went that was left from lunch the other day.
To keep the coalscuttle filled.

The name of the gentleman who called on important business, but had no card.
To dust the bookshelves.



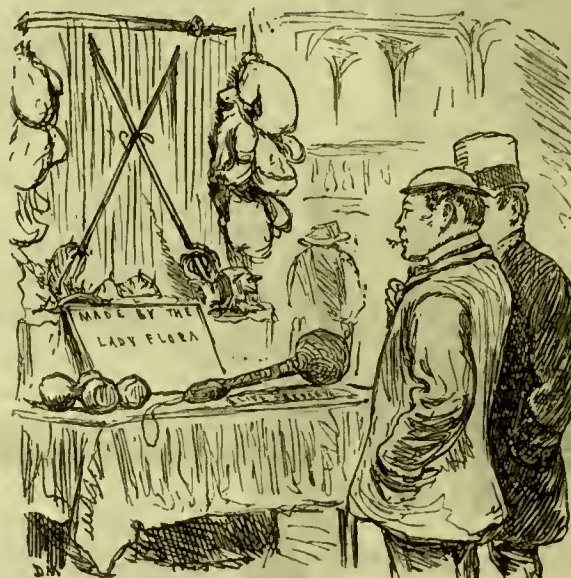
PISCICULTURE.

THE NEW PATENT TRACTION CRANE. BUFFINS LANDS A FINE "SILURUS GLANIS," 400 LBS. WEIGHT, AFTER AN EXCITING RUN OF FOUR MILES.

INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BY THE ARISTOCRATIC CLASSES.



LACE ORNAMENT FOR FIRESTOVE, MADE AND EXHIBITED BY ADMIRAL SIR HERCULES BLUEBLAST, K.C.B. (Gold Medal.)
MAGNIFICENT PATCHWORK COVERLID, BY THE SAME. (Honourable Mention.)



Class IV. IMPLEMENTS OF SELF-DEFENCE, MANUFACTURED BY THE LADY FLORA MISTLETOE, EXHIBITED BY THE COUNTESS PARTINGTON, HER MOTHER. (Gold Medal.)

SONG OF MARS.

I'm the redddest of the stars,
And my Latin name is Mars,
Whose alias is Ares, if you speak to him in Greek:
So a martialist in red,
May be often seen, it's said,
Descending of the Arcas like a military snook.

SPOILED STAMPS.—Let Mamma give in to her darling in
nineteen cases; then call in Papa to say "no" in the
twentieth, and in all probability you will find no end of
spoiled stamps on the nursery floor.

ADVICE FOR ALL FOOLS.

HARK how all the donkeys Bray!
It is All Fools' festive day.
Now, my boys, contract your debts,
Now then, lay your heavy bets,
Now for friends accept bills, please;
Now become your friends' trustees;
Now, poor fellow, start your carriage,
Now make promises of marriage,
Or, with barely means of life,
Go at once and take a wife.

THE MARRIED CLERK-MARTYR.

A WEARY lot is mine, my dear,
Condemned to toil from ten to three,
But two months' holidays a-year,
And all to keep a home for thee!
A thousand pounds my salary! Ah!
Why did you answer, "Ask Mamma"?

MEDICAL DISCOVERY.—An Irish homœopathic physician
recommends Bark in hydrophobia, on the principle that it
is a hair of the dog that bit you.



Mr. VANDYKE BROWN, having left the Dress on the Lay Figure carefully arranged, goes out for his usual Exercise, and this is how the Boys took Advantage of his Absence.



GEMINI

MAY xxxi Days.

1 M	Trident d.	17 W	Tallied d.
2 T	S. & 4 22m	18 Th	Hellingsham
3 W	S. & 2 24m	19 F	1812
4 Th	Swing kin.	20 S	A. Dorr's h.
5 F	Nep. I. d.	21 S	Rose, Sun.
6 S	St. John	22 M	C.E.T. d.m.
7 M	S. & 4 21m	23 T	1813
8 T	S. & 4 21m	24 W	Q. Viet h.
9 Th	Hil. Q. d.	25 Th	Accen. Day
10 W	Hat of Louis	26 F	Anguilla
11 Th	East T.	27 S	Acra 1759
12 F	S. & 1 30m	28 S	Sun at As.
13 S	Old M. Day	29 M	Charles II.
14 M	S. & 4 21m	30 T	restored
15 Th	Cavir d.m.	31 W	S. & 4 4m
16 T	H. Almera		

SONG OF JUPITER.

I was a god,
And my name it was Zeus,
The things that I did
Were without an excuse.

GUIDE FOR MAY.

Nice month for the country.
Go to Bath. If you stop in Tuen
visit the Tower. Ask to see the
Constable of the Tower. He will
wait upon you if on duty; if not,
ask for any other Constable, they're
all alike. The beefeaters are fed
at one o'clock punctually. Be in
time. You are allowed to throw

greens (balled) to them, which
they will thankfully devour. If you
require exercise, work the clubs in
Pall Mall and St. James's Street.

POOR RICHARD IMPROVED.

He who must earn before he dine,
Ought to be called at half-past
nine;
He who has tick at "Cock" or
"Cheese,"
Need not get up until he please.

MAY-DAY. PISCICULTURE.—Now
stock your aquarium with pike,
and put in plenty of water-weed,
and then ask people to come and
see Jack in the Green.

JUNE xxx Days.

1 T	S. & 4 31m	16 F	Wat Tyler
2 F	Q. E. T. e.	17 S	St. Alban
3 M	Q. T. T. e.	18 S	1841 Tr
4 Th	White Sun.	19 M	Cam. Cam.
5 F	Whit Mon.	20 T	Qu. Vie. As.
6 S	Calpe the.	21 W	Proclam.
7 M	Dep. 1848	22 Th	St. Martin
8 T	Jon. Naps.	23 F	Cam E.T.
9 F	7 Bps. orn.	24 S	Mids. Day
10 S	in Tower	25 S	2 Bps. of Tr.
11 Th	Trin. Naps.	26 M	Geo. IV. d.
12 F	Callins d.	27 T	1830
13 S	How. M.d.	28 W	Qu. Viet Co.
14 M	10. Christ.	29 Th	St. Peter
15 Th	Trin T. e.	30 F	S. & 4 31m

HOUSE 180 ON A JOKE.—A teetotaler, living not far from
Coldstream, has pledged himself to read no poet but Spen-
ser, because he is the only one in whom he can find "the
well of English undefiled."

CREST-FALLEN.—A lady who had made a fortune by con-
fectionery, applied to the Hermit's College for a coat of
arms, and was rather discomfited on being told that they
could only give her a—lozenge.

BRITISH PEARLS.—TACTIC's says they were common in
his time. They may still occasionally be met with, though
rare. The best kinds are, a good wife, a thorough cob, a
bottle of forty port, and a perfect beef-steak.



NEW BATHING COMPANY (LIMITED).—SPECIMENS OF COSTUME TO BE WORN BY THE SHAREHOLDERS.



PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY.—THE STREETS.



PROBABLE RESULTS OF THE ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETY.—THE SERPENTINE.



LEO

JULY xxxi Days.

1 S	S. c. 3h 45m	17 M	S. c. 4h 4m
2 S	S. c. 3h 45m	18 M	S. c. 4h 4m
3 M	S. c. 3h 45m	19 W	S. c. 4h 4m
4 T	Virginia d. 20 T	20 T	Margaret
5 W	Old Mid. D. 21 F	21 F	R. Emma d.
6 T	Old Mid. D. 22 S	22 S	Magdalen
7 F	Thos. Dec. 23 S	23 S	S. c. of Tr.
8 S	Old T. T. c. 24 M	24 M	Gibbular t
9 M	4 Su. of Tr. 25 T	25 T	St. Anne
10 W	S. v. 2h 55m 26 W	26 W	St. Anne
11 T	1859 27 T	27 T	Paris 1859
12 W	Villafraua 28 F	28 F	Reynolds
13 T	D. Orleans 29 S	29 S	S. c. 4h 21m
14 F	L. 1842 30 S	30 S	7 S. of Tr
15 S	St. Swithun 31 M	31 M	S. c. 7h 45m
16 S	5 Su. of Tr.		

SONG OF JUNO.

If you put the civil querr,
What's my name in Greek, it's
Heid.
(That brute, Jove, was often beery.)

THE EFFECT OF GETTING
MARRIED.

"Poor Dick! how sadly he is
altered since his marriage!" re-
marked one friend to another.
"Why, yes, of course," replied the
other; "directly a man's neck is
in the nuptial noose, every one
must see that he's a haltered
person."

LOVE SONG.

THEY say I am a bad young man,
I rather think they tell the
truth,
I get in debt where'er I can,
I've bet and gambled from my
youth.
I swear, and drink, and stop out
late,
And rob my friends of rings and
pins:
Wed me, and save me from the fate
Which else will recompense my
sins!

ONE GREAT LOTTERY OFFICE
STILL RECOGNISED BY THE LAW.—
The Marriage Register.

VIRGO

AUGUST xxxi Days.

1 T	Lammas	17 T	Boulton d.
2 W	S. c. 4h 27m	18 F	Ed. J. d. d.
3 T	S. c. 7h 45m	19 S	Tr. Q. Carr.
4 F	Calais tok.	20 S	10 S. of Tr.
5 S	(Fr. A. f. b. 21 M	21 M	Black-Gal.
6 S	S. c. of Tr. 22 T	22 T	Shoalg. b.
7 M	Qu. Carr. d. 23 W	23 W	Wallaceb.
8 T	Canning d. 24 T	24 T	W. Bartholo
9 W	Dryden b. 25 F	25 F	Wett d.
10 T	Lawrence 26 S	26 S	L. Phil. d.
11 F	Hil. Qu. O. 27 S	27 S	11 S. of Tr.
12 S	Com-sh. b. 28 M	28 M	T. Lepric
13 S	S. c. of Tr. 29 T	29 T	John Bap. b.
14 M	(Hansp. b. 30 W	30 W	S. c. 5h 10m
15 T	Assumptn. 31 T	31 T	S. c. 6h 47m
16 W	S. c. 4h 45m		

THE BANKS.—Employ a waterman from any City cal-
stand to take you from bank to bank. It is a pretty sight
to notice the current coin passing between the city banks.

HOW TO CALCULATE THE VARIATIONS IN THE BARROW-
METER.—Measure the bottoms of the oyster-monger's pints
in dispensing Barcelonas from his burrow.

A JAUNT IN JUNE.—MRS. WASHINGTON, while staying at
Brentford, visits Kew Gardens, and then writes home word
that she "has been to Kew and sin the Kewrosities."



THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.—OLD LADY'S FIRST VIEW OF THE SEA.

"WELL, I'M SURE, WHAT A MOST EXTRAORDINARY CRINOLINE THAT CREATURE HAS ON!"

HORTICULTURAL CURIOSITIES.



Coster. "STORRERRY, FOINE STORRERRY, PENNY A SLICE; BLACK CURRANTS, TWO FOR THREE 'ALPENCE.'"



THE PRIZE WATER MELON.
Connoisseur (tasting). "Hm! I THINK ANOTHER FORTNIGHT WILL DO IT, BROWN."



THE PRIZE GOOSEBERRY REACHES THE CULMINATING POINT OF MATURITY ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE EXHIBITION.

HACKNEY CARRIAGE (OR CAB) FARES AND REGULATIONS.

You can hire a cab by the mile or the hour: it is generally done, however, by holding up the hand, the stick, the umbrella, and by shouting out "Hi!" If hired by the stick, it is 6d. a mile; and if by the expression of your "Hi," the fare is equally low.

If you are unable to defray the expense of your drive, tell the Driver to take you up to the Piccadilly end of the Burlington Arcade. Then get out, tell him to wait, enter the Arcade, and having walked quickly through, exit at the other end. He can't be in two places at once, and thus all unpleasantness and disputation as to the amount may be avoided.

Babies and children under five, are charged by weight: and when the wait is over a quarter of an hour, it is more than sixpence. The precise value of three children is therefore easily calculated.

Two children under ten are equal to an adult person. Parents travelling in cabs are required by law to carry with them the baptismal certificates of their children, which they are bound to produce every five minutes, if requested so to do by the Cabman.

The Cabman has no right to turn round on his seat and make faces at his fare through the window. This is especially provided against, by a bye-law.

Every Driver is bound to give the hiner a ticket of some sort or another. Ask for one for the Opera, if in the Season, or for a stall at any one of the theatres.

SONG OF GEORGIUM SIDUS.

This name a party noways soft
Bestowed with courtly vlowes commercial:
And when old GEORGEY came aloft,
Of course you changed the name to HERSCHEL.

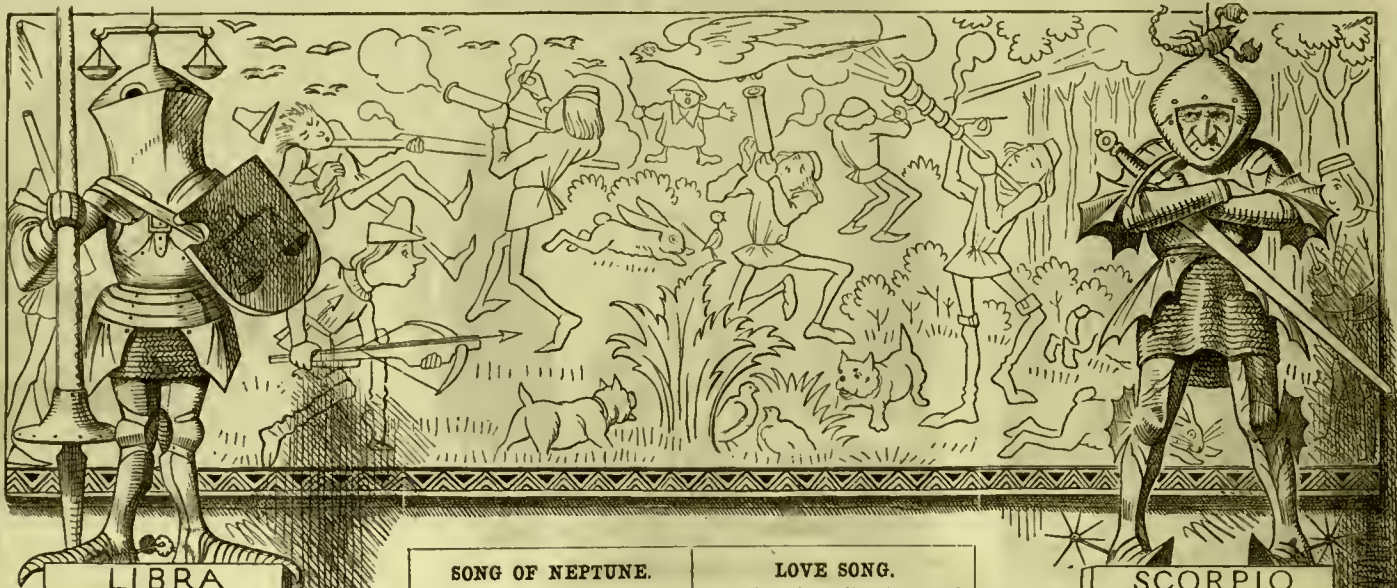
NEWS FROM THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

Or tidings there is dearth,
Yet still doth Mother Earth
Teem with great facts, potato, pumpkin, pea,
And regularly thou
Ever appearest now,
Old friend at need, Enormous Gooseberry.



YOUNG FITZGHIBELLINE (OF THE BLUES) GOES A-VISITING IN HIS LOVELY NEW BROUGHAM, WHEN—

Street Boy. "I RAY, BILL, 'ERE'S A SWELL OF A DOCTOR. S'POSE WE CRY, 'JOLLOP!'"



LIBRA

SEPTEMBER xxx Days.

1 F	Part. sh. e.	18 S	Jan. 11 d
2 S	S. 8.11.5m	17 S	14 S. of Tr
3 S	12 S. of Tr	16 S	Genl. land.
4 M	N. 8.11.5m	15 W	R. Follers.
5 T	Comte d.	20 W	Emb. Wk.
6 T	Collier d.	21 Th	St. Matth.
7 W	Kentures	22 F	Ann. Qun.
8 W	Na. E.V.M.	23 S	Aut. Qun.
9 S	Sebastop. t	24 S	18 S. of Tr
10 S	13 S. of Tr	25 S	18. All. 1815
11 M	B. of Delib	26 Tu	St. Cyprian
12 Tu	16. 1759	27 W	Alcides
13 W	Gen. Weis	28 Th	S. 8.11.5m
14 Th	Wellington	29 F	Mar. Day
15 F	d. 1852	30 S	S. 8. 30m

SONG OF NEPTUNE.

I'm the only star that kept tune
When the spheres their music
tried on.
Latin lubbers call me Neptune,
My dear eyes, my dame's Pos-
eidon.

FOR A CHILD.

SPEAK when not spoken to,
Sulk when you're chid,
Bang the door after you,
Good little kid.

THE ONLY ASSURANCE DUTY
WHICH MR. PUNCH WILL HEAR OF.
—The Duty of Assurance.

LOVE SONG.

We met amid the glittering crowd,
We danced, I tore thine ample
skirt,
And thou, not shy and noways
proud,
Demandest why I would not flirt:
Thy frankness will not let me
shrink

From this awful fair and true.
Because I have a wife, and think
She's a much nicer girl than you.

FLEET MARRIAGES are not yet
done away with—at least a great
number of people who get mar-
ried, regret they were not slower
about it.

SCORPIO

OCTOBER xxxi Days.

1 S	18 S. of Tr	17 Tu	Edithreda
2 M	C.M. Th.	18 W	St. Luke
3 Tu	S. 8.11.5m	19 Th	Kneller d.
4 W	S. 8.11.5m	20 F	S. N. v. v. v. v.
5 Th	Placidus	21 S	Trafalgar
6 F	Smith	22 S	19 S. of Tr
7 S	23 of Laps.	23 M	Kilg. Hill
8 S	17 S. of Tr	24 Tu	Weiser d
9 M	St. Denis	25 W	St. Crispin
10 Tu	St. M. Th.	26 Th	Danton b.
11 W	Old M. d.	27 F	St. Jude
12 Th	S. 8.11.5m	28 S	St. Sim. and
13 F	Edw. Conf.	29 S	20 S. of Tr
14 S	St. Haring	30 M	S. 8.11.5m
15 S	18 S. of Tr	31 Tu	S. 8.11.5m
16 M	D. Bouleux		

SPORT IN THE SUBURBS.—Exhausted brickfield taken on
lease by speculative builder. Rubbish shooting commences.

QUOTATION WANTED.—“That Strain again?” [Try BUR-
ton's Anatomy.]

THE MOST POTENT LOCO-MOTIVE ENGINE.—An M.P. in the
eyes of his Constituents who want places.



NOVEL ADVERTISING.

OUR FRIEND WITH THE FINE FIGURE HAS ACCEPTED A SUIT OF CLOTHES FROM AN ACCOMMODATING TAILOR. NO MENTION HAS BEEN MADE OF PAYMENT. HE STARS IT ON THE
PARADE, AND ENJOYS THE SENSATION HE CREATES, LITTLE KNOWING WHAT USE THE TAILOR'S TOUT IS MAKING OF HIS FASHIONABLE APPEARANCE BEHIND HIS BACK.

REMARKABLE EVENTS, INVENTIONS, &c.

(B.C. 52.)—Alexandrian Library burnt, giving occasion to OSAR's detestable pun, "What began with *Alexander*, should end with the *grate*." The Panizzi of the period flings himself into the blazing ruins of the reading-room.

(A.D. 274.)—Silk first brought from India. It was unbleached, and the colour gave rise to the word "D'Ingy."

(A.D. 1098.)—Wine first sold by apothecaries as a "cordial," and since by wine merchants as "a compound." Hence, the "rich cordials and compounds" still to be read of on tap-room placards.

(A.D. 1100.)—Glass invented in England by BENEDICT a monk, and like other monkish inventions in England, seen through from the first.

(A.D. 1540.)—Gunpowder invented by the monk SCHWARTZ (*Anglice*, Black). Great triumph of the black art.

A RHYME AND A RIDDLE.

THE reason's plain as my poker,
A costermonger's like a smoker:
I've see (here in the ribs a poke)
He can't get on without his
(s) moke.

A VOLUNTEER says that he has read with impatience the foolish speculations about the holes in the Lunar Orb. He has no doubt that they were made by parties who have shot the Moon. He adds, that his landlord agrees with him.

HOMOEOPATHIC DIET.—In a case of sluggish digestion, try small-broth.

MIDDLE CLASS EXAMINATIONS.—A schoolboy, who regarded his studies with an objectionable levity, was asked how many Argonauts there were? He replied, that their number could not be reckoned, because noughts were ciphers.



A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

(Dedicated to PUSEY, DENISON & Co.)

Lizzy. "OH, AMY, WHERE IS THE MISTLETOE?"

Amy. "THEY NEVER HAVE IT IN CHURCH, DEAR."

Lizzy. "OH, THEN WE MUST NOT LOVE EACH OTHER WHEN WE ARE IN CHURCH."

PHILANTHROPIC SENTIMENT.

"The trampled worm will turn," say men of learning.
Trample again, until he's tired of turning.

HOW TO KEEP A BIRTHDAY.—Keep it to yourself.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Note.—A Man in a false position frequently consults his Solicitor. A Woman in similar circumstances is prompted to put herself into communication with her Mirror.

Query.—Does it follow that Woman is superior to Man, considered as a purely reflective being?

Note.—In the race of life, a gallant Sportman has observed, Woman the favourite carries off all the cups and plates.

Query.—Is there anything remarkable in this fact, looking at the subject from all points of view, and taking into consideration her naturally winning ways?

Note.—Philosophers, perplexed to give a satisfactory definition of Woman, have petulantly pronounced her a puzzle.

Query.—Will this ingenious suggestion account for her feeling so much pleasure in taking a rival to pieces?

PRETTY INNOCENCE.

"Ma, dear has Papa any bachelor uncles?"

"No, my love." "Then Ma'mma, dear, pray what mean your tants?"

For you said just before his last gift, those caruncles,
He was too fond of seeing his bachelor haunts!"

CHARING-CROSS.—There have been various etymologies for the word. It is evidently from the effect of the occupation. When was any woman obliged to go out *Charing* other than *Cross*?

THE BEST ACT OF PARLIAMENT FOR 1865.—Its own Disolution.

COUNSEL TO THE POOR.

WHEN lands and money all are spent,
Take a large house, and don't pay rent.

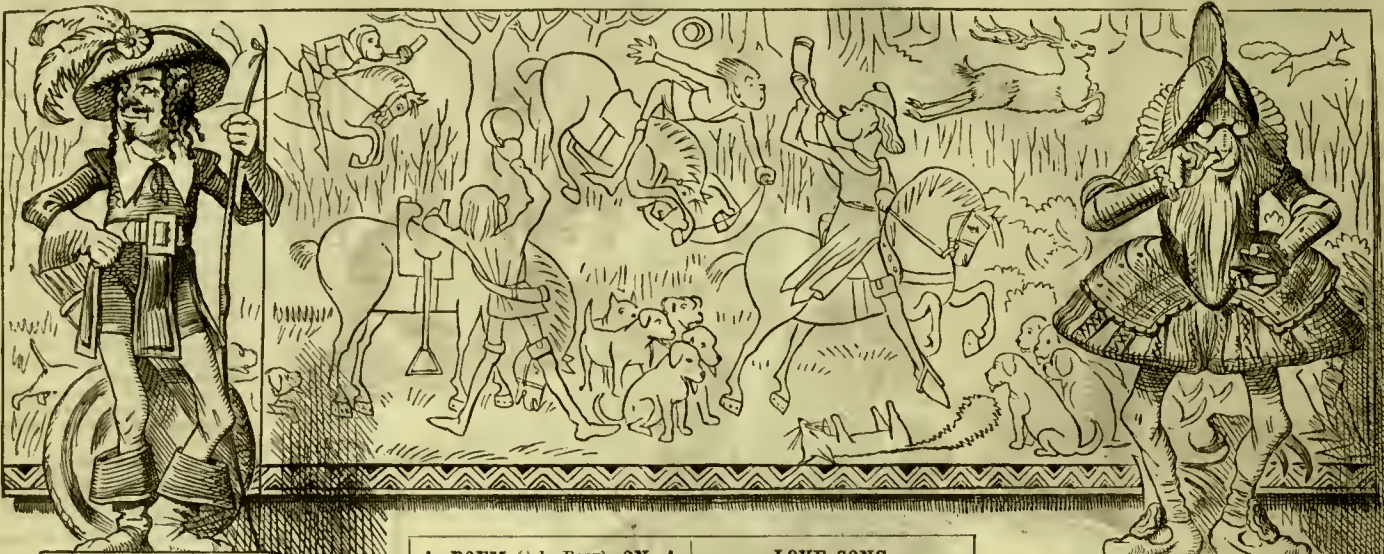
THE PATRON SAINT OF AUCTIONEERS.—ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.



THE DANGER OF HAVING FIRE-ARMS IN YOUR BED-ROOM.

Alarmed Wife. "OH, GEORGE! WHAT IS THE MATTER?"

George. "HUSH! IT'S THE WAITS."



SAGITTARIUS

NOVEMBER xxx Days.

1 W	All Saints	16 Th	Erskine, d.
2 Th	All Saints	17 F	Hugh, Ep. L.
3 F	S. r. Gh5pm	18 S	Ruilets, b.
4 S	Inkermann	19 S	23 S. af Tr.
5 M	Qua. Fing	20 M	(1840)
6 Tu	S. a. 4h51m	21 Tu	Prin. Day, b.
7 W	(b. 1841)	22 W	Cecil
8 Th	S. r. 4h51m	23 Th	St. Clement
9 F	F. of Wales	24 F	J. Kane, d.
10 S	Half G.D.	25 S	Mich. T. a.
11 M	St. Martin	26 M	24 S. af Tr.
12 Tu	St. Andrew	27 Tu	Tr. M. A. b.
13 W	St. Andrew	28 W	S. r. 7h41m
14 Th	St. Andrew	29 Th	S. a. 4h54m
15 F	St. Andrew	30 F	St. Andrew

A POEM (à la Pore) ON A VERY FAT PARTY.

DAN Cupid hath no arrow that
Could reach thy heart through all
thy fat:
But should one ever pierce, and
raise
A flame, thou'dst perish in the
blaze!

CHRISTMAS CRACKER.—Does it
soothe the feelings of a photo-
grapher, when he receives a posi-
tive refusal from a lady, that she
gives him a negative?

SEASONABLE.—Poulterers like
Christmas, because then they
feather their nests.

LOVE SONG.

I LOVE thee more and love thee less
Each day I come and woo,
And if this riddle thou canst guess,
'Tis more than I can do.
But this I know, and this I vow,
Behind is not before,
And if I love thee less than now,
I'll never love thee more.

CHRISTMAS CRACKER.—Whatsort
of a marriage should you say that
is which a man makes whose name
is Morgan, and who lives in a
garret? A Morganatic marriage.

CHEAP RECEIPT FOR MAKING A
RAISED PIE.—Sell a penny tart for
twopence.

CAPRICORNVS

DECEMBER xxxi Days.

1 F	S. r. 7h46m	17 S	23 S. in Adv.
2 S	S. a. 3h52m	18 M	0.4 M. T. a.
3 M	Adv. Sund.	19 Tu	S. r. 8h 5m
4 Th	Richelieu d.	20 W	(St. Louis, O.)
5 Tu	Mozart d.	21 Th	St. Thomas
6 W	St. Nicholas	22 F	Win. Q. 8.7
7 Th	Florian d.	23 S	Jas II. abd.
8 F	CHV Mary	24 S	4 S. in Adv.
9 S	Grouse sh. s.	25 M	Christ. Day
10 M	S. S. in Adv.	26 Tu	St. Stephen
11 Tu	Jas. Gay d.	27 W	St. John
12 W	S. a. 3h49m	28 Th	Innocent
13 Th	Lucia	29 F	S. r. 8h 8m
14 F	Pr. Cons. d.	30 S	S. a. 3h57m
15 S	1 W. a. 10m	31 S	1 S. af. Chr.
16 M	Co. M. T. r.		

A DELICATE HINT.—However much we may dislike to be
perplexed or inconvenienced during the rest of the year, at
Christmas we all wish to be hampered.

A THING NOT WORTH REMEMBERING.—That the fires in
"master's study" and the dining-room have to be kept in
during the day.

A THOUGHT FOR THE TIME.—The best house to spend the
31st of December in is a schoolmaster's, because there you
are sure of having the new year properly ushered in.



THE GENTLEMAN REPRESENTED ABOVE IS AT FAULT (FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE). HE HAS BEEN INDUCED TO TRY THE DAVENPORT TRICK, BUT AFTER HAVING BEEN
BOUND, HE FINDS HE "CANNOT DISENTANGLE."
(N.B. You perceive the mistletoe bough hanging over Mr. Punch's head.)

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1866.

This is a Japanese Calendar indeed, those who like to run round it may read.
Igneous in borrowed feather. Beompton Wolf and Red Riding-hood together.

AQUARIUS trawling post mortem late Police.
Helping Justice capture burglarious goss.

Father Thomas a-welcoming PISCES.
ARIES kicking John who is robbing his "misses."

Louis the Roman, and Derby the Greek, riding off on the Ram, too busy to speak.
Monkeys sitting on each other's tails, and also annoying the Prince of Wales.

1866

JANUARY 31 Days.		FEBRUARY 28 Days.		MARCH 31 Days.		APRIL 30 Days.	
1 M	Circumc.	17 W	Franklin &	17 S	St. David	15 S	Easter Sun
2 T	S. & 4. 5m	18 T	Prize	18 S	St. Patrick	16 S	S. & 4. 5m
3 W	Rachel d.	19 F	Watth.	19 S	St. John	17 T	B. Culloden
4 T	Tr. d. at 11h	20 S	Garrick d.	20 T	St. Peter	18 T	Gravel d.
5 F	Epiphany	21 S	23rd of Feb.	21 T	St. Paul	19 T	Hyron d.
6 S	1.8. of Epip.	22 M	Pitt d. 1806	22 T	St. Andrew	20 T	Spe. F. Ides
7 M	Tr. A. V. h.	23 W	Par. 1749	23 T	St. George	21 T	St. George
8 T	Nelson d.	24 T	St. David	24 T	St. Mark	22 T	St. Mark
9 W	St. David	25 F	St. David	25 T	St. John	23 T	St. John
10 T	St. Andrew	26 S	St. Andrew	26 T	St. Peter	24 T	St. Peter
11 T	Hil. Tim. h.	27 S	St. Peter	27 T	St. Paul	25 T	St. Paul
12 S	S. & 4. 5m	28 T	St. Paul	28 T	St. Andrew	26 T	St. Andrew
13 M	St. John	29 F	St. Paul	29 T	St. Peter	27 T	St. Peter
14 T	St. Paul	30 S	St. Paul	30 T	St. Andrew	28 T	St. Andrew
15 M	St. Andrew	31 W	Hil. T. ends			29 T	St. John
16 T	Gibbon d.					30 T	St. Paul

MAY 31 Days.		JUNE 30 Days.		JULY 31 Days.		AUGUST 31 Days.	
1 M	T. Arthur	17 T	Teller d.	17 T	Watts d.	17 F	Boniton d.
2 T	S. & 4. 5m	18 T	St. Peter	18 T	St. Peter	18 S	L. d. Balbid
3 W	S. & 4. 5m	19 F	St. Paul	19 T	St. Paul	19 S	St. Paul
4 T	St. John	20 S	St. Paul	20 T	St. Paul	20 T	St. Paul
5 F	St. John	21 S	St. Paul	21 T	St. Paul	21 T	St. Paul
6 S	St. John	22 M	St. Paul	22 T	St. Paul	22 T	St. Paul
7 M	St. John	23 W	St. Paul	23 T	St. Paul	23 T	St. Paul
8 T	St. John	24 T	St. Paul	24 T	St. Paul	24 T	St. Paul
9 W	St. John	25 F	St. Paul	25 T	St. Paul	25 T	St. Paul
10 T	St. John	26 S	St. Paul	26 T	St. Paul	26 T	St. Paul
11 T	St. John	27 S	St. Paul	27 T	St. Paul	27 T	St. Paul
12 S	St. John	28 T	St. Paul	28 T	St. Paul	28 T	St. Paul
13 M	St. John	29 F	St. Paul	29 T	St. Paul	29 T	St. Paul
14 T	St. John	30 S	St. Paul	30 T	St. Paul	30 T	St. Paul
15 M	St. John	31 W	St. Paul				

SEPTEMBER 30 Days.		OCTOBER 31 Days.		NOVEMBER 30 Days.		DECEMBER 31 Days.	
1 S	Part. sh. e.	1 S	C. M. T. h.	1 T	All Saints	1 S	St. John
2 T	St. John	2 T	St. John	2 T	St. John	2 T	St. John
3 W	St. John	3 T	St. John	3 T	St. John	3 T	St. John
4 T	St. John	4 T	St. John	4 T	St. John	4 T	St. John
5 F	St. John	5 T	St. John	5 T	St. John	5 T	St. John
6 S	St. John	6 T	St. John	6 T	St. John	6 T	St. John
7 M	St. John	7 T	St. John	7 T	St. John	7 T	St. John
8 T	St. John	8 T	St. John	8 T	St. John	8 T	St. John
9 W	St. John	9 T	St. John	9 T	St. John	9 T	St. John
10 T	St. John	10 T	St. John	10 T	St. John	10 T	St. John
11 T	St. John	11 T	St. John	11 T	St. John	11 T	St. John
12 S	St. John	12 T	St. John	12 T	St. John	12 T	St. John
13 M	St. John	13 T	St. John	13 T	St. John	13 T	St. John
14 T	St. John	14 T	St. John	14 T	St. John	14 T	St. John
15 M	St. John	15 T	St. John	15 T	St. John	15 T	St. John

That Caliban adds the old and the new, and the old and the new.

That Caliban adds the old and the new, and the old and the new.

That Caliban adds the old and the new, and the old and the new.

That Caliban adds the old and the new, and the old and the new.

The Prince of Wales

TALENTS having changed in her face

The Prince of Wales

LEO, the Voluntary, showing in his face

What is he doing in a CANNON, with the Prince of Wales

It is the Prince of Wales, showing in his face

Caliban adding the old and the new, and the old and the new.



THE ELECTIONS.—BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION.

Lady Canvasser (Yellow !). "WHAT, NOT IF I GIVE YOU A KISS, MR. BULLFINCH?"

[Obdurate Voter (Blue !) does not seem to see it, and is lost to the Liberal party.]

AMENDED QUOTATIONS.

By a Baker.—Familiar in their mouths as household bread.

By a Perruquier.—Sweet auburn ! loveliest tresses of the plain.

By a Married Man whose better-half is a long time putting her things on :—

Hope springs eternal in the husband's breast, Wives never are, but always to be dress'd.

By a Champion of Woman's Rights.—The wish was mother to the thought.

DUTIES ON LEGACIES AND SUCCESSION TO PROPERTY.

To cut all your poor relations.

If your legacy is £1,000, to give all countenance to the notion that it is £10,000.

Take care as you rise in the world, that all the ladders are kicked down behind you.

THE TABLE-MOVING MEDIUMS' DIFFICULTY.—A Tide-Table.

CANDLEMAS DAY, FEB. 2.

THINK of the Save-all. A dog lying on the hearth-rug with his nose to his tail is the emblem of Economy. He makes both ends meet.

A DOCTOR, who stammers, says that to cheer a patient you should try a hip-hip bath.

"TENANTS OF THE DEEP."—People who have a wary landlord.

THE REAL BUTCHER'S BLOCK.—The British public.



ROUGE-ET-NOIR.

Dark-haired Maiden. "OH ! MR. IRONS, CAN NOTHING BE DONE FOR MY UNFORTUNATE BLACK HAIR?"

Mr. Irons. "WELL, WE MIGHT WASH IT RED, MISS ; BUT WHAT'S THE GOOD OF 'AVING THE K'RECT COLOURED 'AIR, IF YOU 'AVEN'T GOT THE K'RECT HORDER OF FEATURE?"





THE DIVER IN SEARCH OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE GETS INTO HOT WATER.



LADIES' MORNING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.



LADIES' EVENING COSTUME FOR EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX.



THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAYS.

Stoker. "VERY SORRY TO DISTURB YER AT SUPPER, LADIES, BUT COULD YER OBLIGE ME WITH A SCUTTLE O' COALS FOR OUR ENOINE, AS WE 'VE RUN SHORT OF 'EM THIS JOURNEY!"



OUR ARTIST HAVING BEEN DISAPPOINTED OF HIS HUNTING THIS YEAR. HAS "A DRAW" IN HIS OWN STUDY.



AUNT SALLY AT MR. PUNCH'S PICNIC.



WHAT WE HOPE TO SEE.

"PRUDES FOR PROCTORS, DOWAGERS FOR DONS, AND SWEET GIRL GRADUATES."—Tennyson.



THE OYSTER SEASON COMMENCES.

NO NATIVES TO BE HAD. SWELLS REDUCED TO THE STREETS!

NOTE BY A NON-NATURALIST ON GAME.—Fine feathers do not make fine birds. The plumage of the partridge is particularly plain; and give me the bird without the feathers!

ONLY So-So.—Is it not singular that the eye of the needle grows smaller as she that threads it grows older?

A SENTIMENT FOR SUMMER.—

No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As strawberries and cream

LORD DERBY TO NOTE.—What a confusion of ideas there was in the mind of the Cockney who thought the old Greek poet had been canonised, and so became St. Omer.

ALL authors should be gardeners. They would then know how to use the pruning-knife.

FROM "MEN OF THE TIME."—The Astronomer-Royal always entertains his friends at telescope dining-tables.

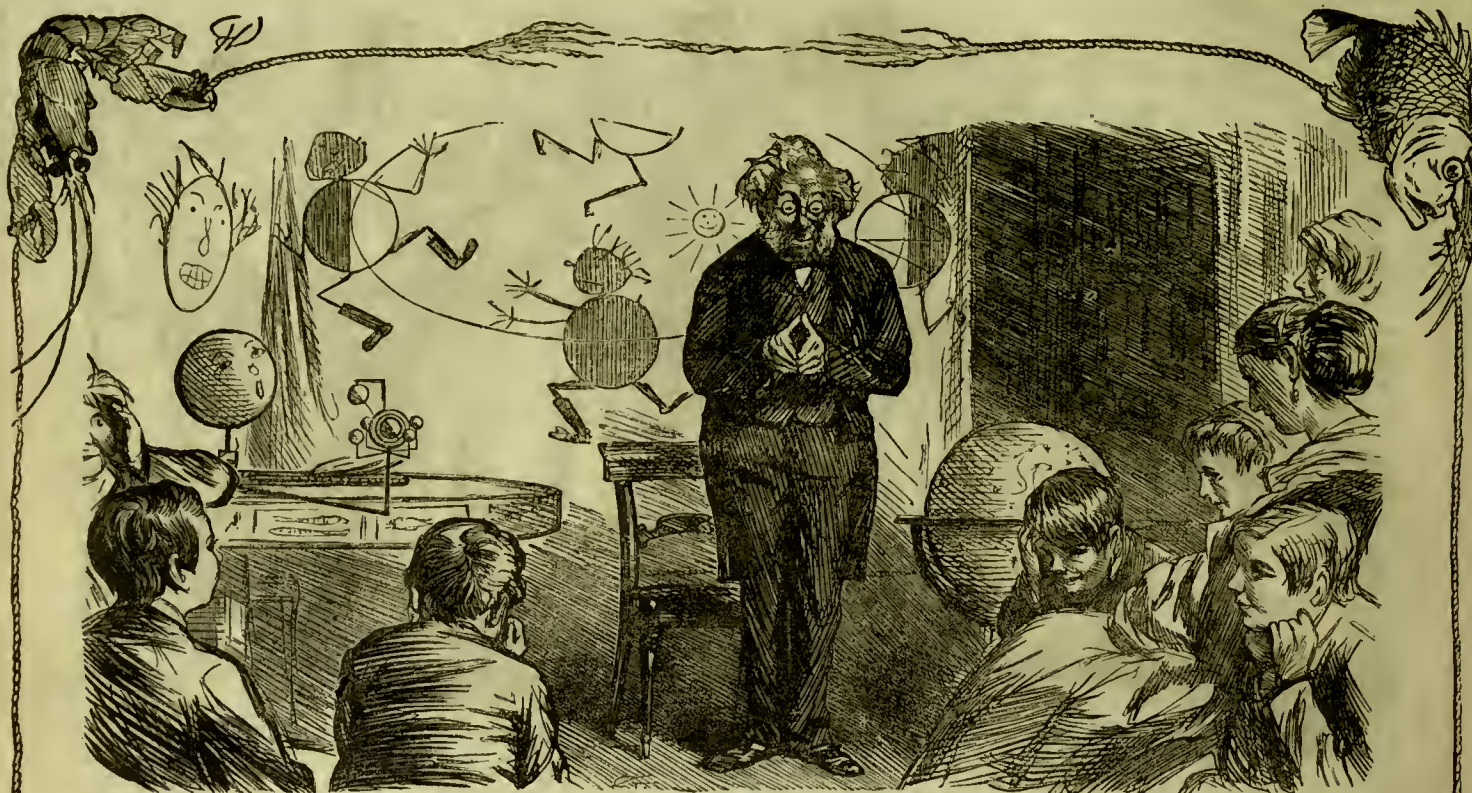
WHAT sort of day would be a good one for "Running for a Cup?" A muggy day.



Mamma. "NOW DO, GEORGE, COME OUT!"

THE STRIKE.

George. "I SHAN'T, IF YOU DON'T GIVE US BUNS AND MILK."



UNCLE FUSBY UNDERTAKES TO DELIGHT AND INSTRUCT THE YOUNG FOLK AT CHRISTMAS-TIME

BY A LECTURE ON ASTRONOMY AND THE MOVEMENTS OF THE CELESTIAL BODIES, ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS, WHICH WERE FINALLY TOUCHED UP (JUST BEFORE THE GAS WAS TURNED ON) BY HIS MISCHIEVOUS NEPHEWS.

LONDON SOCIAL GARDENING.

All through the year, let Cabmen cultivate civility; its fruits are most gratifying.
In cultivating an acquaintance, be careful not to cut him by accident.
Train a young child over a coloured alphabet; creepers are too young for this.

AN OLD WRETCH.—Mr. SOWERBY is prevailed upon to stand godfather to a male infant. Names him GABRIEL. After the christening, says what fun it will be for his godson to be called GABY!

AN INFALLIBLE CURE.—Our old friend HORACE speaks of expelling Nature with a fork. Did you ever try to expel ill-nature with a knife and fork?

ADVICE TO HOLIDAY-MAKERS.—Now visit watering places. At Ryde a wretch had the capability of saying that, being in the Isle of Wight, he should adopt the 'island costume'!

THE BEST CUT WHEN RUMP STEAK IS AT 14d. A POUND.—The cut direct, to the Butcher.
A DISH FOR A PRIMA DONNA.—Jugged Nightingales,



UNCLE FUSBY GIVES ANOTHER DELIGHTFUL LECTURE,

WITH A FEW SIMPLE CHEMICAL EXPERIMENTS, SUCH AS PHARAOH'S SERPENTS, THE MAGNESIUM WIRE, &c. ALSO TO SHOW HOW GUNPOWDER CAN BE CONTAINED IN TWO INCOMBUSTIBLE POWDERS. STARTLING DÉMÔUMENT AND CHORUS OF DELIGHTED YOUNGSTERS, "OORAY!"

TOILET GARDENING-OPERATIONS FOR THE LADIES.

BY A FASHIONABLE MAMMA.

Now take your hair up by the roots, and train it back with corking-pins.

Take your pomatums from their pots, and spread them thick over the surface.

If you would cultivate carrots, at present the fashionable growth, use a strong solution of potash, which will ensure a crop of the fine golden hue now so much admired. You must be prepared, however, for this crop falling off with the other yellow foliage of the autumn.

If you would keep up the freshness of your roses, avoid hot rooms and late hours, and don't expose your two-lips too freely, except to the son and heir; the son and heir ought always to be courted.

DUTIES ON RIDING-HORSES.

The first duty when you are on a riding horse is to look as if you liked it.

The second is to sit with your knees in and heels well down, and to hold on tight by anything that presents itself.

REVERSE THE ENGINE.—Now that engineers tunnel the Alps, we must no more talk of making mountains of mole-hills, but molehills of mountains.

INFORMATION WANTED.—In America they talk a great deal of fustian. Has this anything to do with their corduroy roads?

REIGNING SOVEREIGNS.—(A Reflection).—Ah! if it were, who would hoist an umbrella!

THE CHARGE ON UNIONS REALLY REQUIRING TO BE OOT RID OR.—Mothers-in-Law.

THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE AT AN EVENING PARTY.—Supper!



OUR ARTIST, TOM TIT, HAS INVITED CHANG AND ANAK TO DINNER, UNKNOWN TO HIS FAMILY.

Buttons. "MR. CHANG! MR. HAYNACK!!
[Dismay of Mother! Delight of Sister!! Heckstacy of Buttons!!! Tableaux!!!!]

**POCKET SHAKESPEARE,
DRAWING-ROOM EDITION.**

1st PLAY.—Hamlet (condensed).

Scene First and Last.

Enter HAMLET, wounded.

Hamlet. My father's ghost I've seen: I've killed Laertes, Also the King: my mother's poisoned: and Ophelia's drowned. Horatio! Oh! I die!

[Horatio doesn't come, and HAMLET dies.

TO A CHANGED ONE.

DECEMBER's dark, and so wast thou,
Ah! how hast thou become so fair?
Circassian stucco blanched thy brow;
And Aqua Mira gilt thy hair.

A PUZZLE.

If two yards of sealing-wax cost fourpence, what will be the definite quantity of an arithmetical series of the name?—Contributed by MR. BABBAGE.

[Answer next year. In the meantime, happy to receive solutions from talented Correspondents.

THE BOY'S OWN SALAD.—Now sow mustard and cross in the form of letters, which, when they come up, will form the name of "Old Brown." Take care not to grow your salad in this shape where Mr. BROWN will probably see it.

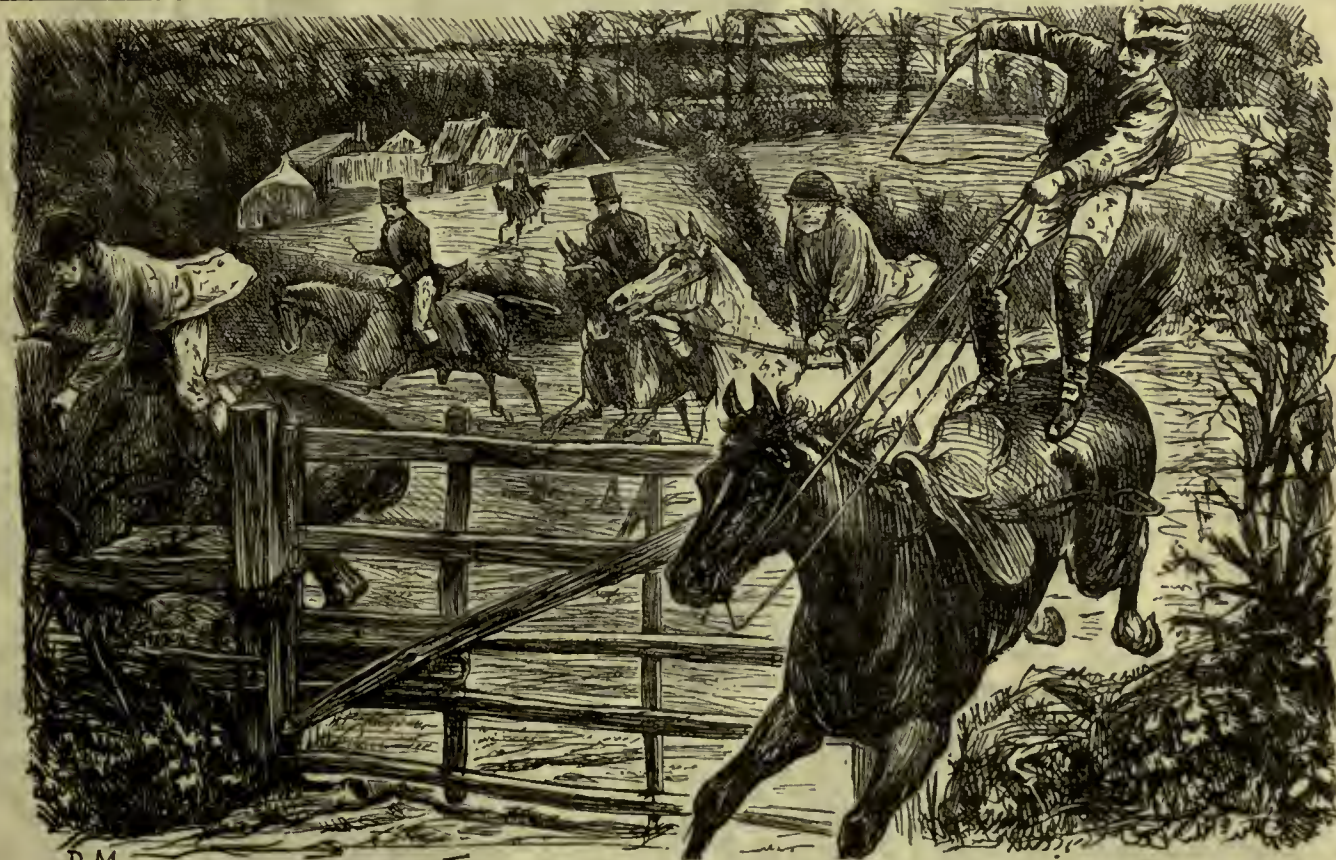
BY A THEATRICAL SPORTSMAN.—(To the Profession).—Shooting a pheasant well, is my notion of winging it.

ARE YOU FOND OF JEWELLERY?—Girls, marry men who are tectotalers. They will allow you to wear nothing but diamonds of the first water.

A MAIDEN SPEECH.—Ask Papa.

FROM "MEN OF THE TIME."—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER's favourite pursuit is taxidermy.

ASK AT THE BAR.—How many notes are there in an Octave of Sherry?



D M

COUNT DE ST. AMARANTHE ASTONISHES AN ENGLISH HUNTING-FIELD BY HIS RIDING ACROSS COUNTRY.

[Count A. is no more a Count than you or me or Mr. Punch, and has learnt horsemanship at Franconi's Circus, Paris, but you need not mention it to his English friends.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1866.

This is the wild goose excursion.
All round the world for a summer's diversion.

Because Butcher goes, Baker holds on behind,
Old Lady, Clerk, Tailor, Barber, Milliner, all of one mind.

St. Paul's to the Pyramids by first train,
See Arabs, buy Fes, ride donkeys back again!

Don't care for Desert, can't stand weather,
CLERK and MILLINER very loving together

Off to the Alps, see sun rise at morn,
Hear Merry Swiss Boy sound merry Swiss horn.

Alphabet, sweetest, every track, wild beast,
Aunt OLD LADY still is a beast.

Here's the play, Off to Old City,
In little while write "I'll."

Done with whatever,
Clerk is now one little man.

I think the BAKER, makes a mistake -
Oh! does the play - you know - where all plays grow.

From Columbia the firm
To land where bigger still are room and time.

For the Columbia the firm
To land where bigger still are room and time.

For the Columbia the firm
To land where bigger still are room and time.

For the Columbia the firm
To land where bigger still are room and time.

For the Columbia the firm
To land where bigger still are room and time.

For the Columbia the firm
To land where bigger still are room and time.

Tailor has caught a Pinguin, when he'd expected a hare,
BARBER has struck a "Pig", but it will not do for the hair.

Something I think I speak from Egypt, but the CLERK has brought home gold,
The MILLINER found some strings of pearls, they'll be married to-morrow I'm told.

EXCURSIONIST cooks the Goose, BUTCHER kills the Boar,
BAKER brings home a palatine, what for the OLD LADY here?

These ends the Wild Goose Excursion,
All round the world for a little diversion.



PRIVATE THEATRICALS.—JONES'S DRESSING-ROOM.

(The Costumier has forgotten to send Jones's Jack Boots). Jones. "CALLED AM I? I CAN'T PLAY Charles XII. IN PATENT LEATHER BOOTS WITH GREEN TOPS! I MUST HAVE YOURS!" (Baker, who plays 2nd Officer, don't see it.)



No road to the Moon, try the Gubson.
Gubson growing stout, what is he reading about?
Of course all miss him, especially the BARBER.
Try to shoot him sitting in his arbour.
All get warm round point bear—catch cold—nasty.
South pole for for wind up.
For home make mind up.
TALOR caught him, and brought him home like a bird.



JANUARY 31 Days.

1 Tu Chasman. 17 Th Franklin h.
2 W S. a. 4h 32m 18 F Venus
3 Th S. a. 4h 32m 19 S Venus
4 F Rachel d. 20 S Venus
5 Sa. Conf. d. 21 M Venus
6 S Phipps h. 22 Tu Venus
7 M Phipps h. 23 W Venus
8 Tu P. A. V. h. 24 Th Venus
9 W Nelson's d. 25 F Venus
10 Th Nelson's d. 26 S Venus
11 F Hill. T. m. 27 M Venus
12 S Lewater d. 28 Tu Venus
13 M P. A. V. h. 29 W Venus
14 Th P. A. V. h. 30 M Venus
15 T. Ordeal plot 31 Th Hill. T. m.

FEBRUARY 28 Days.

1 F S. r. 7h 41m 15 F S. r. 7h 41m
2 S S. a. 4h 32m 16 S S. a. 4h 32m
3 M S. a. 4h 32m 17 M S. a. 4h 32m
4 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 18 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
5 W S. a. 4h 32m 19 W S. a. 4h 32m
6 Th S. a. 4h 32m 20 Th S. a. 4h 32m
7 F S. a. 4h 32m 21 F S. a. 4h 32m
8 S S. a. 4h 32m 22 S S. a. 4h 32m
9 M S. a. 4h 32m 23 M S. a. 4h 32m
10 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 24 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
11 W S. a. 4h 32m 25 W S. a. 4h 32m
12 Th S. a. 4h 32m 26 Th S. a. 4h 32m
13 F S. a. 4h 32m 27 F S. a. 4h 32m
14 S S. a. 4h 32m 28 S S. a. 4h 32m

MARCH 31 Days.

1 F St. David 17 S S. a. 4h 32m
2 S Wesley d. 18 M P. A. V. h.
3 M Wesley d. 19 Tu P. A. V. h.
4 Tu Wesley d. 20 W P. A. V. h.
5 W Wesley d. 21 Th P. A. V. h.
6 Th Wesley d. 22 F P. A. V. h.
7 F Wesley d. 23 S P. A. V. h.
8 S Wesley d. 24 M P. A. V. h.
9 M Wesley d. 25 Tu P. A. V. h.
10 Tu Wesley d. 26 W P. A. V. h.
11 W Wesley d. 27 Th P. A. V. h.
12 Th Wesley d. 28 F P. A. V. h.
13 F Wesley d. 29 S P. A. V. h.
14 S Wesley d. 30 M P. A. V. h.
15 M Wesley d. 31 Tu P. A. V. h.

APRIL 30 Days.

1 M S. r. 7h 41m 16 Th S. a. 4h 32m
2 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 17 W S. a. 4h 32m
3 W S. a. 4h 32m 18 Th S. a. 4h 32m
4 Th S. a. 4h 32m 19 F S. a. 4h 32m
5 F S. a. 4h 32m 20 S S. a. 4h 32m
6 S S. a. 4h 32m 21 M S. a. 4h 32m
7 M S. a. 4h 32m 22 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
8 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 23 W S. a. 4h 32m
9 W S. a. 4h 32m 24 Th S. a. 4h 32m
10 Th S. a. 4h 32m 25 F S. a. 4h 32m
11 F S. a. 4h 32m 26 S S. a. 4h 32m
12 S S. a. 4h 32m 27 M S. a. 4h 32m
13 M S. a. 4h 32m 28 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
14 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 29 W S. a. 4h 32m
15 W S. a. 4h 32m 30 Th S. a. 4h 32m

MAY 31 Days.

1 W J. Arthur h. 17 F Talleford d.
2 Th S. a. 4h 32m 18 S Rowell d.
3 F S. a. 4h 32m 19 M Columbus d.
4 S S. a. 4h 32m 20 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
5 M S. a. 4h 32m 21 W S. a. 4h 32m
6 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 22 Th S. a. 4h 32m
7 W S. a. 4h 32m 23 F S. a. 4h 32m
8 Th S. a. 4h 32m 24 S S. a. 4h 32m
9 F S. a. 4h 32m 25 M S. a. 4h 32m
10 S S. a. 4h 32m 26 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
11 M S. a. 4h 32m 27 W S. a. 4h 32m
12 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 28 Th S. a. 4h 32m
13 W S. a. 4h 32m 29 F S. a. 4h 32m
14 Th S. a. 4h 32m 30 S S. a. 4h 32m
15 F S. a. 4h 32m 31 M S. a. 4h 32m



JULY 31 Days.

1 M B. Boyne 17 W Wells h.
2 Tu B. Boyne 18 Th Wells h.
3 W B. Boyne 19 F Wells h.
4 Th B. Boyne 20 S Wells h.
5 F B. Boyne 21 M Wells h.
6 S B. Boyne 22 Tu Wells h.
7 M B. Boyne 23 W Wells h.
8 Tu B. Boyne 24 Th Wells h.
9 W B. Boyne 25 F Wells h.
10 Th B. Boyne 26 S Wells h.
11 F B. Boyne 27 M Wells h.
12 S B. Boyne 28 Tu Wells h.
13 M B. Boyne 29 W Wells h.
14 Tu B. Boyne 30 Th Wells h.
15 W B. Boyne 31 M Wells h.

JUNE 30 Days.

1 S S. a. 4h 32m 16 Th S. a. 4h 32m
2 M S. a. 4h 32m 17 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
3 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 18 W S. a. 4h 32m
4 W S. a. 4h 32m 19 Th S. a. 4h 32m
5 Th S. a. 4h 32m 20 F S. a. 4h 32m
6 F S. a. 4h 32m 21 S S. a. 4h 32m
7 S S. a. 4h 32m 22 M S. a. 4h 32m
8 M S. a. 4h 32m 23 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
9 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 24 W S. a. 4h 32m
10 W S. a. 4h 32m 25 Th S. a. 4h 32m
11 Th S. a. 4h 32m 26 F S. a. 4h 32m
12 F S. a. 4h 32m 27 S S. a. 4h 32m
13 S S. a. 4h 32m 28 M S. a. 4h 32m
14 M S. a. 4h 32m 29 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
15 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 30 W S. a. 4h 32m

AUGUST 31 Days.

1 Th Lammie 17 S Boulton d.
2 F S. r. 7h 41m 18 M S. a. 4h 32m
3 S S. a. 4h 32m 19 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
4 M S. a. 4h 32m 20 W S. a. 4h 32m
5 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 21 Th S. a. 4h 32m
6 W S. a. 4h 32m 22 F S. a. 4h 32m
7 Th S. a. 4h 32m 23 S S. a. 4h 32m
8 F S. a. 4h 32m 24 M S. a. 4h 32m
9 S S. a. 4h 32m 25 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
10 M S. a. 4h 32m 26 W S. a. 4h 32m
11 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 27 Th S. a. 4h 32m
12 W S. a. 4h 32m 28 F S. a. 4h 32m
13 Th S. a. 4h 32m 29 S S. a. 4h 32m
14 F S. a. 4h 32m 30 M S. a. 4h 32m

SEPTEMBER 30 Days.

1 S 11 S. af. Tr. 16 M D. Coler d.
2 Tu Part. sh. e. 17 Tu Lambert
3 W S. r. 7h 41m 18 W Don. I. land.
4 Th S. a. 4h 32m 19 Th R. P. P. d.
5 F S. a. 4h 32m 20 F R. of Alma
6 S S. a. 4h 32m 21 S S. a. 4h 32m
7 M S. a. 4h 32m 22 M S. a. 4h 32m
8 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 23 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
9 W S. a. 4h 32m 24 W S. a. 4h 32m
10 Th S. a. 4h 32m 25 Th S. a. 4h 32m
11 F S. a. 4h 32m 26 F S. a. 4h 32m
12 S S. a. 4h 32m 27 S S. a. 4h 32m
13 M S. a. 4h 32m 28 M S. a. 4h 32m
14 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 29 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
15 W S. a. 4h 32m 30 W S. a. 4h 32m

OCTOBER 31 Days.

1 W C. M. T. h. 17 Th S. a. 4h 32m
2 Th S. a. 4h 32m 18 M S. a. 4h 32m
3 F S. a. 4h 32m 19 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
4 S S. a. 4h 32m 20 W S. a. 4h 32m
5 M S. a. 4h 32m 21 Th S. a. 4h 32m
6 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 22 F S. a. 4h 32m
7 W S. a. 4h 32m 23 S S. a. 4h 32m
8 Th S. a. 4h 32m 24 M S. a. 4h 32m
9 F S. a. 4h 32m 25 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
10 S S. a. 4h 32m 26 W S. a. 4h 32m
11 M S. a. 4h 32m 27 Th S. a. 4h 32m
12 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 28 F S. a. 4h 32m
13 W S. a. 4h 32m 29 S S. a. 4h 32m
14 Th S. a. 4h 32m 30 M S. a. 4h 32m

NOVEMBER 30 Days.

1 F All Salate 16 S Erskine d.
2 S Mich. T. h. 17 S S. r. 7h 41m
3 M S. r. 7h 41m 18 M S. a. 4h 32m
4 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 19 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
5 W S. a. 4h 32m 20 W S. a. 4h 32m
6 Th S. a. 4h 32m 21 Th S. a. 4h 32m
7 F S. a. 4h 32m 22 F S. a. 4h 32m
8 S S. a. 4h 32m 23 S S. a. 4h 32m
9 M S. a. 4h 32m 24 M S. a. 4h 32m
10 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 25 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
11 W S. a. 4h 32m 26 W S. a. 4h 32m
12 Th S. a. 4h 32m 27 Th S. a. 4h 32m
13 F S. a. 4h 32m 28 F S. a. 4h 32m
14 S S. a. 4h 32m 29 S S. a. 4h 32m
15 M S. a. 4h 32m 30 M S. a. 4h 32m

DECEMBER 31 Days.

1 S Ad. S. d. 17 Tu O. M. T. h.
2 Tu S. r. 7h 41m 18 W O. M. T. h.
3 W S. a. 4h 32m 19 Th S. a. 4h 32m
4 Th S. a. 4h 32m 20 F S. a. 4h 32m
5 F S. a. 4h 32m 21 S S. a. 4h 32m
6 S S. a. 4h 32m 22 M S. a. 4h 32m
7 M S. a. 4h 32m 23 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
8 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 24 W S. a. 4h 32m
9 W S. a. 4h 32m 25 Th S. a. 4h 32m
10 Th S. a. 4h 32m 26 F S. a. 4h 32m
11 F S. a. 4h 32m 27 S S. a. 4h 32m
12 S S. a. 4h 32m 28 M S. a. 4h 32m
13 M S. a. 4h 32m 29 Tu S. a. 4h 32m
14 Tu S. a. 4h 32m 30 W S. a. 4h 32m
15 W S. a. 4h 32m 31 Th S. a. 4h 32m



CALLISTHENIC COLLEGE FOR LADY MUSCULAR CHRISTIANS.

SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.—Clubs are the weapons of the uncivilised. A husband is a savage who, if his wife threaten him with dining off cold mutton, is brute enough to fly for protection to his club.
A MATTER OF TASTE.—An ardent Entomologist lately fell in love with a lady solely because of her beetle brows.

SENTIMENT.—May we always be more ready to publish the faults of others than to correct our own.
IN THE DIVORCE COURT.—The Man who was Tied to Time is now Bent on a Separation.
A "MEDIUM" PEN.—What Spirits write with.

"SPEECH IS SILVERN, SILENCE GOLDEN."

THE French have a good saying, yet not polite nor deep, "Old Bogie loves nothing when men their silence keep."
 What a blessing for reporters and *Tim's* readers it would be, Were this suggestion followed by each talkative M.P.

LITERARY NOTICE.

In the Press.—*My Table-cloth.*
The Two Aunts of the Butler. By the Author of *The Six Sisters of the Valters.*
My Pale Companion.—a bottle of Bass.

SENTIMENT.—Champagne to our real friends, and advertised champagne to our false enemies.

THE commercial consonants, L. S. D.
 THE financing vowels, I. O. U.



BUMBLEDOM'S BATH.

TO NEWLY-MARRIED PEOPLE.—Don't go to India: there is so much "tiffin" there.
SENTIMENT.—May we ne'er want a friend with a bottle to give us.
TO HOMOEOPATHS.—Never go to law, for *de minimis non curat lex*.
NEW CHRISTIAN NAME FOR OUR GIRLS.—Chignonetto.

MRS. MALAPROP'S LAST.—Inviting her friends to partake of a Cold Relation.

PROVERB BY OUR BUTCHER.—You must take the Thin with the Thick.

"NATURAL" INDIGNATION.—When the dealer at vingt-un gets ace-king.



AMATEURS REHEARSING FOR A PRIVATE CIRCUS.

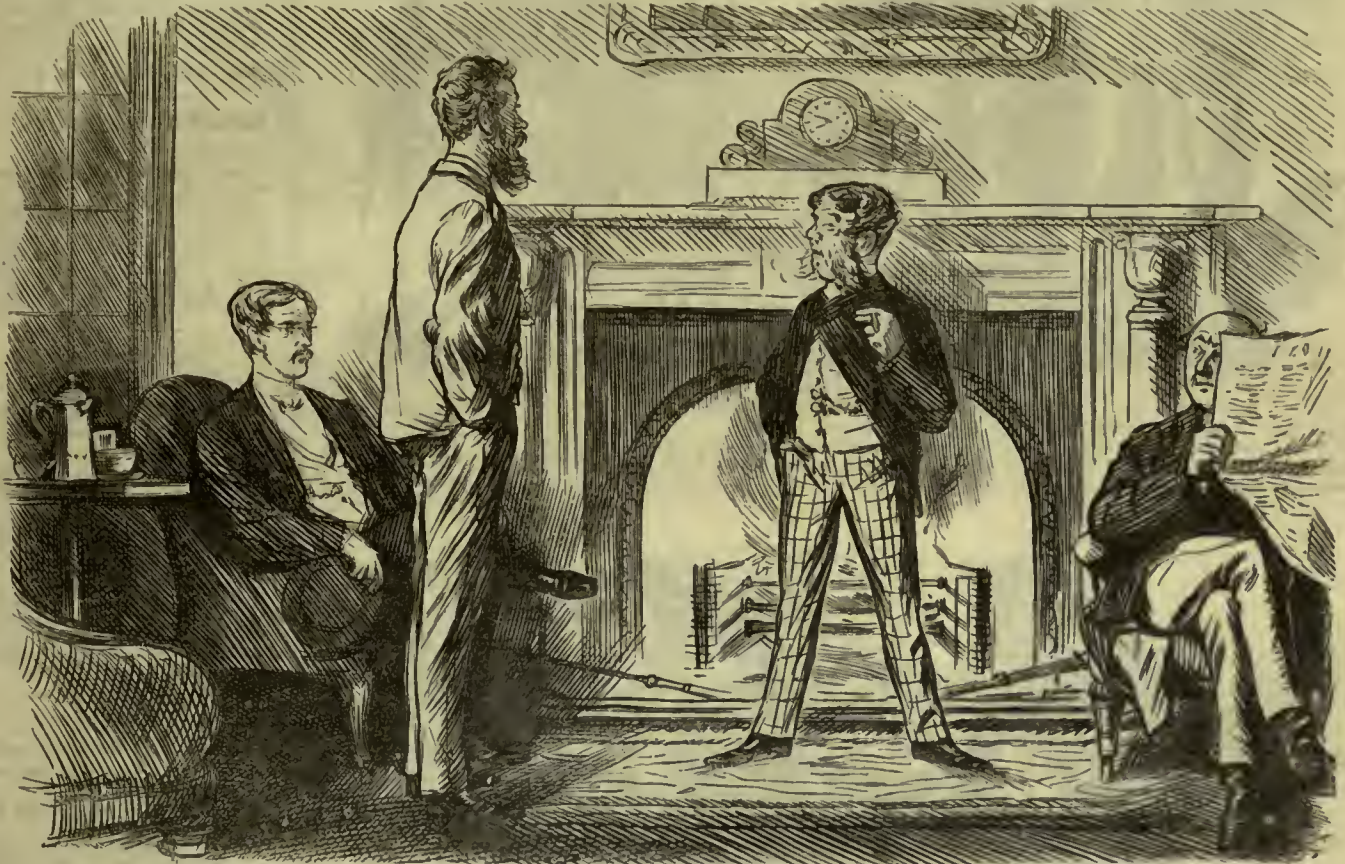


THE IMMOLATION OF REFORM.

IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.—The month that follows February is one most of us is glad to see at an end. It ought to be played out with appropriate music—the Dead March.

FOR THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—When the great FARINA was meditating his immortal discovery of Eau de Cologne, he ate nothing but simple puddings made of sago, tapioca, arrow root, &c. Hence the term Farinaceous food.

REFORMATION IN NATURE.—Of all the Seasons, Spring is the most commendable, for he turns over a new leaf every year.
SENTIMENT.—Confusion to the sentimental.



TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

BONNET (clown upon Little Slannery, who's a great boaster about his "Swell" acquaintance, and his extensive "Travel," and this year especially, down Palestine way). "DID YOU SEE THE DARDANELLES?"

Slannery. "ER? THE—ER? OH, YE—YES! JOLLY FELLARS AS EVER I MET! DINED WITH 'EM AT VIENNAH!"

[Little S. has left the Club.]

EQUESTRIAN SENTIMENT.—The Thrown and the Hal'er, and may the hold fellow who rides with the second never be the first.

TOAST.—To the tongue that can keep a secret about the false teeth.

TRUTHS and toads lie at the bottom of the well. Leave 'em there.



PICKPOCKET'S TOAST.—The And that can feel for another's pocket-handkerchief, and the Art that can prig it without detection.

PHOTOGRAPHIC NEWS.—Several Costermongers have lately had their Cart(s) taken.

LOYAL TOAST.—The PRINCE OF WHALES, and may his enemies lubber.

"OXFORD WINS."



MIND AND MATTER-OF-FACT.

Cotton-Man (fro' Shoddydale). "WHAT DUN YO' CO' THAT WAYTER?"

Coachman. "AH, AIN'T IT BEAUTIFUL? THAT'S GRASSMERE LAKE, THAT IS—"

Cotton-Man. "YO' CO'N 'UM ALL LIA-AKES AN' MERES I' THESE PA-ARTS. WE CO'N 'UM REZZER-VOYERS WHERE AH COM' FRO'!!"



"MEN SHOULD BE WHAT THEY SEEM."

Mrs. Blumizen. "OH, MR. BRAGSHAW, HOW LUCKY! MY GIRLS ARE LONGING FOR A SAIL;—NOW DO FIND A NICE BOAT, AND TAKE CARE OF THEM."

[BUT BRAGSHAW, WHO'S ONLY A SAILOR TO LOOK AT—DRESSES THE PART TO A FAULT, RATHER—AND NO BETTER THAN A CAT ON THE WATER, IS PARALYSED.

PERSONS WHO OUGHT TO BE VOLUNTEERS.

- Bishops.—Because of the Charges.
- Dentists.—Because they are the men to be Armed to the Teeth.
- Doctors.—Because of the good Practice.
- Farmers.—Because of the Drill.
- Footmen.—Because of the Powder.
- Hosiers.—Because of the Ties.
- Literary Characters.—Because of the Magazines and Reviews.
- Magistrates.—Because of Judging Distances.
- Mathematicians.—Because of the Cymbals and Triangles.
- Meteorologists.—Because of the Drum.
- Oculists.—Because of the Sights.
- Oyster-eaters.—Because of a Good Score.
- Persons who Squint.—Because of "Eyes-right!"
- Pickpockets.—Because of the Rifling.
- Police-men.—Because of the Bull's-eye.
- Poulterers.—Because of the Goose-step.
- Prophets.—Because of the Foresight.
- Wine-Merchants.—Because of the Grapes.

WINDOW GARDENING (FOR YOUNG LADIES).

Don't plant yourself at the window in curl-papers.

By careful choice of situation and attention to aspect, young ladies may, by means of window gardening, successfully cultivate every variety of the *sheep's eye* (*ovis : curvis ardens*), and convert *coxcumba*, from the single to the double variety with great success, by the same agreeable pastime.

VOICES OF THE STARS.

Of all our voices, glad or grave,
This voice may be relied on—
ZADKIEL's a rogue, old MOORE a knave,
And fools who them *scold* en.

DUTY ON SUCCESSION TO REAL PROPERTY.

To let everybody believe it is twice as much as it really amounts to.

To give yourself all the airs of a landed proprietor.

To keep a good cellar, well-stocked preserves, a comfortable smoking-room, a slate billiard table, a constant succession of pleasant visitors, and to include Mr. Punch by a standing invitation.

PUZZLERS FOR NOTES AND QUERIES.

WHERE are these lines to be found?—

- "There was the weight that pulled me down, Horatio?"
- "He shall not look on what he likes again."
- "Nor poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the ill the flesh is heir to."
- "I do remember an apothecary,
A man of an unbounded stomach,
Whose virtues we write on glass . . ."

FARES BY DISTANCE.—Most actresses, not a few belles of the season, and all MADAME RACHEL's customers, may be noted as examples of "Fairs by distance."

FARES BY TIME.—No such thing known amongst the ladies, except in the case of a dear, old, happy mater-familias, who has the good sense to look her age, and dress it. She is really fair by time or in spite of it.

PRIZE DAD 'UN.—If the Mayor of Garrett were ordered to make his bed in the sea, which one would he choose? A *dry-dock*, of course.

ECCLESIASTICAL.—The observers of external ceremonies are now called Ritualists, and those who watch their proceedings are Spy-ritualists.

THE GAME OF SPECULATION (as played in the Joint-Stock Share-Market).—"Heads," I win; "tails," you lose.

THE TWO GREAT 'VARSITY TEACHERS.—Univ-ersity and Ad-versity.

A RASH ACT.—The Vaccination Law.

THE "PET" OF THE BALLET.—A strike in the Corps.



OUR COUNTRY CONCERTS.

"OH, THEY 'TAKE' IMMENSELY! SUCH LARKS, TOO, SOMETIMES! WHY, THE OTHER EVENING, AT REHEARSAL, WHEN THE PARSON (HE'S OUR CONDUCTOR) SAID HE'D UNFORTUNATELY FORGOTTEN HIS A-FORK—HIS TUNING-FORK—LITTLE JOE BILBURY, ONE OF OUR 'FIRSTS,' SAID HIS 'FEYTHUR' HAD ONE, AND STARTED OFF AND BROUGHT IT!"

SHORT SENSATION DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE—The Thames Tunnel. Enter LADY DUDLEIGH.

Lady Dudleigh. At last. Ha!

Enter MAXIMILIAN, with a torch.

Max. Together! We will fly!

Enter MACCABEUS MACKENZIE, in his dressing-gown.

Mac. Never! With life! or without it!

All. Then die!

[MAXIMILIAN applies his torch to a crack in the wall, sets the Thames on fire. Barges. Shopkeepers rush out, and strike attitudes. Flames. Tableau.

ACT II.

SCENE—The Horizon. Enter Sailors. DICK steering.

Sailors. Yarely, Yarely! Yeo ho! Merily ho! Heave! Belay!

[DICK bores a hole in the boat. It sinks. DICK. Thus perish all proofs of my guilt.

[Swims about, and is picked up after several years.

ACT III.

SCENE—A Buddhist Temple, surrounded by Precipices and Avalanches. Enter Tyrolean Minstrel. Enter all the characters climbing round the corners. Re-enter all the Characters of the previous Acts.

Max. (to Lady Dudleigh). And if our kind friends in front will only pardon this unwarrantable intrusion then—

Enter DICK (with his beard growing).

Dick. Never!

All. Dio!

[Flames burst out of the avalanche. Mountain torrents run up the sides of the Temple. The Precipices fall down their own heights. Everything gives way. So does MAXIMILIAN, who accepts. Crash. He disappears, leaving only his pocket handkerchief. Tableau of one pocket handkerchief and ruins.

MRS. NAGGLETON'S ADVICE TO A WIFE.—Defiance, not defence.



SELF-RESPECT.

The Misan. "OH, JEM, YOU SAID YOU'D GIVE ME YOUR PROTERRORARY. NOW, LET'S GO IN, AND GET IT DONE."

Jem. "OH, I DESSAY! AN' AVE MY 'CARTE DE WISSETE' STUCK UP IN THE WINDER ALONG O' ALL THESE 'ERE BALLT-OALS AN' 'TOW-CHURCH PARSONS? NO, SAIRY!"

HORTICULTURAL HINTS FOR EVERYBODY AND ALWAYS.

CULTIVATE acquaintances, if desirable; if not, cut them.

Never sow the Seeds of Dissension.

Weed your Library.

Invest in Stocks.

Get as much Heart's-ease as you can.

Fern-growers don't be too fierce in your rivalry: remember the Wars of the Froud(e).

Attend to Wallflowers and trim Coxcombs.

Ecoulate the Cucumber—be cool.

Beware of Auricular confession.

Don't Peach.

Avoid Flowers of Speech.

Pot—a lot of money on race-courses.

"Bedding-out" is good for Plants, but not for friends.

Take the advice of the Sage, or you may rue the consequences.

Ladies! Success to the great Race show—on your cheeks, and may you always be Eye-bright! (N. B. Never pay your bets in Fox-gloves.)

A DIALOGUE.

A. (who talks fine, to B. in love). I hope your Suit is progressing favourably.

B. (matter-of-fact Man). Thank you, the tailor has promised to finish it by Saturday.

A DISTINGUISHED divine states that there has been a great deal of confession this last year. We hope so, for there has been a great number of marriages, each of which should have been preceded by the only confession Mr. Punch tolerates—a confession of love.

AN APPROPRIATE OFFERING.—A Printseller wishing to give the lady to whom he was engaged some Proofs of his affection, presented her with several choice Engravings.

HISTORICAL FACT.—According to the LADY OF SHALOTT, vegetarianism is as old as the Crusades, for they had a Salad in those days.

ETIQUETTE.—A young lady who permits a kiss, should imitate the British cabinman, who on most occasions gives his cheek.

TOAST.—May the tear of sensibility be wiped by the pocket handkerchief of common sense.



"SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS."—CO

PUNCH'S PROVERBS.

A PUN is as good as a riddle to a stupid ass.
 Elats loose is gone goose.
 "Gee wo!" makes the horse go. "Mather way!" makes the horse stay.
 Slow sod slack gets the sack.
 MATRIMONY. Better never than late.
 Between two fires the breach is a post of danger.
 The cricket-ball slips through the butter-fingers.
 Hit me and I'll hit you.
 Do what you oughtn't, and come what must.
 Everyone has his trade, as the undertaker said to the physician.
 It is of no use trying to cobble horseshoes.

Every one to his liking, as the Frenchman said when he ate his horse.
 Good wine needs no brandy.
 A new knife is sharper than an old saw.
 He that is out of spirits should drink wine.
 The man is not always a thief who steals a march.
 Strong beer makes the head clear.
 'Tis a good wind that blows nobody rheumatism.
 'Tis a wise child that knows its New Latin Primer.
 Eat your ham and save your bacon.
 Beauty unadorned is tripe without onions.
 No man crieth, "Taters all cold!"
 None but great musicians can do great shakes.
 CHEMICAL.—As the thief is to the dealer in marine stores, so is the retort to the receiver.

No alchemy equal to saving, as Mr. PENNYCUICK said when he scraped his cheese.
 No burden so light as that of a comic song.
 One man's meat is another man's dinner, as the clown when he carved his leg-of-mutton.
 Ducks lay eggs; geese lay wagers.
 Don't set a beggar on horseback for your postillion.
 Two eyes of a potato are no better than one.
 Throw out tubs to catch a shower.
 Well lathered is well whopped.
 Do not kick the man who calls you an ass.
 What is sauce for cod is not sauce for salmon.
 Ostentation is a duty which we owe to our neighbor, luxury, a duty which we owe to ourselves.
 The red lamp of the doctor's shop is a danger signal.



G OUR OWN CHRISTMAS DINNER.

SOMEBODY'S SAYINGS.

is course of true love is a race-course where there is a false start.

as! how fleeting are the charms of Nature when unhelped by art! Who would long prize Beauty, if it were not for Soap? Both are stopped with gold, and tongues may be so, likewise. A man with a rich wife is often silenced by her winging her money in his teeth.

Philosophers have speculated as to whether men become saints after death; but let us reflect how often they make fools of themselves before it!

rapid shoots with a rifle now, and not with bow and arrow. Else how is it that girls can hear the popping of a question?

THE THOUGHTS OF A MISER.

"Oh, that I had been born in the Golden Age, with a Silver Spoon in my mouth!"

"A penny for your thoughts," indeed! Why, most people's would be dear at two lots for three-halfpence.

It drives me frantic to read of "a glut of gold"—of money being "a drug in the market." I could take any amount of that drug.

The house I should like to live in would be a house at a peppercorn-rent.

The man for my money is the man who can kill two birds with one stone.

If children are ever "as good as gold," I shouldn't mind having a few.

What business has anybody to enjoy a laugh at my expense? "Homoeopathic Cocoa,"—that's the stuff for me; a little will go a long way.

There's one thing I would give a trifle to see—a man made of money.

Why even Nature is on my side—remember its mean temperature.

"A Sovereign Remedy" forsooth! I think I would rather die than go to such an expense.

STABLE TALK.—How about the horse-power of a screw-steamer?

MEN AND MEASURES.—Each of the friends in *Auld Lang Syne* engages to be his own pint-stoup.



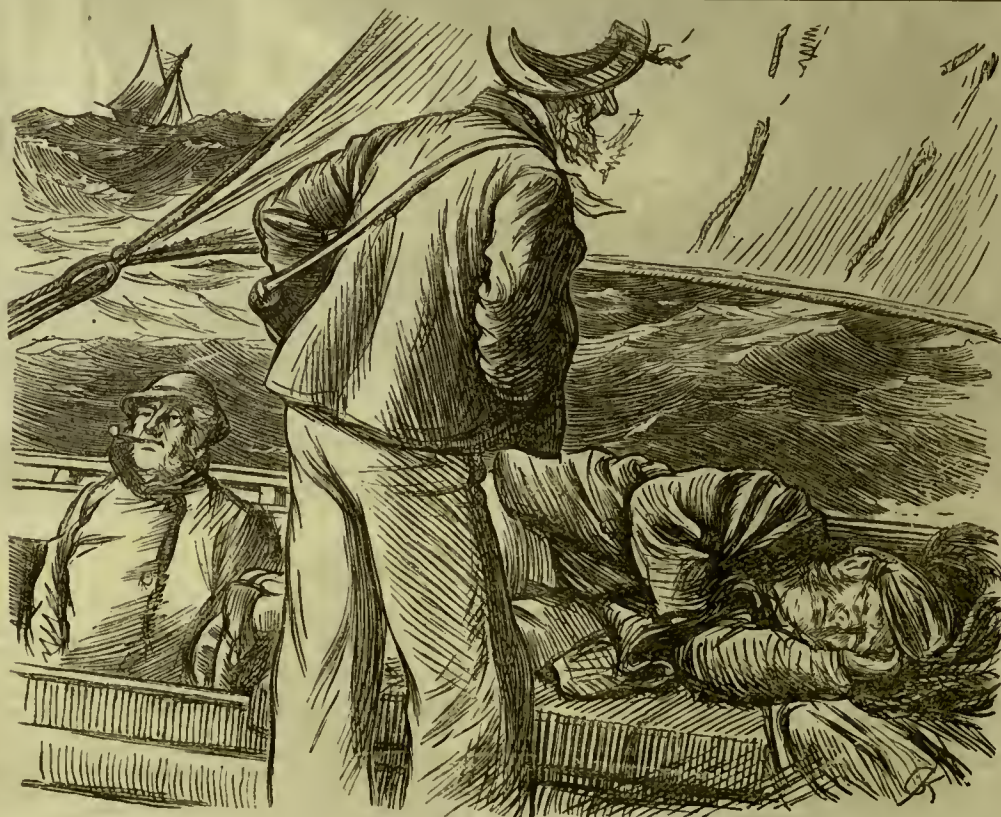
THE SELF-ACTING STOCKBROKER'S BAROMETER.



A WARNING; OR, "DRUNKARD'S PENANCE À LA Russe."

A REASON AGAINST DRAMATIC COPYRIGHT.—What should Dramatic Authors want with a right to copy French pieces, when they already exercise to the fullest the right to steal them?
TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Every Quack in his pill-ory.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATION QUESTION.—How much does a fool weigh generally? A simple ton.
ADVICE TO AN OLDISH BACHELOR.—Repent at leisure, and then marry in haste.



YACHTING IN LITTLE.

SQUEAMISH ACCEPTS STUNSEL'S INVITATION FOR A MONTH'S CRUISE IN HIS 10-TON YAWL. HE SUFFERS MUCH.
Stunsel. "Come, come, SQUEAMISH, old fellow, cheer up! You'll be all right in a week or so!"

**ADVICE TO
ENGLISHMEN
ABROAD.**

ALWAYS take the wall in walking, especially when you meet a lady. Never hesitate, if need be, to force her off the pavement. This will show you are a free-born Briton, and can do as you like.

When introduced to a French gentleman, thrust your tongue into your cheek, and say familiarly, "Comment-vous portez-vous, vieux coq?" When you meet him again, exclaim, as the French do, "Slap bang, voici nous encore!" This will serve completely to put him at his ease, and show you are acquainted with the customs of the country.

Always when you can, walk in the middle of a street, and stare about as if the houses all belonged to you, and you were merely travelling to inspect your property.

To show that you were fortunately born in a free country, comment freely on whatever may excite your laughter, and particularly at the queer names over the shop windows, supposing that their owners can hear what you say.

When you hire a cab in Paris, you will do well to begin a conversation with the driver by calling him a "rouge gorge," the French for robin red-breast. Then you may please him by pleasantly inquiring, "Madame votre mère, sait-elle quo vous n'êtes pas chez vous?" This will manifest a lively interest in his family, and prove you are not proud, as Englishmen abroad are mostly thought to be.

On entering a church, if you so far condescend as to take your hat off, do so with a gesture that signifies contempt. Strut noisily about, and sarcastically criticise the pictures and the shrines, paying no heed to the worshippers who are on their knees before them.

AN ALLEGORY OF HYDE PARK.

A GOOD CALLING.—Painting must be a most lucrative profession, for there is scarcely an artist who has not his own "vehículo."

PROVERB BY OUR BAKER.—You must take the Crust with the Crumb.

A CHIP OF THE OLD BLOCK.—Our butcher's daughter, who is an excellent pianist, prefers to all other music that of—CHOPIN.

MOTTO FOR A SERVANTS' HALL.—"Learn to labour, and to wait."

A PHRASE AMENDED.—Instead of "as sharp as a needle," say "as sharp as a needle-gun."

STAR OF THE FEMALE OYSTER.—The *Georgium Sidus*, to be sure. Ah, but why? Because most people call it her shell.



YACHTING IN LITTLE.

Squeamish (better, but far from well: so he has been appointed Tea-maker and Steward in general). "Oh, WHEN ARE YOU FELLOWS COMING DOWN-STAIRS? TEA'S ON THE——" (correcting himself, with a sigh for the conveniences of terra firma) "TEA'S WEADY!"



THE TABLES TURNED AT THE "ZOO."

GAMES FOR ALL TIMES OF THE YEAR.

1. *How to tell a Number.*—Get a number, any number, and tell them. Very simple.
2. *How to discover what Number somebody else has Chosen.*—Ask anyone to choose a number. Add 11,867 to it. Treble it. Take 2,220,678,910 from it. Request him to tell you the number he thought of in a whisper. If he won't, don't play any more.

3. This is also a pretty game. Tie a ribbon to the poker, and pretend to be QUEEN ELIZABETH. This keeps up a knowledge of history. Then go on pretending to be any one else, until everyone's tired of you.

4. *Blind Hookey*—Fasten a handkerchief round anyone's eyes. Then let everyone take fishing-rods, and try to hook him. If he guesses who has hooked him, he's out. This may go on for hours.

THREE TRUTHS.—He who asks to see his wife's accounts is a Scob. He who, asked by her, looks at them, is a Fool. But he who, after inspection, diminishes her allowance, is a Beast.

SENTIMENT.—May difference of opinion never alter expression of unanimity.

TOAST.—To the man who has courage to conceal his thoughts.

INTERPRETATION OF A SLANG PHRASE.

Our own Chaff-Cutter sends us the following piece of information:—

"Get inside," cries the little street Arab to a Cockney equestrian.

The Cockney equestrian is perhaps unaware that the only method of "getting inside" is by "entering" a horse for the verby.

NOTE BY H.R.H. IN RUSSIA.

(Communicated.)

In Circassia the hairdressers have organised a mounted corps. Each man provides his own Circassian cream, and rides it. There is a report that, in consequence of their proficiency on horseback, the name Circassia is to be changed to *Circus sia*, and Mr. BATTY will be made Emperor.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—The man who came to a check in the hunting-field, didn't pocket it. The Master of the Hounds subsequently "drew" on a bank in the neighbourhood.

NAUTICAL AND PHYSICAL.—May the bark of friendship never sink in the quinine of ingratitude.



SUCCESS IN LIFE.

DR. ELIZABETH SQUILLS HAS BARELY TIME TO SNATCH A HURRIED MEAL AND HASTY PEET AT THE PERIODICALS OF THE DAY IN HER HUSBAND'S BOUDOIR.

POST-OFFICE REGULATIONS.

1. LETTERS may be sent under Cover of night, but the clerks are not to be Enveloped in darkness.
2. Postmasters must have the Stamp of respectability about them.
3. The Postmaster-General is not to accept any Foreign Orders.

TO PIANOFORTE-TORTURING YOUNG LADIES.—If you think your music be the food of love, play on; but don't be surprised if your lover pleads another dinner engagement.

THOUGHT WHILE WAITING FOR SHAVING-WATER.—An upright attitude is favourable to truth. There is a great temptation to lie in bed.

WHY is gravel-digging Sir THOMAS WILSON, of Hampstead, the rudest creature in the w 11?—Because he is always making holes in his manors.

WE pity the over-worked baker. He ought to be allowed to sleep till morning, if only because the sun rises in the yeast.

MERELY NOMINAL.—The proper term for a Military Congress would be a General Assembly.



THE COSTUME BALL.

(LITTLE FITZTOOTLES HAS SOMEHOW CONTRIVED TO BE INTRODUCED TO BLANCHE VAVASOUR, AND IMPROVES THE OCCASION. ARRAYED IN THE PICTURESQUE ATTIRE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH (!), HE CONSIDERS IT 'THE CORRECT THING, YOU KNOW,' TO TAKE THE LANGUAGE OF THE PERIOD.)

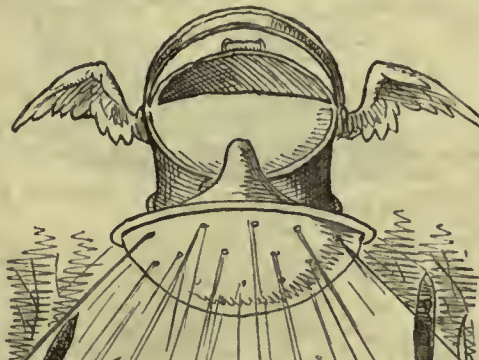
Fitztootles. * * * "BY MY HALIDOM, AND IN GOOD SOOTH, FAIR LADY, THY DEVOTED SLAVE HATH NO MEAN SKILL IN A SARABAND! SHALL WE TREAD A MEASURE, I' FAITH? SAY, PR'YTHEE, SHALL WE JOIN THE MAZY DANCE?"

SENTIMENT.—May we never have to shed the tear of regret that we ever denied ourselves anything that we liked.

TOAST.—The dramatist who observes the unities by mercifully giving us only one act of his nonsense.

"A CHECK in time saves nine," says a mean husband, explaining that unless you give your wife's extravagance a check, she will ask for one every week.

REFLECTION.—When a friend's arms are indeed welcome. When you see them on his carriage sent to fetch you to his dinner.



SENTIMENT.—May we never have occasion to serve a friend—with a writ.

RECIPROCITY.—You may safely mind other people's business. They will be sure to mind yours.

TOAST.—To brothers who are not bothers, and sisters who are not blisters.

A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY THOUGHT.—Our School-boy says that the Better Half is the shorter one.

THE only excuse for the fool who fears to make his will, is that an execution is generally fatal.



A PAST POSSIBLE PIC-NIC. 1866.

THE IDLE APPRENTICE



SAM IS AN I-DLE BOY

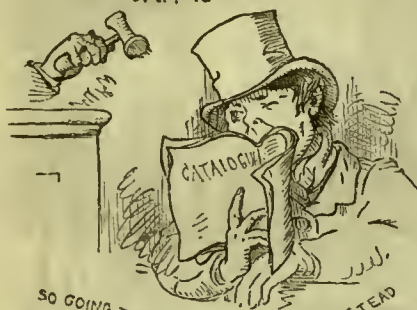


HE WILL NOT DO HIS WORK

TAKE NOTICE



HE WOULD RATHER PICK A POCK-ET, BUT HE IS AFRAID OF THE POLICE



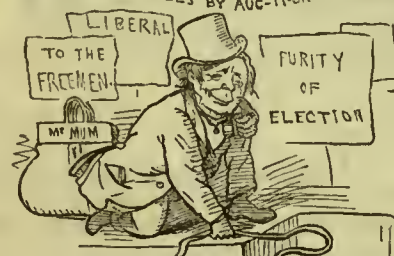
SO GOING TO SALES BY AUG-UST IN-STEAD



HE HAS JOINED THE "KNOCK-OUT"



AND NOW, SAD TO TELL, HE IS VE-RY RICH IN-DEED



BUT FROM EAD HE SOON COMES TO WORSE -



BRI-BING' AND COR-RUP-TING HO-NEST E-LEC-TORS



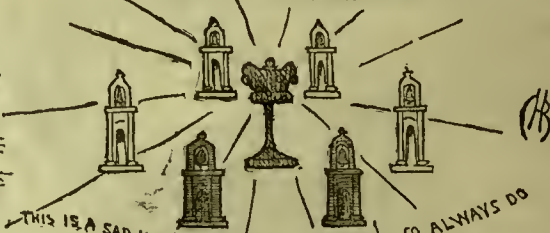
HE SOON FINDS HIMSELF RICHER THAN HE WAS BEFORE



BUT THIS IS NOT THE WORST I HAVE TO TELL HE IS CON-TRAC-TOR FOR THE A B C RAIL-WAY

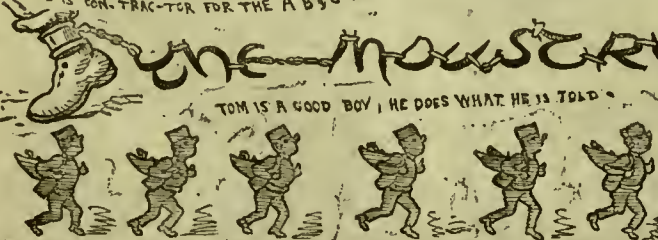


AND HIS RICHES ARE NOW AS GREAT AS HE CAN WRITE DOWN WITH A PEN

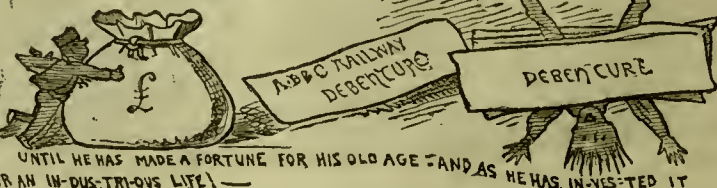


THIS IS A SAD WAR-MING TO YOU, MY SON! SO ALWAYS DO WHAT-EV-ER YOU ARE TOLD

THE MISTAKEN APPRENTICE



TOM IS A GOOD BOY, HE DOES WHAT HE IS TOLD



A B C RAILWAY DEBENTURE

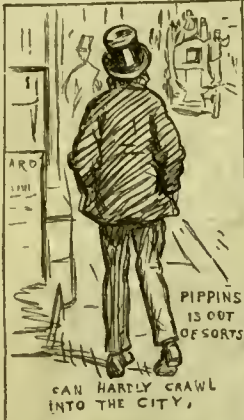
DEBENTURE

MR. HE PLODS ON - PLODS ON - PLODS ON - PLODS ON - PLODS ON - AND PLODS ON UNTIL HE HAS MADE A FORTUNE FOR HIS OLD AGE - AND AS HE HAS IN-VES-TED IT ALL IN SAM'S RAIL-WAY, YOU MAY GUESS WHAT A RE-WARD HE HAS SEC-URED FOR AN IN-DUS-TRI-ous LIFE!

January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
1 W Greenwell	18 B. Orat	1 S H. in Lent	1 W All Pools	1 P Arthurs	1 M Nicomede
2 W S. in Sh. S.	19 B. Orat	2 T. Friday	2 W N. Jaro	2 T. Thurs	2 T. Heron
3 S. S. in M.	20 B. Orat	3 W. S. in Sh. S.	3 W. N. Jaro	3 W. N. Jaro	3 W. N. Jaro
4 R. Chas. d.	21 T. B. C. d.	4 W. S. in Sh. S.	4 W. N. Jaro	4 W. N. Jaro	4 W. N. Jaro
5 R. Chas. d.	22 T. B. C. d.	5 W. S. in Sh. S.	5 W. N. Jaro	5 W. N. Jaro	5 W. N. Jaro
6 M. Ephraim	23 T. B. C. d.	6 W. S. in Sh. S.	6 W. N. Jaro	6 W. N. Jaro	6 W. N. Jaro
7 W. R. K. d.	24 T. B. C. d.	7 W. S. in Sh. S.	7 W. N. Jaro	7 W. N. Jaro	7 W. N. Jaro
8 T. P. V. S.	25 T. B. C. d.	8 W. S. in Sh. S.	8 W. N. Jaro	8 W. N. Jaro	8 W. N. Jaro
9 T. N. S. S. S.	26 T. B. C. d.	9 W. S. in Sh. S.	9 W. N. Jaro	9 W. N. Jaro	9 W. N. Jaro
10 P. L. S. S.	27 T. B. C. d.	10 W. S. in Sh. S.	10 W. N. Jaro	10 W. N. Jaro	10 W. N. Jaro
11 P. L. S. S.	28 T. B. C. d.	11 W. S. in Sh. S.	11 W. N. Jaro	11 W. N. Jaro	11 W. N. Jaro
12 P. L. S. S.	29 T. B. C. d.	12 W. S. in Sh. S.	12 W. N. Jaro	12 W. N. Jaro	12 W. N. Jaro
13 P. L. S. S.	30 T. B. C. d.	13 W. S. in Sh. S.	13 W. N. Jaro	13 W. N. Jaro	13 W. N. Jaro
14 P. L. S. S.	31 T. B. C. d.	14 W. S. in Sh. S.	14 W. N. Jaro	14 W. N. Jaro	14 W. N. Jaro
15 P. L. S. S.		15 W. S. in Sh. S.	15 W. N. Jaro	15 W. N. Jaro	15 W. N. Jaro
16 P. L. S. S.		16 W. S. in Sh. S.	16 W. N. Jaro	16 W. N. Jaro	16 W. N. Jaro
17 P. L. S. S.		17 W. S. in Sh. S.	17 W. N. Jaro	17 W. N. Jaro	17 W. N. Jaro
18 P. L. S. S.		18 W. S. in Sh. S.	18 W. N. Jaro	18 W. N. Jaro	18 W. N. Jaro
19 P. L. S. S.		19 W. S. in Sh. S.	19 W. N. Jaro	19 W. N. Jaro	19 W. N. Jaro
20 P. L. S. S.		20 W. S. in Sh. S.	20 W. N. Jaro	20 W. N. Jaro	20 W. N. Jaro
21 P. L. S. S.		21 W. S. in Sh. S.	21 W. N. Jaro	21 W. N. Jaro	21 W. N. Jaro
22 P. L. S. S.		22 W. S. in Sh. S.	22 W. N. Jaro	22 W. N. Jaro	22 W. N. Jaro
23 P. L. S. S.		23 W. S. in Sh. S.	23 W. N. Jaro	23 W. N. Jaro	23 W. N. Jaro
24 P. L. S. S.		24 W. S. in Sh. S.	24 W. N. Jaro	24 W. N. Jaro	24 W. N. Jaro
25 P. L. S. S.		25 W. S. in Sh. S.	25 W. N. Jaro	25 W. N. Jaro	25 W. N. Jaro
26 P. L. S. S.		26 W. S. in Sh. S.	26 W. N. Jaro	26 W. N. Jaro	26 W. N. Jaro
27 P. L. S. S.		27 W. S. in Sh. S.	27 W. N. Jaro	27 W. N. Jaro	27 W. N. Jaro
28 P. L. S. S.		28 W. S. in Sh. S.	28 W. N. Jaro	28 W. N. Jaro	28 W. N. Jaro
29 P. L. S. S.		29 W. S. in Sh. S.	29 W. N. Jaro	29 W. N. Jaro	29 W. N. Jaro
30 P. L. S. S.		30 W. S. in Sh. S.	30 W. N. Jaro	30 W. N. Jaro	30 W. N. Jaro
31 P. L. S. S.		31 W. S. in Sh. S.	31 W. N. Jaro	31 W. N. Jaro	31 W. N. Jaro

'91	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	
1	W B. Boyce	10	L. Hamman	1	Th C. M. T. h	1	W Fr. W. h
2	W B. Boyce	11	W B. Boyce	2	Th C. M. T. h	2	W Fr. W. h
3	W B. Boyce	12	W B. Boyce	3	Th C. M. T. h	3	W Fr. W. h
4	W B. Boyce	13	W B. Boyce	4	Th C. M. T. h	4	W Fr. W. h
5	W B. Boyce	14	W B. Boyce	5	Th C. M. T. h	5	W Fr. W. h
6	W B. Boyce	15	W B. Boyce	6	Th C. M. T. h	6	W Fr. W. h
7	W B. Boyce	16	W B. Boyce	7	Th C. M. T. h	7	W Fr. W. h
8	W B. Boyce	17	W B. Boyce	8	Th C. M. T. h	8	W Fr. W. h
9	W B. Boyce	18	W B. Boyce	9	Th C. M. T. h	9	W Fr. W. h
10	W B. Boyce	19	W B. Boyce	10	Th C. M. T. h	10	W Fr. W. h
11	W B. Boyce	20	W B. Boyce	11	Th C. M. T. h	11	W Fr. W. h
12	W B. Boyce	21	W B. Boyce	12	Th C. M. T. h	12	W Fr. W. h
13	W B. Boyce	22	W B. Boyce	13	Th C. M. T. h	13	W Fr. W. h
14	W B. Boyce	23	W B. Boyce	14	Th C. M. T. h	14	W Fr. W. h
15	W B. Boyce	24	W B. Boyce	15	Th C. M. T. h	15	W Fr. W. h
16	W B. Boyce	25	W B. Boyce	16	Th C. M. T. h	16	W Fr. W. h
17	W B. Boyce	26	W B. Boyce	17	Th C. M. T. h	17	W Fr. W. h
18	W B. Boyce	27	W B. Boyce	18	Th C. M. T. h	18	W Fr. W. h
19	W B. Boyce	28	W B. Boyce	19	Th C. M. T. h	19	W Fr. W. h
20	W B. Boyce	29	W B. Boyce	20	Th C. M. T. h	20	W Fr. W. h
21	W B. Boyce	30	W B. Boyce	21	Th C. M. T. h	21	W Fr. W. h
22	W B. Boyce	31	W B. Boyce	22	Th C. M. T. h	22	W Fr. W. h
23	W B. Boyce			23	Th C. M. T. h	23	W Fr. W. h
24	W B. Boyce			24	Th C. M. T. h	24	W Fr. W. h
25	W B. Boyce			25	Th C. M. T. h	25	W Fr. W. h
26	W B. Boyce			26	Th C. M. T. h	26	W Fr. W. h
27	W B. Boyce			27	Th C. M. T. h	27	W Fr. W. h
28	W B. Boyce			28	Th C. M. T. h	28	W Fr. W. h
29	W B. Boyce			29	Th C. M. T. h	29	W Fr. W. h
30	W B. Boyce			30	Th C. M. T. h	30	W Fr. W. h
31	W B. Boyce			31	Th C. M. T. h	31	W Fr. W. h

THE BLUE WATER-CURE.



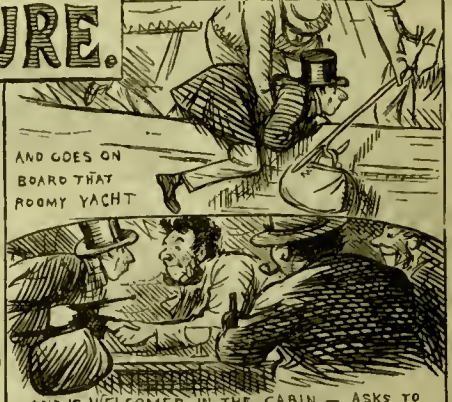
PILLS
HE FINDS
"NO GO"

PIPPINS
IS OUT
OF SORTS

CAN HARDLY CRAWL
INTO THE CITY.



CONSULTS BINKLE WHO SUGGESTS A CRUISE!
HE CONSENTS



AND GOES ON
BOARD THAT
ROOMY YACHT

AND IS WELCOMED IN THE CABIN — ASKS TO
BE SHOWN HIS BED-ROOM! REARS OF LAUGHTER!



SHE WAS WELL VICTUALLED

WHICH HE DID NOT APPRECIATE AT FIRST.



BUT HIS TROUBLES BEGIN WHEN THEY REACH
THE CHOPS OF THE CHANNEL!



LEARNS TO DISTINGUISH
BETWEEN THE FORE



AND MAINSHEETS



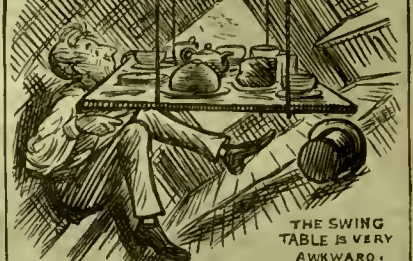
SOMEBODY SLEEPS
ON HIS HAT!



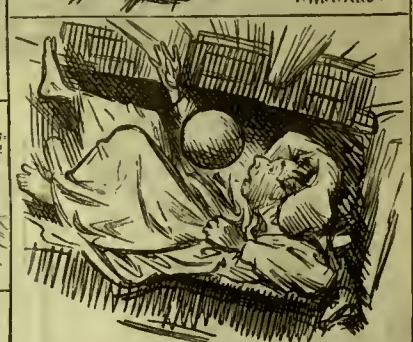
HIS UMBRELLA TAKES
A CRUISE ON ITS
OWN ACCOUNT



SHAVING
IS OUT OF
THE QUESTION!



THE SWING
TABLE IS VERY
AWKWARD.



A GALE SPRINGS UP AND THE DUTCH
CHEESE GETS LOOSE IN THE NIGHT!

AGRICULTURAL GROWLS.

January. No turnips for cattle. Everything dear. No grain. Country going to ruin. Don't know where we shall be in two years' time.

February. No beef or mutton soon. "Have to live on bacon," you say? Lucky to get it, is my answer. Why every litter, of as fine pigs as ever you see, all round about us have every one of 'em dropped off on account of cold. "No proper care taken!" Wasn't there. You can't provide against such storms as blow your own house about your head, and knock all your sties and out-houses, roofs and all, to the winds. "Dear me, you don't say so!" I do say so. Now then, where's your bacon? Gammon! There won't be any Spring this year. Ruin, utter ruin, unless this stops pretty quickly.

March. Floods, of course. Just as everything was getting to-rights. Distress fearful. There won't be any grazing land this year. No birds—nothing. Grass utterly ruined. Land soddened. We'd better, all we farmers I mean, emigrate.

April. Things beginning to grow: good prospects. Three days' sharp frost nipped everything again. No grass for the young calves. Cows feeble. Price of labour enormous. Ruin to the farmer. Can't get any work done. Weather so uncertain, requires double the number of hands to get it over quickly. Ruin, Sir. Better emigrate.

May. Well, we had looked forward to this month. But there—Country's in a precious state. Rain, rain, rain, a deluge, Sir. What we want now is fine weather, and plenty of it.

June. "This fine weather?" It may be fine for folks in town. But they'll know what that means when winter comes on. Only wish we could get rain. That's what we want, rain. Beans eh. Oats not to be depended upon. Barley a most safe to fail. Rye promising.

ECONOMY FOR SWELLS.—Two sixpences are better than a shilling. You must sometimes tip your inferiors, and you cannot ask them for change.



AND RETURNS
WELL (HE
AND JOLLY
DIDN'T

HOME LOOKING SO
BUYS A NEW HAT
THAT HIS MOTHER
KNOW HIM!

RIGGED OUT IN A SUIT
OF BINKLE'S HE MAKES
AS GOOD A SAILOR AS
ANY OF 'EM

AGRICULTURAL GROWLS.

July. Yes, here's the end of the month; and there's what's called a Glorious Harvest, every sign of it everywhere. So it is if we could only pay for the labour. But the farmers, Sir, can't get the labour. It's no good my having twenty fields ripe with corn if I haven't the hands to cut it: nor the horses to cart it: nor people to buy it, and only make a loss by exportation. Why, a Glorious Harvest is absolute ruin to the farmer.

August. Thanksgiving services everywhere, of course. Sheaves hung up, and the like, because we've got three weeks of fine weather. We want rain, Sir, rain. The farmer, Sir, (I speak as a farmer, and reverently) is as thankful for small or large blessings as any one else. But what's the good of a plentiful harvest to the farmer now? I know there won't be any wheat in the country by November. No, Sir, times and seasons have changed, and the farmer loses every year.

September. Frosts and heavy dews (dews take 'em!) injuring the mulch cows. Scarcity of that now. Frost the other morning. Seems like winter setting in already. If it does, there'll be a famine. We want a week or two of fine, dry weather.

October. Hot as summer. Play the very mischief with everything.

November. Seasonable weather—apparently: but bad for cattle. There'll be the disease again with a fortnight's time. What we want is rain.

December. December! more like April. What we want is dry, fine weather. "Turnips, Sir?" Confound 'em. Watery. Serious injury to the cattle in consequence. It's not many people that'll have beef this Christmas, mind that. "Sheep?" In a bad state: very. "Nonsense!" you say, do you? I say rot. Salt, oil-cake, no old remedy seems to do. Never knew such times.

AGRICULTURE AND PEACE.—"I'd a precious dale rather," remarked a Hampshire farmer, "ha' my fields grazed by ship than wi' bullets."

MENTAL EXERCISE FOR IDIOTS.—If the Great Seal is in the keeping of the Zoological Society, who can sit on the Woolstack!



THE SPUDGROVES GO TO WOBBLISWICK THIS AUTUMN, BECAUSE IT IS QUIET AND UNFREQUENTED. AND SO THEY FOUND IT. AND ON WET SUNDAYS THE ONLY COVERED CONVEYANCE THEY COULD GET TO TAKE THEM TO CHURCH WAS THE BATHING MACHINE!

ARGUMENT FOR SHORT SKIRTS.—They give plain girls a chance. What Nature has denied the face, she often gives to the under-standing.

ALL IN THE TRADE.—Our Tobacconist, who has lately retired to a little villa in the outskirts, speaks of it—as his Snuff-Box.

THE HUMAN TRINKET.—“And clasped him to her bosom:”—see any Novel. Is it not rather derogatory to man to be treated as an article of jewellery?

A FEW EDUCATIONAL DEFINITIONS

Mental Arithmetic.—Abstraction.
Book-Keeping.—Not returning volumes lent.
Land Surveying.—From the top of Mont Blanc.
Elementary Drawing.—Oil babies in perambulators.
Free-hand Drawing.—Thief abstracting a purse from your pocket.
Short Hand.—Giving two fingers to shake.
Reading and Elocution.—Good speaking in Berkshire.
Use of the Globes.—To cover the gas-burners.
Composition.—Half-a-crown in the pound.
Diction.—“Richard, you must take me to the Opera to-night.”
The Art of Illuminating.—Rougeing dexterously.
Political Economy.—M. P. in cheap lodgings.
Fencing.—Answering questions in Parliament.

A THOUGHT BY A TEETOTALLER.

At dinner many do entreat:
 A blessing, ere they carve their meat:
 But few, if any, ever think
 To ask a blessing on their drink.

ADVICE WITH A PRESENT OF EARRINGS.—If you want your ears pierced, pinch the baby.

THE PATRON SAINT OF AUCTIONEERS.—St. Francis of Sales.



BEAUTIFUL FOR EVER!

Clara. “OH, LAURA! LOOK AT ME! I’VE USED ALL MY ‘IMMOVABLE GYPSY TINT,’ AND THERE’S NO MORE TO BE GOT IN THE PLACE!”

SHORT NOTES BY A PROFESSIONAL ENGLISH CRICKETER.

Prepared for a Lecture to the French Cricket Club.

Note 1.—Mossos, il fo standy-uppy devong your stumps—lay stumps, comprenny?—and prenny ler bat don: lay mangs—voo underconstumble, nez par?—Ay, dong, lor Bo’er. Bowler, comprenny? Aim at you with his bal de crickay—cricket-ball, voo voyay?

Note 2.—Lorsker voo voyay a cov a-goin’ in for your—pour votre meedle vickay—middle wicket, comprenny? Regarday ay garday vous like winking or out you go—oo dayhor vous alley.

Note 3.—Lorsker ung bal da crickay como at votre eye, comprenny?—attemplay (compreunny?) “try” to catch him and put the fellow who’s in out. In your own language, which you’ll comprenny betterer, attemplay vous der cashy ler bat, ay metty le perenny key ay daydong dayhor.

BALLADS BY AN ECCENTRIC.

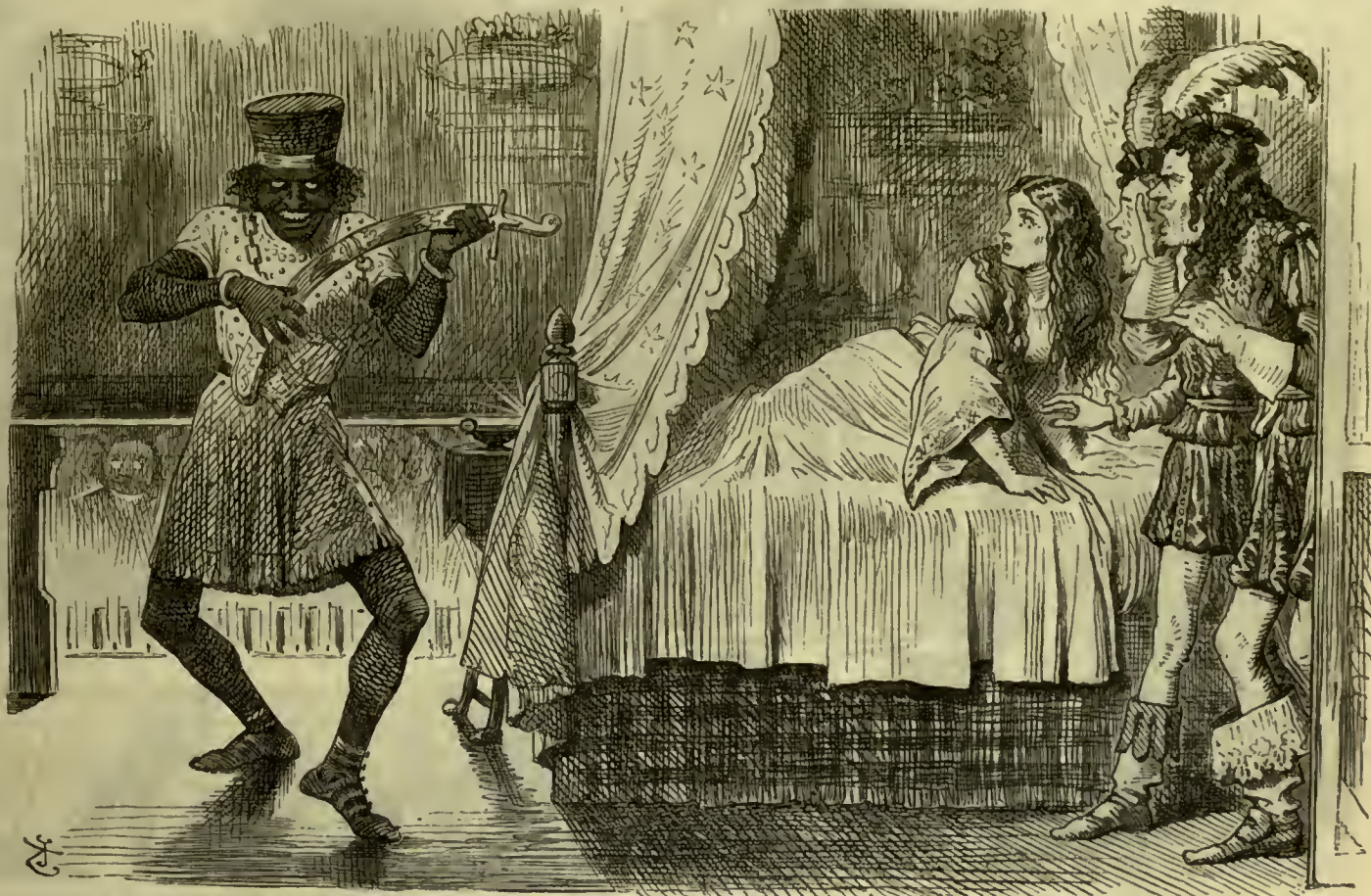
The Cloud with a Penny-a-lining.
 The Moon’s Blind Side.
 Meet me in the Waggamette.
 I would I were a Watrus!
 Beautiful Scar!

THE DEBTOR’S PARADISE.—Cotton.

“MEN WHO HAVE RISEN.”—Aëronauts.

FLIRTS IN HADES.

Ye maids, that practise wicked arts,
 And eke young widows with light hearts;
 Gay guardmen, and pet parsons dear,
 And all such heartbreakers, see here!
 I charge you all, and every one,
 To waste no love ye may have won,
 For fear of this grey limbo, where
 All you fine dirts that ever were
 Of either sex, shall bud and blow
 As grafts on rooted stems, and grow,
 For many a round of days and years,
 Self-watered with your own salt tears;
 And wipe your eyes on your own leaves,
 For lack of pocket-handkerchieves!
 And wet your lips at your own cost,
 To whistle for the loves you lost;
 That these may cast their eyes, and see
 Fit cause to kiss, and set you free;
 For if by dint of tears, or trace
 Of some old unforgettea grace,
 You chance to charm a stray kiss out
 Of lips you once were fain to flout,
 Then may you pluck yourselves, and use
 Your leaves for pincions, if you choose,
 To soar upon, and seek for peace;
 Thus, only thus, the spell shall cease
 And trust me, you shall not, I trow,
 Be beautiful and bright, as now;
 Your features shall be modelled then
 By Mr. Punch's smart young men!
 And here your victims, great and small,
 Shall whisk about you, one and all;
 With handed wings like butterflies,
 And, oh! such beautiful big eyes!
 And eyelashes an inch at least,
 And all their wealth of locks a treat!
 And faces brighter than of old,
 And beautified a billion-fold,
 And little else but face to show,
 For having buried long ago
 Their bodies, and the broken hearts
 That plagued them so, in foreign parts;
 In fact, such faces as you see
 In keepsakes slid gorgeously!
 And they shall have sweet kisses too,
 But none to waste on such as you!
 No! they shall either cut you dead,
 Or take to teasing you instead,
 And point at you, and poke their fun,
 And try your tempers, one by one,
 And raise false hopes and lay them low,
 And pout their lips to kiss, and go!
 So shall they nip you in the bud,
 Or leave you sticking in the mud,
 That you may rue your flippie days
 Of dancing, and your jilting ways!
 'I'll haply you shall culminate
 In quite a vegetable state,
 And even run to waste, I wis,
 And all for want of one poor kiss!



AMATEUR THEATRICALS. AN OTHELLO "BREAK-DOWN."

OTHELLO, WHO AS IAGO SAYS, "IS ALWAYS UP TO SOME FOOLERY OR OTHER," UNDER THE COMBINED INFLUENCE OF SHERRY AND THE BLACKNESS OF THE CIRCUMSTANCES, FINDS THE "NIGGER BUSINESS" UTTERLY IRRESISTIBLE. SCENE RISES SUDDENLY. TABLEAU! DISMAY OF DESDEMONA, IAGO, &C., AND DELIGHT OF THE AUDIENCE.

HISTORICAL PARADOX.—Some writers are accustomed to extol the reign of QUEEN ANNE; yet there are vile quibblers who do not scruple to call it an anarchy.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—No lawyer, who is worth his pounce, ever takes the Will for the Deed.

WHERE would be the place best calculated for supplying timber for our Navy? *Fleet-wood.*

MODERN ARMOUR.—Black-mail.

GREEK W(H)INES.—Complaints from Athens.

NEW OLOGIES.

Buyology.—How to get great bargains at sales.

Electro-buyology.—How to purchase the best substitute for silver.

Comparative Fizzology.—Mosselle after Champagne.

Fillology.—How to make a good dinner.

(In)toxicology.—How to find your way to the Police Station.

Pathology.—How to find your way where four roads meet.

Sighology.—How to make known your passion for ORYTHIA ANNE.

PARENTAL EXPERIENCE.

TRUTH, so the ancient legends tell,

Rests at the bottom of a well:

My son, how many rogues I've known

Careful to let that well alone!

Question.—Why may Scotchmen be supposed to like policemen?

Answer.—Eh, Sirs, it's just because they're vera fond of the *Bawbees*.

WHICH TOOL OF A CARPENTER IS A MISER'S COACHMAN?—A Screw-driver.

EPSON SPRING MEETING.—Ducks lay eggs—geese lay wagers.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—Hungary wine for thirsty people.

THE GLUTTON'S PARADISE.—Eaton Place.

FLOATING CAPITAL.—Venice.



CRUEL!

DEDICATED TO THE PROFESSIONAL TEETOTALLERS WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON!

REMARKABLE DAYS.

JANUARY.

6. Twelfth night. General rejoicing in the Land of Cakes.

7. Great Frost: ox roasted whole on the Thames. POPE's Bull burnt by LUTHER.

13. Dead Letter Office established. *Rejected Addresses* appeared.

24. Invention of Fomatum by the Heads of Houses.

30. Calves' Head Club established at the Hôtel de Ville.

31. Phosaoat and partridge shooting ends. Legislation begins.

FEBRUARY.

13. STYVE's Works edited by the Seven Head Masters.

14. ST. VALENTINE. All Girls' Day. LOVER born.

20. Potatoes introduced into England by A. MURPHY.

29. Great Leap by a four year old on the Course of Time. MRS. HARRIS born.

MARCH.

14. N.W. Passage Discovered by CAPTAIN CUTTLE.

17. DANIEL LAMBERT born at Broadstairs. Stout and Size first made.

21. BENEDICT. All Old Bachelors' Day. Spring soup begins.

APRIL.

2. Pluralities suppressed. Steeple-chasing began to decline.

8. Lamb begins. Quarter Sessions commence. NEWTON made Master of the Mint.

29. SHAKSPEARE vaccinated. MRS. CAUDLE born.



THIS GENEALOGICAL PICTURE OF MR. PUNCH'S FOREFATHERS (AND FORE-MOTHERS), IN THE MATTER THROUGH NATURAL SELECTION, &c., &c.



SCIENCE.

Professor Parallax (enthusiastically). "OH! MY DEAR MRS. S, IF YOU CAN MANAGE TO STOOP DOWN, HERE IS 'CAPELLA' SHOWN MOST BEAUTIFULLY!!"
 [But by this time, it being a fine frosty night, poor Mrs. SPUDOROVE, having seen the Moon, and Jupiter and his Satellites, and Saturn, and Double Stars, and no end of Nebulae, had had almost enough of it!]

A BALLAD

I'd be a
 Born in
 Where in
 Gaily
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ECT LINE FROM 1066 TO 1868, ILLUSTRATING THE GRADUAL TRIUMPH OF MIND OVER
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MR. DARWIN.

AMITE.

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TOO LATE !

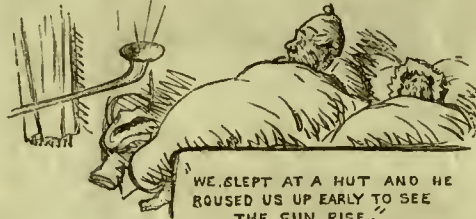
BROWN HAVING LOST HIS HEART TEN MINUTES AGO !



"BUT WHEN HE'D GOT US UP TO THE TOP AND THE FOG CLEARED OFF LAWS! IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT WORTH ALL THE MOEY AND TROUBLE, THAT IT WAS!"



"LUNCH"



"WE SLEPT AT A HUT AND HE ROUSED US UP EARLY TO SEE THE SUN RISE."



"HE MADE US GO THROUGH THE FOG! YOU MIGHT HAVE CUT IT!"



"Excelsior Mother!"

"WE COMMENCE THE TERRIFIC ASCENT!"



"AND THE WAY HE WENT ON WITH THAT BOAT-GIRL ON THE LAKE, JUST LIKE THE ITALIAN OPERA!"

WEATHER WISDOM OF OUR ANCESTORS

If Candlemas Day be bright and fair,
It will sooner or later rain here or there;
If Candlemas Day be dark and foul,
Expect fine weather, at times, ere Yule.

If the storm-cock sing on Lady Day,
Some showers will fall 'twixt then and May.
On Lady Day if the Tom-cat mew,
Fine days will follow—many or few.

On Easter Eve, if skies do frown,
The sheep will graze on the Southern Down;
If fair upon Easter Eve it hold,
The sheep will graze on the Northern Wold.

At Whitsuntide, when the hawthorn's white,
Ere Midsummer dew will fall at night.
At Whitsuntide, when the hawthorn's green,
Ere Midsummer dew will at morn be seen.

At Lammas, an it ever hail,
At Martinmas beware a gale.

At Michaelmas, if the wind be high,
Look for thunder and lightning before July.
At Michaelmas, if the wind be low,
Look out for frost if not for snow.

When the moon at Yule doth shine,
An wet do come not 'twill be fine;
When the moon you cannot see,
Then, thereafter as may be.

MOTTO FOR FRENCH CRICKETERS.—As every soldier has the bâton of a Field-Marshal in his knapsack, so every player has the bat of a Lillywhite in his portmanteau.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—"Persons" may be forbidden to approach the hustings, but the chignon cannot be kept away from the poll.

A THOUGHT IN CHANCERY LANE.—The Statutes are said to be "at large" because they are so difficult to apprehend.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—Chap-books are dangerous reading for young women.

MILITARY TRIMMINGS.—Horse Guards' reprimands.



"OUT OH! THE FRIGHTFUL PRECIPICES WE SAW A COMING DOWN!"



"HOME AGAIN AT LAST!"



"HE SHEWED US THE BOW THAT WILLIAM TELL KILLED HIS SON WITH!"



"WE HAVE TO BUY A LOT OF ALPINE CLUB THINGS!"



"IT WAS OUR TOM PERSUADED US TO GO SAID HE'D TAKE US UP THE ALPS!"



HOW CAPTAIN BETTINGTON BINKS "WON HIS WAJAH, BY JOVE," AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



Jones. "HULLO, BROWN, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU AND MRS. BROWN?"
Brown. "MATTER? WHY DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY CALL US DOWN HERE? THEY CALL US BEAUTY AND THE BEAST! NOW I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT MY POOR WIFE HAS DONE TO GET SUCH A NAME AS THAT!"

THE HONEYMOON.



FULL MOON.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

THE Council of the Zoological Society will be glad to obtain, either by gift or purchase (the former mode of acquisition preferred), the following interesting animals in which their collection is at present deficient:—the boomerang, bugbear, great cantankerous, chaffwax, cockatrice, cocktail, coon, henroach, hypothermuse, mandrake, pair of stevedores, parasang, piccalilly, rhomboid, teadent, troglodyte, and lesser backbiter.

INFORMATION WANTED.—At what time in the morning are Barristers called?

PROPERLY DRESSED.—There is an obvious propriety in going out to dinner in a swallow-tail coat.

MOTTO FOR SHEFFIELD (WHEN WELL-BEHAVED AGAIN).—"Foremost in the files of time."



FIRST QUARTER.

A CODE FOR FIRST-CLASS CABS.

BY THE EMPEROR OF UTOPIA.

In order to distinguish him, every first-class cabman must be dressed in a court suit: white silk stockings, satin breeches, shoes with silver buckles, jewelled sword, embroidered waistcoat, gold-laced coat, frilled shirt, and powdered wig.

Every first-class cabman must wear lavender kid gloves, and none of larger size than eleven and three-quarters will be passed by the police.

He must be conversant with English, Scotch, French, German, and Italian, and, as a civil servant, must have a civil answer ready in any of those languages which his hirer may prefer.

For the usage of bad grammar, every first-class cabman will be fined, upon conviction, the sum of half-a-crown; and will be sentenced to a month's imprisonment for any stronger imprecation than "Bless me!" or "My eyes!"

If found smoking in his cab, while waiting for a fare, he will be fined half-a-guinea or imprisoned for a week.

He will, however, be permitted, when off duty, to smoke upon his box, provided that he smokes only sixpenny cigars, and is careful to ignite them with wax *allumettes*.

Every first-class cabman must provide some first-class literature for the benefit of his hirers; such, for instance, as the *Times*, the *Quarterly*, and *Punch*.

He must on all occasions be able to give change, and to a lady must deliver it in a clean, soft, scented envelope.

In case any dispute arise as to the fare, a first-class cabman must produce a gilt-edged book of distances, with a map and ivory rule to measure every mile.

First-class cabs must all be furnished with yellow satin cushions, and a crack of an inch long in any of the windows will be held sufficient cause why the licence be annulled.

Every first-class cabman must carry in the luggage, not merely to the hall, but up to the top attics, if he is asked to do so: but for this extra service he may claim, if so inclined, a glass of dry champagne.

In order to insure rapidity of transit, every first-class cab-horse must be lineally descended from a winner of the Derby, and a pedigree to prove this fact must be displayed inside the cab.

A FOGY ON THE FREEZING POINT.

'Tis bitter cold, and lo, the mercury
In Fahrenheit's thermometer has gone
Down below thirty-two. Ha, quicksilver!
Now, in the frosty winter of mid-age,
Would I could do the same!

A SHRUB IN SEASON.—It is all very well to decorate your walls with holly and mistletoe, but an evergreen more appropriate for the festive season of Christmas would be this Box.

PROVED BY QUOTATION.—The antiquity of some of our great legal firms is remarkable. For instance, MILTON (let us hope not under pecuniary pressure) says, "To-morrow to FRESHFIELDS."

THE GROOM OF THE STOLE.—The man that forgot to shut the stable-door.

POLITICAL CHEMISTRY.—Although Parliament may be dissolved, it cannot be crystallised.

FARM NOTES.

How to Winnow Corn. 1st. Method.—Get some corn. Get somebody who knows how to winnow it. Let him do it.

2nd Method.—If you know all about it, do it yourself.

3rd Method, for Beginners, given in *Agricultural Terms*. Place a steward near the blower, and let him drive the blower while the hopper is filled with a large wecht. (This is called the system of *Hopperation*.) Then let a woman with a small wecht slide down on a wheel crushing the blower with her shoes. This should be done in a neat, cleanly way until the sun has been swept with a besom through a wire screen, while another lot go on riddling, when it is the duty of the fanner to answer each riddle as it comes out. The fanner's chief work is, however, to prevent any labourer becoming too hot. When a labourer is very warm, he sits down before the fanner who soon restores him to coolness.

Treatment of Fowls in Winter.—Roast them.

For the Volunteer-farmer in Winter.—Attend turnip-drills.

How to Pickle Pork.—Get the hog into a proper temperature. To bring this about make him swallow a small thermometer. This'll warm him. Rub him with paper dipped in oil, give him a uniform coating of barley, tar, syrup of squills, pitch, and gold tie-fall. Paint his head green with orange stripes, and by that time he'll be in a pretty pickle.

Breakfast.—Always visit your poultry yard before breakfast. If unable to find a fresh egg, go to the cattle sheds. Remember that, where eggs cannot be obtained, a yoke of fine oxen beaten up with a cup of tea is most invigorating.

PARENTAL ADVICE.

My son, if with a fool you dine
Take heed you drink but little wine:
Nine times in ten you'll find, he sure,
Though he be rich, his wine is poor.

POETICAL PROPHECY.—Has it ever been observed that POPE must have foreseen our modern practice of leaving London to reside near a railway?—for he says,—"and lives along the line."

APPARENT ANOMALY.—It may seem strange, but it is ruin to an Opera lessee to introduce to the public very successful singers, for they are sure to bring the house down.

CIVIL SERVANTS OF THE CROWN.—Obliging Hatters.

THE FRENCHMAN'S OWN WINE.—Champagne Mos-
sog.

SENTIMENTAL GASTRONOMY.—The sweetest cheek is that which has never blushed. What is it? Pig's.



THIRD QUARTER.



NO MOON.



IN THE HOME COVERTS AT LUNCH TIME.

JOHN THOMAS SHAKES IN HIS SHOES, AND WISHES THEY WERE BOOTS.



IN CRITICISING AND CORRECTING HIS PRETTY COUSIN'S PERSPECTIVE, OF COURSE FREDERICK'S FACE MUST BE AS NEARLY AS POSSIBLE IN THE SAME PLACE AS HERS!—TABLEAU!—
PA (IN THE BACKGROUND) IS EVIDENTLY MAKING UP HIS MIND TO SEE ABOUT THIS! Note. Fred hasn't a rap!

A SIMPLE STORY.



THERE lived a youth (he liveth yet),
And RICHARD was he christened;
And well he played the flageolet,
And all the ladies listened;
And some were even heard to say
His brow was handsome (in its way).



BUT RICHARD met BEN BALL, a man
All chest, and cheek, and shoulder,
And ever so much bigger than
Himself, though little older;
Whose biceps RICHARD felt and found
It measured fifteen inches round!



NOW this demoralised him quite;
And then he took to reading
The naughty books that ladies write
And found there, with exceeding
Dismay, that ladies' heroes are
Wild, wicked men, and muscular!



Then in high dudgeon did he use
To feel himself all over;
But little sinew, and no thews
Could RICHARD's thumbs discover;
And wickedness is rarely met
In men that play the flageolet.



BUT 'twas not yet too late to mend;
He got dumb-bells, and shyly,
He took the counsel of a friend
("Experimentum viti")
And tried them first on his left arm,
And found they acted like a charm!



Much bigger waxed his biceps, but
When this left arm was finished,
The left lobe of his occiput
Had sensibly diminished;
So then he went it, right and all,
To make his nut symmetrical!



His nut soon got so hardened that
It hurt you when you hit it;
Nor could his hatter find a hat
(Already made) to fit it,
So marvelously small it grew,
As all may judge from this back view.



At length a happy day came round
(Which I was there, and drew it)
When RICHARD lifted from the ground
A paving-stone, and threw it
Almost one foot three-quarters high!
And that with ladies standing by!!



Not only that; he, on his head
So dexterously caught it
That all the ladies present said
They never should have thought it!
And even I could not but own
'Twas hard lines for the paving-stone!



Next day he caught a cold, alack!
And all his muscles vanished,
But none of his old brains came back
Which his dumb-bells had banished;
And not a rack was left behind
Of what he chose to call his mind!



POOR RICHARD now (O have you met
Him lately) has grown bitter;
For when he plays the flageolet
The ladies talk and titter;
And no one ever thinks his brow
In any way good-looking now!



O little men, who wish to please,
Be wiser than poor Dick! shun
Big friends with brawny biceps,
And female works of fiction;
But stick to music all your might,
Or be cut out. And serve you right!

THE LATEST CRITICISM.—There is one word in our language which, with a slight alteration, expresses all that can possibly be said in praise of a certain class of TENNYSON'S poems, which are simply—Idyllicious.

AN UNACCOUNTABLE FACT.—It is astonishing what ugly women you do sometimes see with a ring on the left fourth finger.

ADAPTATION OF LEGAL MAXIM TO SOCIETY (BY A MATCH-MAKING MOTHER).—"Position is nine points of the Law."

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—Our jeweller, rather sentimental and a bachelor, never speaks of himself as a single man, but as a *solitaire*.

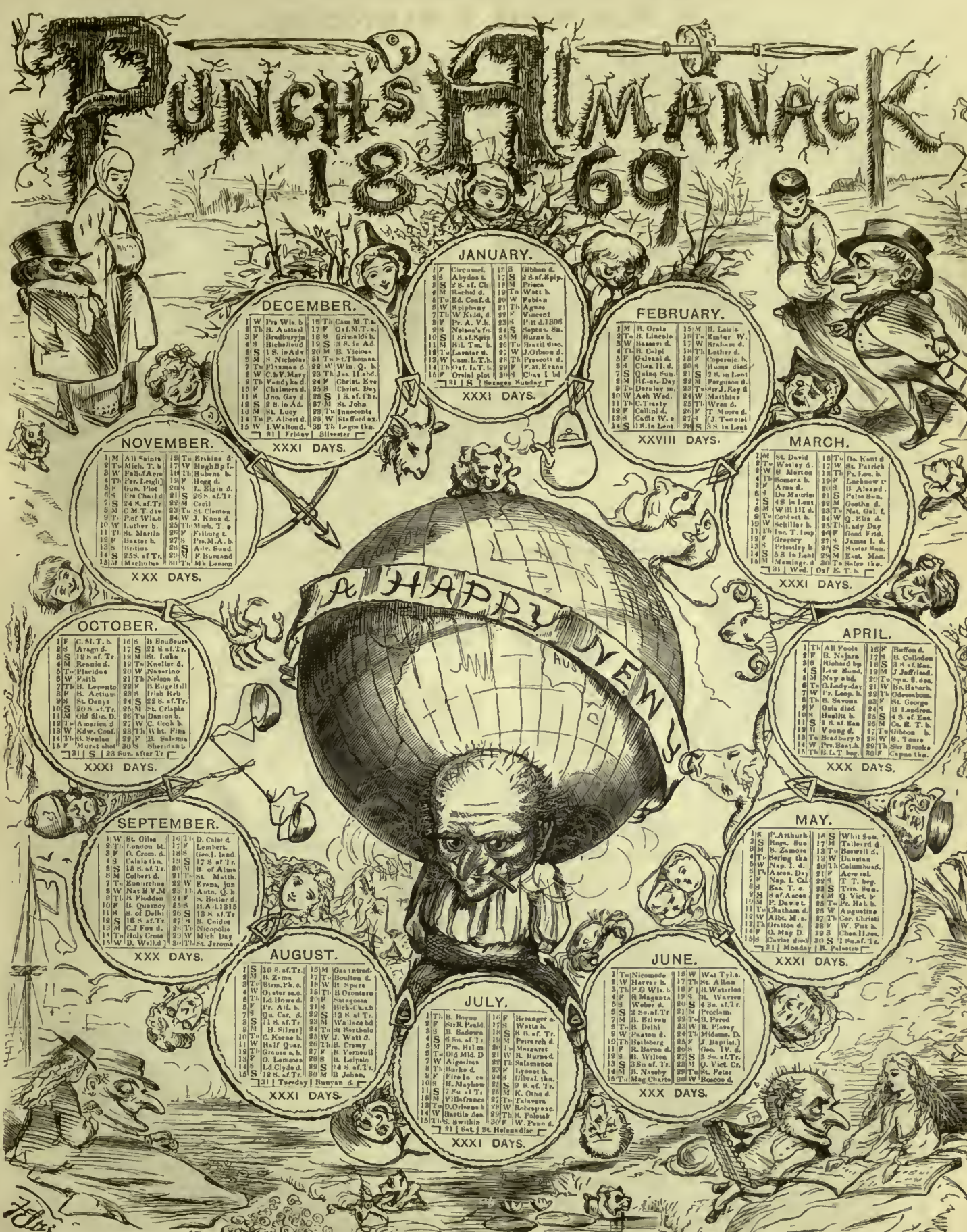
MATRIMONY MADE EASY.—A young lady is in want of a husband. She is intelligent, amiable, and accomplished, but not pretty. She advertises for a blind man.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.—A literary friend was overheard the other evening requesting his landlady to put clean proof sheets on his bed.

AN ASTONISHED FOREIGNER.—A Neapolitan was greatly surprised to hear that the upper classes in England were fond of "Fresh Laver," and that the lower classes were not averse to a drop o' the erater.

Question.—When is the Monkey-house at the Zoological Gardens like a bouquet of artificial flowers?

Answer by our Idiot.—When there's a Sham-Pansy in it. COMFORT FOR CONVICTS.—The place for good red wine is undoubtedly Port-land.



PUNCH'S ALMANACK

1869

JANUARY.

1	F	Circumel.	18	S	Gibben d.
2	M	Abeydon.	19	S	J. d. af. R. pip.
3	Tu	2. af. Ch.	20	S	Prison.
4	W	Rachel d.	21	Tu	Watt h.
5	Th	Ed. Conf. d.	22	W	Vabon
6	F	W. Bishop	23	Th	Agnes
7	S	W. Kidd, d.	24	F	Vicent
8	S	Pr. A. V. d.	25	S	Pitt d. 1805
9	M	Nelson's Ga.	26	S	Huras h.
10	Tu	1. af. R. pip.	27	Tu	Bratill dno.
11	W	Mil. Tm. h.	28	W	J. Gibbon d.
12	Th	Lawster d.	29	Th	Prasotti d.
13	F	W. Lam. T. h.	30	F	P. M. Evans
14	S	Th. Wat. L. T. h.	31	S	Chas. I. d.
15	S	Orsini plot 2015			

XXXI DAYS.

FEBRUARY.

1	M	R. Orsini	15	M	St. Lucia
2	Tu	R. Lincoln	16	Tu	Emier W.
3	W	Hasson d.	17	W	Kraham d.
4	Th	Colpi	18	Th	Lather d.
5	F	Gulwali d.	19	F	Copercio h.
6	S	Chas. H. d.	20	S	Hume died
7	S	Quint. Sun.	21	Tu	2 R. in East
8	M	H. af. Day	22	W	Perugino d.
9	Tu	Darley m.	23	Th	St. J. Ray d.
10	W	Ash Wed.	24	F	Mathias
11	Th	C. Treaty	25	S	Wren d.
12	F	Callini d.	26	Tu	T. Moore d.
13	S	Cadre W. d.	27	W	J. T. d. 1801
14	S	18. in East	28	Th	St. S. in East

XXVIII DAYS.

MARCH.

1	M	St. David	17	Tu	Da. Kent d.
2	Tu	W. d. 1801	18	W	St. Patrick
3	W	St. Martin	19	Th	Pa. Lam. h.
4	Th	St. George	20	F	St. Andrew
5	F	St. John	21	S	St. Peter
6	S	St. Paul	22	Tu	St. James
7	M	St. John	23	W	St. John
8	Tu	St. Peter	24	Th	St. John
9	W	St. Paul	25	F	St. John
10	Th	St. Peter	26	S	St. John
11	F	St. Paul	27	Tu	St. John
12	S	St. Peter	28	W	St. John
13	S	St. Paul	29	Th	St. John
14	M	St. Peter	30	F	St. John
15	Tu	St. Paul	31	S	St. John

XXXI DAYS.

NOVEMBER.

1	M	All Saints	16	Tu	St. Martin
2	Tu	St. Michael	17	W	St. Andrew
3	W	St. Luke	18	Th	St. John
4	Th	St. George	19	F	St. John
5	F	St. John	20	S	St. John
6	S	St. Paul	21	Tu	St. John
7	S	St. Peter	22	W	St. John
8	M	St. John	23	Th	St. John
9	Tu	St. Paul	24	F	St. John
10	W	St. Peter	25	S	St. John
11	Th	St. Paul	26	Tu	St. John
12	F	St. Peter	27	W	St. John
13	S	St. Paul	28	Th	St. John
14	S	St. Peter	29	F	St. John
15	M	St. Paul	30	S	St. John

XXX DAYS.

OCTOBER.

1	F	C. M. T. h.	16	S	St. John
2	S	Arango d.	17	Tu	St. John
3	M	18. af. Tr.	18	W	St. John
4	Tu	Renaud d.	19	Th	St. John
5	W	St. John	20	F	St. John
6	Th	St. Paul	21	S	St. John
7	F	St. Peter	22	Tu	St. John
8	S	St. Paul	23	W	St. John
9	S	St. Peter	24	Th	St. John
10	M	St. Paul	25	F	St. John
11	Tu	St. Peter	26	S	St. John
12	W	St. Paul	27	Tu	St. John
13	Th	St. Peter	28	W	St. John
14	F	St. Paul	29	Th	St. John
15	S	St. Peter	30	F	St. John

XXXI DAYS.

SEPTEMBER.

1	W	St. John	16	Tu	St. John
2	Th	St. Paul	17	W	St. John
3	F	St. Peter	18	Th	St. John
4	S	St. Paul	19	F	St. John
5	S	St. Peter	20	S	St. John
6	M	St. Paul	21	Tu	St. John
7	Tu	St. Peter	22	W	St. John
8	W	St. Paul	23	Th	St. John
9	Th	St. Peter	24	F	St. John
10	F	St. Paul	25	S	St. John
11	S	St. Peter	26	Tu	St. John
12	S	St. Paul	27	W	St. John
13	M	St. Peter	28	Th	St. John
14	Tu	St. Paul	29	F	St. John
15	W	St. Peter	30	S	St. John

XXX DAYS.

AUGUST.

1	S	10. S. af. Tr.	15	M	Gas introd.
2	Tu	St. John	16	Tu	Boulton d.
3	W	St. Paul	17	W	St. John
4	Th	St. Peter	18	Th	St. John
5	F	St. Paul	19	F	St. John
6	S	St. Peter	20	S	St. John
7	S	St. Paul	21	Tu	St. John
8	M	St. Peter	22	W	St. John
9	Tu	St. Paul	23	Th	St. John
10	W	St. Peter	24	F	St. John
11	Th	St. Paul	25	S	St. John
12	F	St. Peter	26	Tu	St. John
13	S	St. Paul	27	W	St. John
14	S	St. Peter	28	Th	St. John
15	M	St. Paul	29	F	St. John

XXXI DAYS.

JULY.

1	Tu	St. John	16	Tu	St. John
2	W	St. Paul	17	W	St. John
3	Th	St. Peter	18	Th	St. John
4	F	St. Paul	19	F	St. John
5	S	St. Peter	20	S	St. John
6	S	St. Paul	21	Tu	St. John
7	M	St. Peter	22	W	St. John
8	Tu	St. Paul	23	Th	St. John
9	W	St. Peter	24	F	St. John
10	Th	St. Paul	25	S	St. John
11	F	St. Peter	26	Tu	St. John
12	S	St. Paul	27	W	St. John
13	S	St. Peter	28	Th	St. John
14	M	St. Paul	29	F	St. John
15	Tu	St. Peter	30	S	St. John

XXXI DAYS.

JUNE.

1	Tu	Nicomede	16	Tu	St. John
2	W	Harvey h.	17	W	St. John
3	Th	P. Q. W. h.	18	Th	St. John
4	F	R. Magna	19	F	St. John
5	S	W. d. 1801	20	S	St. John
6	S	St. John	21	Tu	St. John
7	M	St. Paul	22	W	St. John
8	Tu	St. Peter	23	Th	St. John
9	W	St. Paul	24	F	St. John
10	Th	St. Peter	25	S	St. John
11	F	St. Paul	26	Tu	St. John
12	S	St. Peter	27	W	St. John
13	S	St. Paul	28	Th	St. John
14	M	St. Peter	29	F	St. John
15	Tu	St. Paul	30	S	St. John

XXX DAYS.

MAY.

1	S	St. John	16	Tu	St. John
2	Tu	St. Paul	17	W	St. John
3	W	St. Peter	18	Th	St. John
4	Th	St. Paul	19	F	St. John
5	F	St. Peter	20	S	St. John
6	S	St. Paul	21	Tu	St. John
7	S	St. Peter	22	W	St. John
8	M	St. Paul	23	Th	St. John
9	Tu	St. Peter	24	F	St. John
10	W	St. Paul	25	S	St. John
11	Th	St. Peter	26	Tu	St. John
12	F	St. Paul	27	W	St. John
13	S	St. Peter	28	Th	St. John
14	S	St. Paul	29	F	St. John
15	M	St. Peter	30	S	St. John

XXXI DAYS.

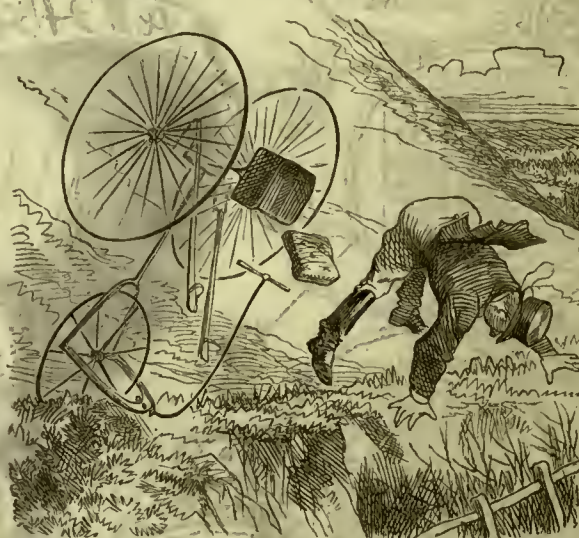
A RUN WITH A RANTOONE.



THE COVER-SIDE. 10.45 A.M. SPRIGGINS COMES UP WITH THE HUNT ON HIS FAVOURITE "RANTOONE."



10.50. "FOR'ARD AWAY!" SPRIGGINS GETS ALONG FAMOUSLY.



10.50. "YOICKS!" SPRIGGINS LEARNS WHAT A "CROPPER" MEANS.



10.55. "TALLY-HO!" SPRIGGINS REALISES THE SENSATION OF BEING "RUN AWAY WITH."



11.56. FIVE MULES FROM EVERYWHERE!!



MUSIC OF THE FUTURE. SENSATION OPERA.

Manager (to his Primo Tenore, triumphantly). "MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE BROUGHT YOU THE SCORE OF THE NEW OPERA. WE'VE ARRANGED SUCH A SCENA FOR YOU IN THE THIRD ACT! O' BOARD OF THE PIRATE SCREW, AFTER THE KEELHAULING SCENE, YOU KNOW! HEAVY ROLLING SEA, EH?—YES, AND WE CAN HAVE SOME REAL SPRAY PUMPED ON TO YOU FROM THE FIRE-ENGINE! VOLUMES OF SMOKE FROM THE FUNNEL, CLOSE BEHIND YOUR HEAD—IN FACT, YOU'LL BE ENVELOPED AS YOU RUSH ON TO THE BRIDGE! AND THEN YOU'LL SING THAT LOVELY BARCAROLLE THROUGH THE SPEAKING-TROMPET! AND MIND YOU HOLD TIGHT, AS THE SHIP ROLLS UP JUST AS YOU COME UPON YOUR HIGH D IN THE LAST BAR!!!"



THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

Prudent Mother of thoroughly well brought-up Marriageable Daughters, to the new and well-connected Curate. "I AM MOST HAPPY, DEAR MR. CECIL NEWTON, TO FIND THAT YOU ARE SO SOUND. I NEED NOT EXPRESS MY HOPE THAT YOU DO NOT HOLD TO THAT SAD HERESY ABOUT THE CELIBACY OF THE CLERGY?"



WISE IN HIS GENERATION.

Fashionable Patient. "COD LIVER OIL!!! MY DEAR DOCTOR, I COULDN'T TAKE SUCH HORRIBLE STUFF AS THAT!"
Fashionable Doctor. "WELL—WELL—WHAT DO YOU SAY TO—A—CREAM AND CURAÇOA?"



REGISTER! REGISTER!!

Aunt Sophy. "NOW SUPPOSE, GEORGE, AS A SINGLE WOMAN I SHOULD HAVE MY NAME PUT ON THE REGISTER, WHAT SHOULD I GET BY IT?"
Pet Nephew. "OH, A GOOD DEAL. YOU'D BE ALLOWED TO SERVE ON CORONER JURIES, COMMON JURIES, ANNOYANCE JURIES, PAY POWDER TAX AND ARMORIAL BEARINGS, ACT AS PARISH BEADLE AND NIGHT CONSTABLE OF THE CASUAL WARD, AND INSPECTOR OF NUISANCES, REPORT ON FEVER DISTRICTS, AND ALL JOLLY THINGS OF THAT SORT."



"SUCH IRE IN CELESTIAL MINDS!"

"YOU BE DISESTABLISHED! I'LL GIVE HER FLOWERS, OR WHATEVER I LIKE."
"I'M DISENDOWED IF YOU SHALL! NOW THEN!"

CONUSCATION FROM COLNEY HATCH.—A disciple of HAHNEMANN and PRIESSNITZ, mad on homeopathy, and also on the water-cure, maintains that an infinitesimal dose of mountain dew is the cure for cataract.

A TRAVELLER'S OBSERVATION.—The Americans say our lakes are fine, but theirs are *tarnation* finer—nay, they insist that they beat all in the world in this respect, because they have one which is *Superior*.

A COMMON COMPLAINT.—Young clergymen whose hearts are in their work often suffer much when first they address their congregations. The cause is well known—*pulpitation*.

CARTE OF A LUNATIC DINNER.

Odd fish, including pike and sword fish. Broth of a boy, mocktail, and P soup. H bone and cold shoulder. Chops and changes. Ducks and drakes, and March hares. Boiled owls, gum-mon, and shanklin Chine. Larks, coxcombs, and fair game. Magpie, piebald, and madcap pudding. Hot codlins, gooseberry and April fool, puffs and flummery. Sweets of office. Vegetable ivory and evergreens. Brawn and muscels. Greenwich rolls and Peckham Rye bread. Sauce of the Nile. Cakes and ale. Pippins and cheese. Dessert.—Fruits of the Election, meddlers, olive branches, apples from the Dead Sea, cherry ripe, oranges and lemons, City plums, regu ar jam and garao preserves. Wines from the wood and spirits from the deep. The whole to conclude with T., sator-water, and weeds in the garden.

THERE are two periods in the life of Man, at which he is too wise to tell Woman the exact truth: when he is in love—and when he isn't.

"A QUESTION TO BE ASKED."—If Secret Voting be adopted, and Spinsters get votes, how will they like to be called Ballot Girls?

QUERY FOR THE ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—What is the relation of the Saxon and Celtic races to the Derby?

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Do not kill the Golden Calf for its veal.

CHIT-CHAT.—Girls' talk.



HORSEY.

Little Alfred (in Papa's coat and cap). "HOW DO YOU LIKE MY NEW HORSE, GEORGE?"
Cousin George. "UM!—HE'S A GOODISH TOP'D 'UN, BUT—AWFULLY COARSE SHOULDER, AND TOO THICK IN THE HOCKS AND PASTERNS!"

QUERIES.

WHAT sort of a substance is "Musical Pitch"?
Will some sportsman tell us what "double gunny bags" are?
What are "Matrimonial Demones"?

Is "Zoroaster" a flower?
What is a "portable ox-tail"?
Is a "cotton gin" intoxicating?
Where do "literary laurels" grow?

Can you steer a vessel by the "compass of the voice"?
How much is "The Village Pound"?

Is Mr. WATERHOUSE HAWKINS acquainted with "Royal Autochthonian Buffaloes"?

A JUST TRIBUTE.—Women are nobly honest. We firmly believe that the only female in this country who likes to be in debt is BRITANNIA.

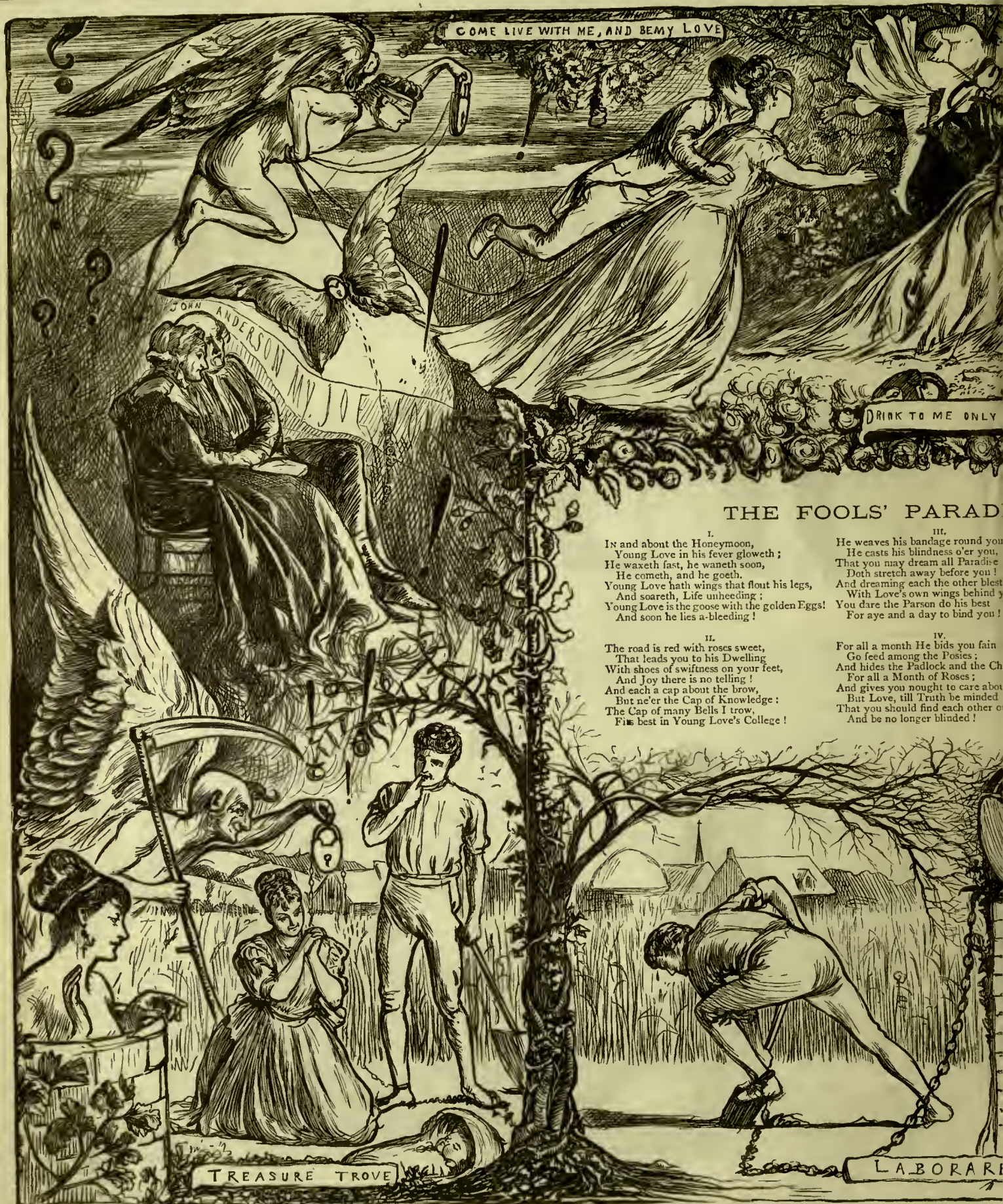
STRONG MOTIVE POWER.—There is perhaps no mechanism equal to that of the Beer-Engine in its power of elevating the masses.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"The phenomena of colours discovered by GRIMALDI." Hence the peculiar appearance of the Clown's dress.

MAY MEETINGS.—PLATITUDES FOR THE PLATFORM.—The Milk of Human Kindness owes nothing to the Cow with the Iron Tail. Its cream is no cream of tartar.

A FALSE ALARM.—When you fear your new teeth are coming out, but they don't.

"THE ACT OF TOL-(DE BOL)-ERATION."—Singing Comic Songs. GERMAN STOCK.—Alpen-Stock.



COME LIVE WITH ME, AND BEMY LOVE

DRINK TO ME ONLY

THE FOOLS' PARADISE

I.
IN and about the Honeymoon,
Young Love in his fever gloweth;
He waxeth fast, he waneth soon,
He cometh, and he goeth.
Young Love hath wings that flout his legs,
And soareth, Life unheeding;
Young Love is the goose with the golden Eggs!
And soon he lies a-bleeding!

II.
The road is red with roses sweet,
That leads you to his Dwelling
With shoes of swiftness on your feet,
And Joy there is no telling!
And each a cap about the brow,
But ne'er the Cap of Knowledge:
The Cap of many Bells I trow,
Fit best in Young Love's College!

III.
He weaves his bandage round you
He casts his blindness o'er you,
That you may dream all Paradise
Doth stretch away before you
And dreaming each the other blest
With Love's own wings behind y
You dare the Parson do his best
For aye and a day to bind you!

IV.
For all a month He bids you fain
Go feed among the Posies;
And hides the Padlock and the Ch
For all a Month of Roses;
And gives you nought to care abou
But Love, till Truth be minded
That you should find each other o
And be no longer blinded!

TREASURE TROVE

LABORARE



THINE Eyes!

OR LOVE AND LIFE.

v.
O Love! that all the best of you
Be over with the wooing!
O Wedlock! All the worst of you
That there be no undoing!
It's Hey! Ho! and Welladay
For Youth and Love, and Honey!
's Heigho! and Workaday
For Bread and Cheese, and Money!

vi.
Weep not, poor Fools, nor hold aloof!
Take up your chain together,
And earthwards pad the wandering hoof
That brought you fooling hither!
O Help each other, and share the load,
For steep the pass and thorny,
That leads you thorough from Love's Abode
To Life, and rough the Journey!

vii.
"O Dream of Dreams! O was it worth
"The pain of this our waking?
"O what is there of balm on earth
"Can heal us of our aching?
"O Love is he dead before the Prime,
"Love that was born so newly!"
—Poor Fools, go pin your faith on Time,
And Time shall tell you duly.

viii.
For Time that scorned love's earlier ways,
His mellow secrets holdeth;
These, living out our length of Days,
We learn as Truth unfoldeth.
Who knows but in a year or two
That Love may have the kindness
To come without his wings to you,
And holpen of his blindness?



T ORARE



HEIGHO! THE WIND AND THE RAIN!
THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY!



CLEVER LITTLE PUSS.

"MAMMA DEAR, THERE WERE TWO SUCH RUDE BOYS IN THE TOY-SHOP THIS MORNING! THEY DID STARE AT ME SO! I STARED AT THEM AGAIN, BUT AS THEY DID NOT MIND THAT, I TOOK TO WINKING!"



HOME-EXERCISE.

Diana. "OH, CHARLOTTE, HOW CAN YOU STAY IN-DOORS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY? WE'VE HAD SUCH A JOLLY LONG WALK."

Charlotte. "WELL, HAVEN'T I BEEN TAKING VIOLENT EXERCISE? I'VE BEEN READING COUSIN GEORGE'S STORY IN THE 'GOODY-GOODY MAGAZINE,' AND DOING NO END OF SKIPPING."

SCENES FROM ANIMAL LIFE.



VULPINE SAGACITY.

Reynard Paterfamilias. "Now, Mrs. R., just chuck that CUB INTO THE WATER, AND COME IN YOURSELF, I TELL YOU. PUTTING ASIDE THE QUESTION OF SOCIAL COMFORT AND DECENCY, IT IS ONLY BY THE MOST PUNCTILIOUS ATTENTION TO PERSONAL CLEANLINESS THAT WE MAY HOPE TO BAFFLE OUR NATURAL ENEMIES, THE HOUNDS!"



WISE COUNSEL.

Poor Pussy (in violent agitation). "CURSED YESTERDAY, AND HUNTED THE DAY BEFORE! AND HERE THEY ARE AGAIN, DOGS AND ALL!!"
Hedgehog. "WHY DON'T YOU STICK UP FOR YOURSELF A LITTLE? LOOK AT ME: I WON'T BE SAT UPON BY ANYBODY! I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE THEM TRY IT ON!"

A SENSIBLE YOUNG PERSON.

'Tis not because she dresses well
That I admire Miss Brown:
Let other tongues her tollstet
tell,
I cannot note them down.
Nor is it from her talents that
My admiration springs;
Although I hear that she can
"tat"
As sweetly as she sings.
'Tis that no other charms she'll
wear
Than those by nature grown:
Her cheeks are paintless, and her
hair,
I'm told, is all her own.

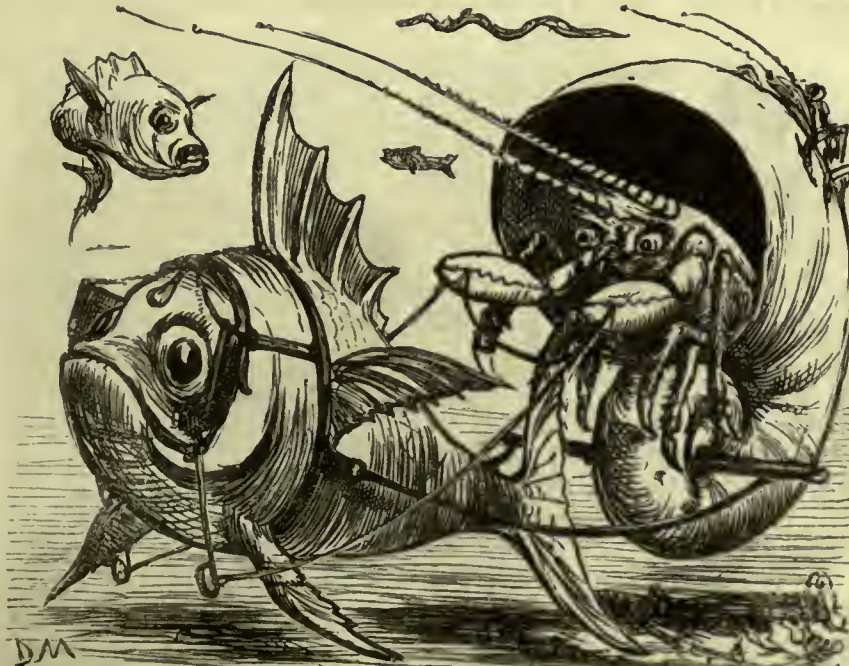
SOCIAL SUPERSTITIONS.

THAT it betrays a vulgar mind
to carry a parcel in the street,
especially if it be wrapped up in
a piece of newspaper.
That if you are seen running,
as though really in a hurry, you
must certainly lose caste, and
that nobody worth knowing will
take notice of you afterwards.
That something dreadful must
happen if you leave your gloves
at home, although the weather
is so hot that you cannot bear
to wear them.
That if you are a lawyer you
will lose all your best clients
should you carry a blue bag, but
nobody will be offended at your
carrying a black one.

A NEW SAW.—Industry is the
parent of Idleness.

SEPTENNIAL—FEMALE EMANCIPATION.—A paper is read at
the Social Science Congress "On Women's Rights." The
ladies unanimously agree that their wrongs are innumerable,
and resolve to demand complete redress on every change of
fashion.

EPITAPH ON COCKLE.—His Pilgrimage is ended.



THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.
(FROM NATURE.)

IMPROMPTU (AT SIX MONTHS).

Tom. Let's keep a diary; where one down sets
All that occurs, my MARY JANE.
Mary Jane (impromptuously). Oh, Let's!

VAN, DICO, PINKIT.

Who ought, when alive, to have
painted the Sussex Downs near
Brighton?
Evidently VAN DYKE.
N.B. There is no proof that
VAN DYKE ever was on the Sus-
sex Downs; but there is a "*Dyke
Van*" which goes there regularly
in summer.

A COSTERMONGER'S CANT.

BILL COSTER said, "See them
two fish?
Them there's both females,
Mister;
A pilchard she in this hero dish:
That 'ere's her 'errin' sister."

If fish can judge of space, is it
supposed they do so by the rod,
pole, or perch? or, if musically
inclined, do they sing "I'd
choose to be a dacey?"

MUSICAL SLANG.—"THAT'S
terribly bald," said a critic, after
hearing a new overture. "Bald,
eh?" remarked his friend. "I
suppose you mean to say that good
airs are rather scarce in it!"

LOCAL EXAMINATION PAPER—
Geography.—Name a bigger isle
of Dogs than our own. New-
foundland.

In a domesticated state do
hares sit upon chairs as well as
forms?

As a leopard cannot help being
spotted, is it possible for him to
conceal himself?

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—A pastime occa-
sionally practised at the domestic board is that of divina-
tion by tea or coffee-grounds. ZADKIEL might adopt this
instead of Astrology, which, his blunders must convince the
most credulous, is entirely groundless.

HAVE pigs been known to lend their spare ribs?



A GOOD PRACTICAL JOKE.

MRS. POTTLETON (BY THE AID OF HER MAMMA) HAVING EXACTED A PROMISE FROM HER HUSBAND OF A NEW *HARMONIUM*, RECEIVES AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

"SWEET-CHEEK" was a pretty term of endearment a couple of hundred years ago. It might be revived with appropriateness; for not only are the cheeks of our young ladies quite as sweet as those of their ancestors, but to do some of them justice, their characteristic *ls*—of course the nicest, but still—cheek.

ZOOLOGICAL.—Naturalists tell us that such a thing as a mouse is not now to be found on the Catskill Mountains.

THEATRICAL.—Not the least important part of the machinery of the modern stage is the *lever de rideau*.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—When placards of HOLMAN HUNT's picture of *The Pot of Basil* were all over London, a sporting friend, up from the country for the Derby, inquired who Basil was, and how much he had won.

BY A COMPOSITOR.—Novelists have no hesitation in saying that AUGUSTUS imprinted a kiss on ANASTASIA's fair cheek. By way of a chugse, how would it sound, if they were to say stereotyped instead of imprinted?

TOAST AND SENTIMENT.—The bank that no cheque will stop.

THE EFFECTS OF EDUCATION.—Our housemaid (AMELIA) is fond of fine words. The other day she gave warning. When asked the reason, instead of the usual answer that she wanted to better herself, she said that she wished to ameliorate herself.

ARCHITECTS OF LONDON.—BEAU NASH built Regent Street. HADLEY was the Inventor of the Quadrant. ASTLEY created the Circus.

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.—Hanging out clothes on Shepherd's Bush.

THE CODE PUNCH.

The following crimes and offences may be committed with impunity, and without fear of consequences:—

Killing—tims.
Murdering—an air.
Smoothering—the feelings.
Stifling—a laugh.
Striking—a balance.
Forging—anchors.
Picking—your steps.
Stealing—a kiss.
Coining—money.
Poaching—eggs.
Breaking into—a gallop.
Trespassing—on the attention.
Beating—carpets.
Cutting—jokes.
Shooting—Niagara, and
Setting the Thames on fire.

AGRICULTURAL QUARTER SESSIONS.—The county crop is now reaped, and fields are open for unproductive labour. No grist brought to the treadmill.

SURE TO BE SO.—The result of all the nonsense that has been talked about the "Two Sexes of Man" is, to make one dislike more than ever masculine women.

INTERESTING TO COLLECTORS.—It may not be generally known that all our earthenware came originally from one place—Potsdam.

CULINARY.—Many epicures are of opinion that cooking by gas is not unfavourable to gastronomy.

FROM WINDSOR.—Are you a bad sleeper? Always wash your face before going to bed; it is an excellent *Soporific*.



LA CHASSE.

Sportsman (British). "HULLO! I SAY, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT THE BIRD RUNNING?"
Chasseur (French). "MAIS, NON, MON AMI; I SALL WAIT TILL HE STOP!"

OLD SAW NEW SET.

When is a door not a door?
Of course, when it's ajar, you'll say. Not at all. The answer is, When it's a *Jack Daw*.

And, *appropos* of Jack Daws, where should you say was the link between the bird and the fish?

It is supplied, it appears, by the Jack Daw on one side, and the John Dory on the other.

My uncle was six feet two. He used to take me and BILLY (my brother, *arcades ambo* twins both, aged eleven), out for a walk. He improved the occasion educationally by telling us how we three illustrated a dactyl. He would playfully walk before us, and say, "Now, here it is: a long followed by two shorts."

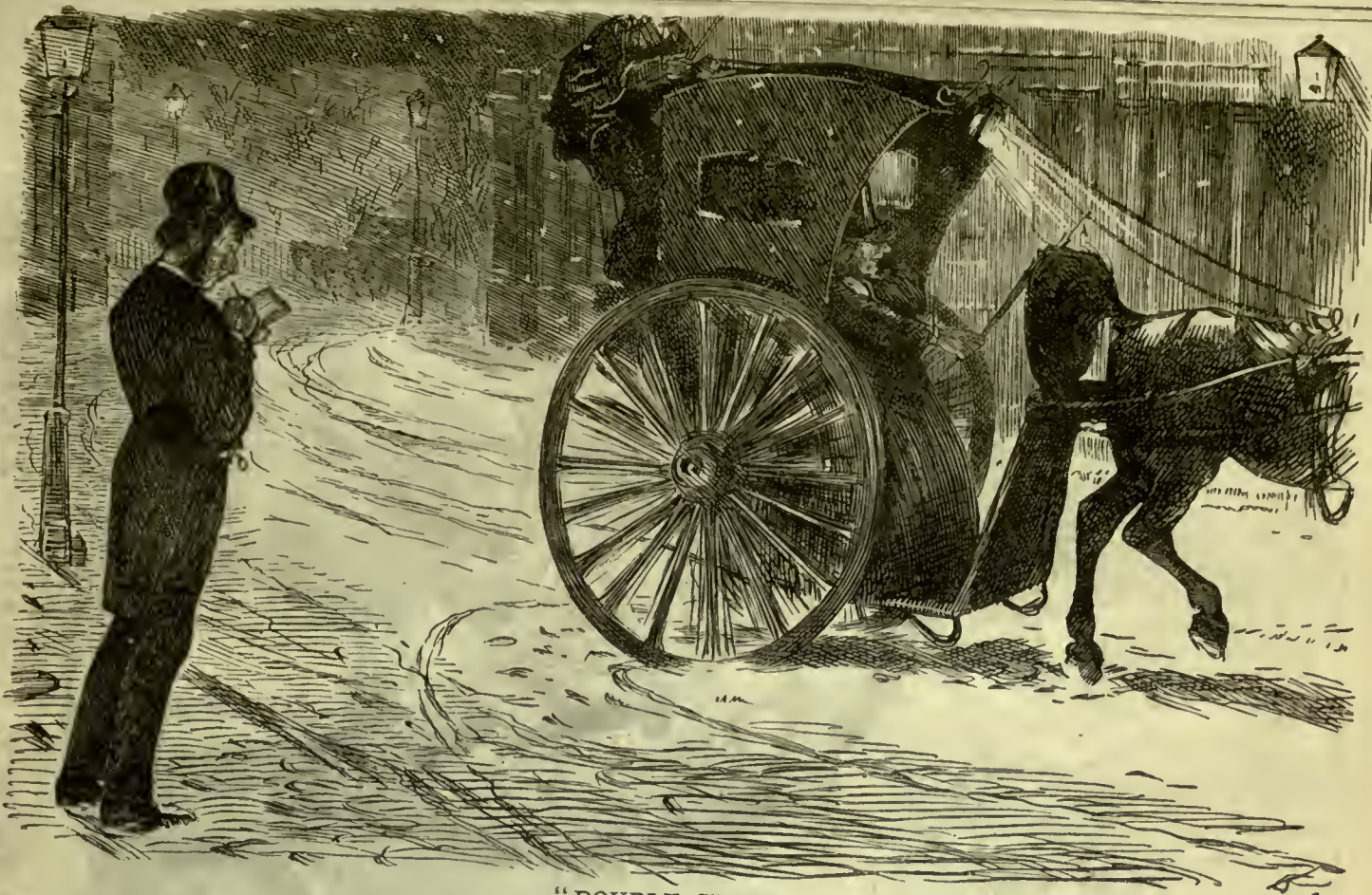
POOR OLD LADY.—MRS. MALAPROP, whose head just now is full of Ireland, says the doctor tells her there is something the matter with the Irish of her eye.

Has it been noticed that ladies who like long trains are partial to the outskirts?

Why would you expect most gardeners to be proud?—Because they are taught *Haughty Culture*.

Oh! Oh!—If you wanted to write a grand poem like MILTON's *Paradise Lost*, what lozenges ought you to eat by way of obtaining inspiration?—*Epic-cacuanha*.

ITALIAN, AND VERY NASTY.—Why is a great Saint's day in the Roman Calendar a sore point to touch upon with Catholics?—Because it is a *Festa*.



"DOUBLE SIGHT."

MR. CAREFUL, HAVING SPENT A LONG EVENING WITH HIS FRIEND WURZELS FROM THE COUNTRY, SENDS HIM TO HIS HOTEL IN A CAB, AND PRUDENTLY TAKES THE NUMBER. WHAT MR. CAREFUL READ IN HIS NOTE-BOOK THE NEXT MORNING:—"NUMER OF CAB, 173175376."

PROVERBIAL SO.—A young lady's taste in poetry is not always unexceptionable. When you see a pile of books on her table, you know pretty well what will be TUPPERA most.

CHARADE.—My first is part of a firm, my second is a sister, my third is a musical instrument, and my whole is nonsense. Conundrum.

NEW PROBLEM.—Can COLENSO, or some other great arithmetician, tell us, if one Swallow does not make a Summer, how many will?

PARSING.

(For the Use of Schools.)

Possum. A creature in the forests of America, and a verb in the Latin Grammar. In its first character it gets up a tree when you're passing. In its second it puts any one up a tree, who can't manage to parse.

Poeset. Imperfect subjunctive of *Possum*, and very nice with treacle and cherry when you've got a cold.

Amo. I love, only in Latin, but 'tis not much of a mot in another language. *Amari* is the infinitive, meaning to love. As you read this book at her, and sigh out that the Latin Grammar says that if you want "to love," it must be *A Mary*, hand her Mr. *Punch's Almanack*, and let her therein read your honourable sentiments.

HIGHLY POETICAL.—You have had words with your wife—she rejects your advice, or disputes your authority—she walks out of the room, shutting the door with unnecessary violence—which of *SHELLEY's* Poems does she make you think of by that act? *The Revolt of Islam*.

A RIPE THOUGHT.—It is a mistake to talk of the decline of the stage. The British Theatre is now in perfection with its melo-drama.

WHERE a sale is divided into alphabetical lots, under which letter would three gallons of ink come when knocked down by the hammer?—*Ans.* A big B-lot.

PEOPLE WHO DO THINGS "BY HALVER."—Schoolmasters.

GREAT CRICKETERS.—The Catch Club.



HARD LINES.

'Bus-Driver (12:30 P.M., in a hoarse whisper). "I'M LIKE THE PILGRIM O' LOVE, SIR!"

Prosaic Passenger (startled). "LIKE TRE—WHAT?"

'Bus-Driver. "PILGRIM O' LOVE, SIR!—NO REST FOR ME BUT THE GRAVE!"

[And then he explained how he'd been on the box from 9 in the Morning, with two pulling horses, and rheumatics in both shoulder-blades!]

RIDDLES BY A WRETCH.

Q. WHAT is the difference between a Surgeon and a Wizard?

A. The one is a Cupper, and the other is a Sorcerer.

Q. Why is America like the act of reflection?

A. Because it is a roomy-nation. Q. Why is your pretty Cousin like an alabaster vase?

A. Because she is an *objet de looks*.

Q. How is it that a man born in Truro can never be an Irishman?

A. Because he always is a Truro-Roman.

Q. Why is my game cock like a bishop?

A. Because he has his crows here (*crozier*).

MARCH.—High winds may be expected. Tiles blown off houses become projectiles. N.B. It is better to have a billycock on your head than a chimney-pot. Much insanity this month. Slates loose in the upper storey.

THE HEIGHT OF MODESTY.—The most bashful girl we ever knew was one who blushed when she was asked if she had not been courting sleep.

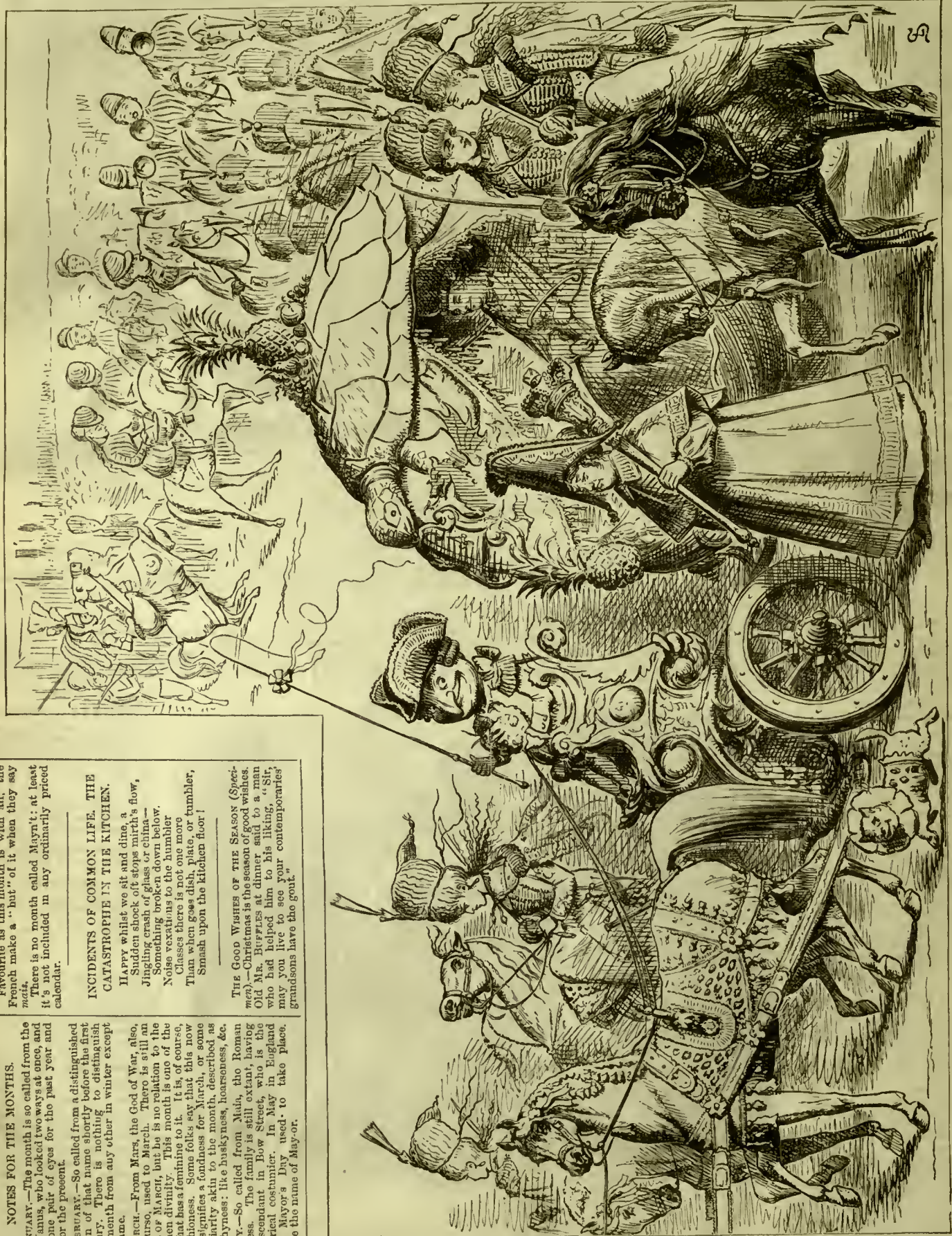
MORE LATINO.—Why is a drama written by a couple of collaborators like pitch?—Because it is by two men (*bi-tu-men*).

If a redbreast comes into your fruit garden, does he come there a robin?

CHORUS FOR A RITUALIST.—Rite-fellow-Liddell-loi de ray.

THE PARADISE OF UNCLES.—Polynesia.

ANILINE DYER.—What Old Ladies use.



NINTH OF NOVEMBER AS WE HOPE TO SEE IT—LADY MAYORESS' SHOW.

NOTES FOR THE MONTHS.

JANUARY.—The month is so called from the god Janus, who looked two ways at once, and had one pair of eyes for the past year and one for the present.

FEBRUARY.—So called from a distinguished person of that name shortly before the first century. There is nothing to distinguish this month from any other in winter except its name.

MARCH.—From Mars, the God of War, also, of course, used to March. There is still an **EARL OF MARCH**, but he is no relation to the heathen divinity. This month is one of the few that has a feminine to it. It is, of course, Marchioness. Some folks say that this now only signifies a fondness for March, or some peculiarity akin to the month, described as Marchyness; like buskyness, hoarseness, &c.

MAY.—So called from Maia, the Roman goddess. The family is still extant, having a descendant in Bow Street, who is the theatrical costumer. In May in England Lord Mayor's Day used to take place. Hence the name of May-or.

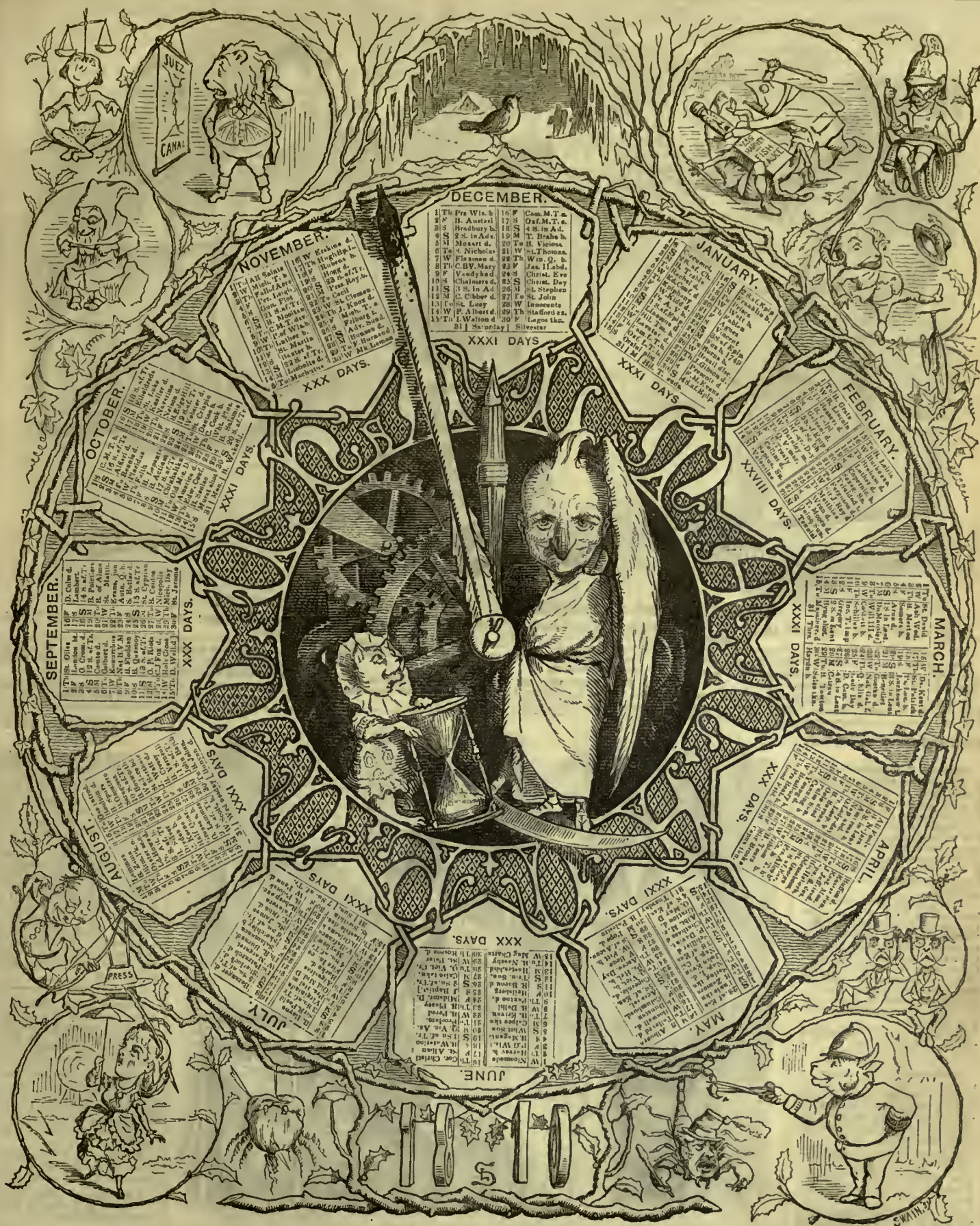
Favourite as this month is with all, the French make a "but" of it when they say *mais*. There is no month called Mayn't; at least it's not included in any ordinarily priced calendar.

INCIDENTS OF COMMON LIFE. THE CATASTROPHE IN THE KITCHEN.

HAPPY whilst we sit and dine, a sudden shock oft stops mirth's flow,
Jingling crash of glass or china—
Something broken down below.
Noise vexations to the humbler
Classes there is not one more
Than when gas dish, plate, or tumbler,
Smash upon the kitchen floor!

THE GOOD WISHES OF THE SEASON (*Specimen*).—Christmas is the season of good wishes. Old Mr. BURGLES at dinner said to a man who had helped him to his liking, "Sir, may you live to see your contemporaries' grandsons have the gout."

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1870.



CALENDAR FOR THE YEAR.



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

NEW CHAMBER OF HORRORS AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S. (*The Right Man in the Right Place*).—"DON'T BE AFRAID, YOU LITTLE GOOSE! IT'S ONLY WAX-WORK! WHY, I RECOLLECT WHEN PEOPLE LIKE THAT WERE ALLOWED TO GO LOOSE ABOUT THE STREETS!"

ALWAYS THE SEASON.—There is one out-door amusement in our variable climate which may be pursued all the year round, wet or dry—House-hunting.

If a man says to you, "By the way, how do you spell your name?" he usually means, "What the juice is it?"

METEOROLOGICAL.—How to find the Direction of the Wind. Ask the Postman.

The wretch who can stand in a pair of slippers worked for him by his wife, and scold her, is a brute who deserves to have the gout in both feet.

EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—A Young Lady is articled to a Solicitor, and set to Engross a Deed. She fills both sides of the parchment with writing, and then crosses it.

Why is Salmon like a Sermon?—Because you are always glad when it's quite done, and you may cut away.

WEATHER PROPHECIES FOR 1870.

January will be fine and bright, in fact quite a second summer, unless there should be a succession of storms of either wind, rain, or snow, or all three accompanied by intense cold. But this will make no positive alteration in the month itself.

February will be lovely. If it is not, write to our Office; any complaint shall meet with instant attention.

March, April, May.—Prognostications for these three months give us most favourable expectations. Our readers will carefully notice for themselves in a pocket-book (say the most convenient form, *Punch's Pocket-Book*) the changes of temperature, and we shall have great pleasure in comparing the notes so made with our own above-mentioned prognostications.

The same plan to be pursued with the other months.

SCHOLASTIC.—We know a naughty little boy who, having heard it said that "history repeats itself," pleaded this as an excuse for his declining to attempt the repetition of a page or two of PINNOCK.

CAUTION FOR COLLEGIANS.—Oxford and Cambridge cultivate athletic sports. May the flower of the Universities not get plucked!

The wretch who refuses to take his wife to the theatre, deserves to be made to sit out a play.

While winding up your watch at night, think of the good acts you have done that day. You will not overwind.



"AULD EDINBRO'!"

Saxon Traveller. "THIS IS TOO BAD, WAITER! I TOLD YOU WE WANTED TO GO BY THE 9.30 TRAIN, AND HERE'S BREAKFAST NOT READY!"
Celtic Waiter. "A WEE, SIR, FAC' IS, THE COOK TAK' A GLESS!"

THE ANTIPATHIES OF THE GREAT.

JEREMY BENTHAM invariably fainted at the sight of a Veterinary Surgeon in evening costume. **COBBETT** could not sit in the room with a French Milliner, nor **LADY JANE GREY** with a Distributor of Stamps. **ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON** asked every stranger to whom he was introduced whether he had any relations in the Excise; if the answer was in the affirmative, the Prelate gazed at his chaplain, and instantly went out fishing: the cause of this singular antipathy has never been satisfactorily explained. **KIRKE WHITE** would go a mile out of his road to avoid meeting a waggon of hay. **SHERIDAN** turned pale at the sight of a corkscrew.

HORTICULTURAL.—An old song makes mention of a garden of delights, under the name of "Cupid's Garden." In Cupid's Garden, choose single flowers; and beware of widows' weeds.

It is idiotic to tell a real dream. But it is convenient to invent one if you want to annoy anybody, as nobody has a right to be offended at a dream, and nobody can prove that you didn't have it.

RAILWAYS are Aristocrats. They teach every man to know his own Station, and to stop there.

IMPROVED FROM THE LAUREATE.—"Better half a cab in England than a by-cycle in Cathay."

A WARNING TO WAOS.—Respect my intellect, and don't tell me that the River Plate flows with gravy.



THE VENUS OF MILO; OR, GIRLS OF TWO DIFFERENT PERIODS.

Chorus. "LOOK AT HER BIG FOOT! OH, WHAT A WAIST!—AND WHAT A RIDICULOUS LITTLE HEAD!—AND NO CHIONON! SHE'S NO LADY! OH, WHAT A FRIGHT!"

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Poor SMITH was complaining of the bad sport he had had, owing, as he said, to the wildness of his pointers. "Pointers!" exclaimed a friend, "then, if I were you, I should call them disap-pointers!"

NO CONTRADICTION.—Can a tall man have a short memory? Yes, just as a short man can have a long sleep.

A PHILOSOPHER TO HIS FRIENDS.—To have brandy-and-water, you mix two things together. Very good. But never do that in argument.

"THE GAMSTER."—What an absorbing passion is gambling! A man told us the other day that he had been tossing in his bed all night.

POPULAR ERROR.—The idea that the Ostrich eats iron may have arisen from the fact, that a bird of that kind was once seen to devour a piece of castaway bacon, which, being rusty, was described by a waggish naturalist as pig-iron.

AN IDOL OF THE MARKET.—A butcher, asked what oxygen is, replied "Beef."

"POSITIVISM."

MAMMA is positive she left her keys on the drawing-room table only ten minutes ago. (They are in her pocket.)

PAPA is positive there was at least half a bottle of sherry in the decanter at luncheon. (Two glasses and a half.)

GEORGINA is positive ERNEST was talking to that odious KATE HOVERNOHAM, at Mrs. THURCARTON'S party, for full three-quarters of an hour. (Ten minutes.)

ELEANOR is positive she has not a single dress fit to wear at Mrs. BUDBY TANKERVILLE'S lawn party. (Four, at least.)

And ELIZABETH (nursery-maid) is positive she did not stop talking to her "Cousin" more than ten minutes when she was out with Master ARTHUR in the Park. (Three-quarters of an hour.)

LOVE IN THE PAINT-BOX.

A REMARKABLE discovery has been made in colours. Like plants and triangles they are found to be susceptible of the tender passion. Our authority for this assertion is the following un-bushy statement—"Blue is the coldest and most retiring of all colours: its complementary, orange, the warmest and most advancing." Oh, prudish blue, oh, forward orange!

NO COSTS.—If you want to enjoy the luxury of law for nothing, all you have to do is to prosecute an inquiry.

AGGRAVATING.—To be told, when you are wet through, that it is a beautiful rain and good for the country.



PROGRESS OF SCIENCE, 1869.

Hairdresser. "SHALL I—BLOW DOWN YOUR NECK BY MACHINERY, SIR?!"

[Startled customer submits, and prefers it to the usual mode of ventilation.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Poeticus.—No English ABBOTT has ever been mentioned as an author of poems; there was a Prior. Same idea, perhaps.

Derivatur.—The word prognostic was originally applied to the leader of the Sect of the Gnostics, who used to take his followers out with him for a picnic, himself providing the luncheon and carrying the prog-basket. Written in full the word was, of course, Prog-Gnostic.

Bicycle.—Electric Bicycles will appear in 1870. We predict this—don't forget.

Goodwood.—Yes, you are right. THAT IS THE HORSE WHICH WILL WIN THE DERBY OF 1870.

SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

THE Botanical Gardens in the Regent's Park have recently received most valuable additions in a pair of boot-trees and a fine rum-shrub. The grand climacteric is now in full perfection, and the overland Root spreads rapidly. The railway "plant" continues to be a great attraction. Branches of the aristocracy are frequently found in the Gardens in the summer months, with many aprigs and youthful scions of nobility.

PRO BONO.—There is one first-rate joint that comes to table which is the cockney's prime aversion—the H. bone.

We have read "Bray a fool in a mortar." Is this what is meant by "Pound foolish?"

Give every man his due, and hia Mountain Dew if he claims it.



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

A FRIEND IN NEED.—“DID YOU RING, DUCHESS?”

“YES, THOMAS. HAVE YOU SUCH A THING AS AN ENGLISH DICTIONARY?”

“WELL, NO—I FIND I DON'T

REQUIRE ONE. BUT—A—WHAT PARTICULAR WORD MAY YOUR GRACE HAPPEN TO WANT?”

NATURE AND ART.

DISPENSING with each artificial charm,
Still to delight mankind may Beauty hope;
Yet who could hear without profound alarm
That boastful Beauty had dispensed with soap?

NURSERY GROUNDS.—The Parks.

VERY VULGAR SELL.

“You ought not to come to our dance in boots with nails
in 'em.”
“I haven't.”
“Then you've had your toes cut off.”

THE “TAP” ROOT.—Barley.

DARBY TO JOAN.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
If thou, my love, should'st bilious be:
Not only will't approve thee wise,
But it will leave more wine for me.

THE BATHERS' PARADISE.—The Mendip Hills.

RHYMES OF THE ZODIAC.

FIRST the Sun enters ARIES. Well
he may,
Because that Ram was never fed
on hay.

Now Sol's in TAURUS. Up go
shares and stocks.
Brave Bulls! JOHN BULL shall
ne'er become JOHN OX.

O GEMINI! Twins, you have
Phœbus got.
Ye Dioscuri—don't you find it
hot?

Where art thou now, Apollo?
List his answer.
“Ha ha! I'm clutched, here, by
the Sky-crab, CANCER.”

Leo, thy sign, in British speech
the Lion,
At this time entertaineth Hy-
perion.

Cynthia with Visco for a while
doth tarry;
Flirts with the girl he doesn't
mean to marry.

“TWO HEADS ARE BETTER
THAN ONE.”—This is absurd, and
practically inconvenient. Reduce
this proverb to utility. By ap-
proximation, thus: What is the
next thing to a head? A hat. If
then we cannot have heads, let's
have the next thing to it, and
we obtain the result—“Two
Hats are better than one.”

SAYING FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL
SOCIETY.—There is an island
whose name is a negative—
Ushant.

THE BACHELOR'S TOAST.—Large
fortunes and small waists!

A BUILDING SOCIETY.—A Bee-
hive.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT!

“Mother” (at South Kensington). “EXECUTED IN—TUT-T-T! LAUK A MUSSY, ‘LIZA! WHAT DID THEM
FOREIGNERS WANT TO ‘ANG THAT POOR INNOCENT-LOOKIN’ YOUNG CREETUR’ FOR!!”

RHYMES OF THE ZODIAC.

SCORPIO him now receives who
Python slew.
He killed a snake—won't kill a
scorpion too.

In LIERA while the rays of Pythius
gleam,
He causes neither scale to kick
the beam.

Goat CAPRICORNUS holds the
source of light;
Let Taffy twang his harp on
Snowdon's height.

Lo! Delius doth with SACRI-
TARIUS dwell:
Remember Robin Hood, and
William Tell.

AQUARIUS offers Titan's steeds
the ean;
Tom Tug was quite another
Waterman.

‘Tween PISCES, lastly, Day's light
chariot rolls:
The Sun will never fry his Pair of
Soles.

JUVENILE INTELLIGENCE.—Ath-
letic sports are all the rage now
in our nursery, and MASTER
TOMMY, aged six, is about to start
a newspaper in order to report
them. We believe he means to
christen it “The Skipping Gazette.”

A GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.—A
young visitor from the Havannah
naturally expected a fine cigar
when he was told of the Tower
“REGALIA.”

A SUITABLE APPOINTMENT.—If
the right man were always in the
right place, the Chaplain-General
to the Army would be the “Dean
of Battles.”



"FINE ART," 1869.

Rural Connoisseur. "He's a PINTIN' TWO PICTUR'S AT ONCE, D' YER SEE? 'BLEST IF I DON'T LIKE THAT THERE LITTLE 'UN AS HE'S GOT HIS THUMBS THROUGH, THE BEST!"

HINTS TO TOURISTS.

WHEN you are late for dinner at a *table d'hôte*, be sure you make your entry with all the noise you can, in order to disturb more punctual people. Growl and grumble savagely if your soup be getting cold, or if, when helped to chicken, you only find the drumstick. The fault, of course, will have been in a chief degree your own, and the dinner perhaps better than you get at your own table. But you should never lose a chance of making a complaint, that your neighbours may imagine you are some one of importance.

If you have been educated in a public school, and know nothing of languages, except a few Greek paradigms and Latin nonsense verses, never bore yourself by trying to pick up French or German. Talk English on the Continent with a slightly foreign accent, which, you know, is certain to make it more intelligible. When people cannot understand you, raise your voice as though you fancied they were deaf, and vent some Saxon expletive upon them for their ignorance.

THE Telegraph, which is to be universal, is difficult of explanation to some ladies. Perhaps this way is the best. "You know that if you rub a piece of sealing-wax hard, it will take up little bits of paper." "Yea." "Well, extend the principle, and you will see how letters are conveyed by electricity."

"THERE are times," said the pensive ALFONSO, "at which I am quite incapable of writing poetry." "Ah," said the cynical BILL, "those, then, are the times at which you write verse."

FACT FOR FOREIGNERS.—Stonchenge is not in Flintshire. Hech! no, nor yet in Peebles.

AN ASININE SAW.—"In for a penny, in for a pound"—as the donkey said when he went astray.

JONES reads and yawns. So best. 'Tis not polite. But we should do the same if JONES should—write.

WHILE man talks of revising the Marriage Service, practical woman has done it, *en bloc*. You are married by your banker's book.



PROOF POSITIVE.

Old Lady. "DO THEY SELL GOOD 'SPERRITS' AT THIS 'OUSE, MISTER?"
Spectable-looking Man (But—). "MOS' D'SCHID'LY, LOOK 'T (HIC) ME, MAD'M—FOR SHEV'N P'NSH A'PENNY!"

THE ANTIPATHIES OF THE GREAT.

FREDERICK THE GREAT had three particular dislikes—pence-pudding, a blue pocket-handkerchief with yellow spots, and bell-ropes. SIR ISAAC NEWTON never crossed the threshold of a house in which white mice were kept. BURKE secreted himself in the adjoining mews if paninaps appeared on the dinner-table, having a rooted aversion to this eculeut. QUEEN ANNE became hysterical at the slightest allusion to a toasting-fork. CARDINAL WOLSEY shivered all over whenever he passed a brush-maker's shop. The scent of Russia leather threw MARY, Queen of Scots, into a tertian ague. If a naval officer placed a German flute on the side-board, GERMALDI immediately left town for Brighton; and to this day thousands of persons go into a passion at the sound of a street-organ.

TO EDITORS AND COMMENTATORS.

IT is generally supposed that there is no mention of tobacco in SHAKESPEARE. But can any one doubt to what he is referring when he says (in one of his sonnets)—

"And keep invention in a noted weed!"
Surely he must mean improvements in the manufacture of cigars.

SAYINGS AND PROVERBS.

"Not for Josephus!" as that worthy historian observed playfully, when some funny Jews attempted to cram him with stories for his own work.

"I'll have your hat!" as the ambitious Monk said *solito voce* to the Cardinal.

ROBINSON says that he cannot express in words the pity he feels for the man who does not drink his best wine, but keeps it for his friends. ROBINSON forgives a woman for being such a slave to her drawing-room that she is afraid to use it, but a man should not be in awe of his cellar.

COMPANION SIGN TO THE "WELSH HARR."—"The 'Scotch Fiddle."

"SOUND DUES."—Fees to Opera box-keepers.



"O COME UNTO TH



MRS. JINGLETON, LEARNING THAT YOUNG M'SKIRLYGY

(FROM WHOSE FAMILY SHE RECEIVED SUCH POLITENESS WHEN SHE WAS IN THE HIGHLANDS) WAS IN TOWN, AND HAVING HEARD SO MUCH OF HIS PLAYING, ASKS HIM TO ONE OF HER LITTLE PARTIES FOR CLASSICAL MUSIC, AND HOPES HE WILL 'OBLIGE' DURING THE EVENING.—HA! HA! SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HIS INSTRUMENT WAS!

A FEW A
Be conten
lot, especial
auction.
Avoid dis
a wrangler,
bridge.
The dark
rule) is just
lighted.
You cann
money; you
a mother-in-
Keep you
your carriage
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Be satisfied
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CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

INGENUAS DIDICISSE FIDELITER ARTES, &c., &c.—Nursemaid. "THE PERSPECTIVE OF THE Chiaroscuro IS DIVINE, AUGUSTUS. BUT, OH! THE Impasto, IS IT NOT A little too Pizzicato?"



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.
SWEETNESS AND LIGHT.—Coster. "ANY SPARROW— I BEG PARDON—ASPARAGUS, COOK?"

HISTORICAL.—The Non-Jurors were persons who, on account of age and some other disability, were excused from serving on juries.

OVERLANDISH.—By what route the Mother of a Family should go to India cannot for a moment be a matter of doubt.—*Ma Sait*, of course!

A WORD OF CHEER.—Would you keep out of trouble? Then persevere in active industry. Put your shoulder to the wheel, and you will never have to set your feet on it.

HINTS TO TOURISTS.

If you are put with a friend in a double-bedded room, bear in mind that inside walls are only lath and plaster, and that every word you say will be heard in the next room. Therefore carry on your conversation at the tip-top of your voice, and make as much noise as you can in packing, and in splashing, and in stumping round your room.

Always give to beggars who waylay you on the road, and if you know their language, accompany your gift with a little stogy speech to the effect that all we English have more money than we know how to spend, and it is our duty when we travel to succour the distressed. This will mightily encourage the impostors in their trade, and engender a great nuisance for tourists who are poorer or less foolish than yourself.

PRIZE CONUNDRUM.

My First is my second,
My Second's my first;
My Third's my best reckon'd,
My Fourth is my worst.
My Who's is a Something, but what I
can't tell,
Because if I did, why then you'd know
as well.

.*. Answer next year.

MUSING FOR THE MONTH.—In August remember the Grotto when you are out of Town, and be thankful that you have no gutter-children getting in your way. He that ate the first Oyster was hungry; the raw says, bold. But to beard the lion in his den is one thing; the oyster in his shell, another.

"I LIKE to read epigrams against us women," said Mrs. CLEVER. "When a culprit clanks his chains you know that they are on him."

STRAY PARENTS.—Lost children are to be found in most large cities, but in Paris there are also lost fathers (English) for whom a place seems to be specially provided, called the *Salle des Pas perdus*.



AT THE "ZOO."

Languid Swell. "CURASSOW IS IT?—BAAT JOVE!—THEN I S'POSE THE OTHER'S THE—AW—*Maraschino!*"

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

To Destroy Black Beetles.—Turn a pack of fox-hounds into the kitchen.

To Cure Smoky Chimneys.—Discontinue fires.

To get Rid of Ghosts.—Use disinfecting fluid copiously.

To Expel Dry-Rot.—Soak the places affected with the finest dry sherry.

To get the Servants up early in the Morning.—Send them to bed early at night.

To Revive the Fire.—Tie up the front-door knocker in a white kid glove.

To prevent the Beer going too Fast.—Possess the key to the mystery.

To avoid Draughts.—Don't take any.

To destroy Moths.—Collect butterflies.

How to keep Plate clean.—Wrapped up in silver paper.

How to dispose of Old Newspapers.—Put them into the brown study.

A CAROL BY A CYNIC.

O REST you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
But mind you have your purses full,
Your Christmas bills to pay.
And mind you do not feast too much
On jovial Christmas cheer:
Or else of gout you'll get a touch,
To gladden the New Year.

AN OUT IN AUGUST.

THE harvest's housed; the farmers dance;
the millers shout "Hoory!"
The bakers an excursion take, and go to
Alum Bay.

HUSBANDS are always thinking about money. Wives never ask for it at all. They are quite content with a cheque, dear humble things.

THE LILY OF THE "VALET."—The flower in your "man's" coat.

ALLUDING to chignons, Mrs. CLEVER said, "A girl, now, seems all head?" "Yes, till you talk to her," replied Mr. CLEVER.



OUR HOLIDAYS.

Youngest Daughter. (Didn't they have fun in Switzerland this year?) "Oh! FLORY, EMILY, 'MA! HERE'S ONE OF THOSE DEAR ARTISTS SKETCHING ON THE 'PLACE.' LET'S GO AND LOOK OVER HIM, AND SEE WHAT HE'S DOING!"—

THE PLIGHTED ONE.

You ask me if I love you,
And I cannot answer, "Yes!"
Tho' there's none I hold above you,
And my heart's in sore distress.
There are words one cannot utter,
And a "yes" is one of those?
Yet it is not that I stutter,
Or speak slightly through the nose.
I can vow that I adore you,
With my truest, fondest breath;
But the lip you've heard before, you
Will allow, can say but "Yeth!"

BROWN came home with a black eye. To his wife's inquiries he replied, that, having asked himself a question, he received such a saucy answer that he had been obliged to resent it. His wife did not believe him, and got a new dress that week.

WHAT NEXT?—The ingenuity of our great agricultural implement makers is extraordinary. One of them has lately invented a machine for sowing wild oats, which is expected to have an immense sale.

MEDIAEVAL PAINTING ON VELLUM.—JULIA, aged 50, rouged.

A BARREL has more brains than a booby who dyes his beard. The fool does, the fish doesn't.

ZOOLOGICAL.—A story that lays hold of you. A prehensile tail.

THE MOST DETESTABLE OF THE MORNING CALLS.—"Hot Water, Sir!"

NO OFFENCE.—As a rule crime is to be discouraged, but a comic writer should do his utmost to provoke man's laughter.

WHEN a vulgar husband drops his H's, a good wife drops her eyes.

THE ANGLE OF INCIDENCE.—When you're fishing, and tumble into the water.

NIGHT AND DAY.—Our bill-sticker is so devoted to his profession that he always sleeps in a four-poster.

A BAND OF HOPE.—A Submarine Cable.



BUT IT WAS ONLY LITTLE TYPNEY MAKING UP HIS ACCOUNTS, AND CALCULATING IF HE'D ENOUGH MONEY TO TAKE HIM BACK TO BEDFORD ROW!

AN IDYLL.

In the month of January,
First I met my darling MARY.
In the month of February,
Then I met her down in Derry.
Once again in month of March,
Met her at the Marble Arch.
Met her in the month of April,
Gone to Bangor to escape Rhyl.
Met her once again in May,
Sitting calmly at the play.
Met her yet once more in June,
Where the Park-band plays a tune.
Then I met her in July,
Richmond Hill, and no one by.
Met her yet once more in August,
When it blew a nasty raw gust.
Did I meet her in September?
Did I?—well, I don't remember.
Then I met her in October,
Spoke to her in sadness sober.
"No" comes natural in November,
Quenched was Cupid's flick'ring ember.
Never met again. December
Of a Club I'm now a member.

NOTICE TO THE TRUSTEES.—In the Department of Natural History at the British Museum there is a serious deficiency. There are nests of all sorts and sizes, birds' nests, wasps' nests, &c.; but not a single specimen of a mare's nest. This is a great disappointment to country visitors.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.—If you teach children Natural History in the Zoological Gardens, teach it to them correctly. For example: you should impress on their youthful minds that the bears climbing up for buns in the pit are Polar Bears.

AN EARLY LUXURY.—The Celts were much farther advanced in civilisation than is commonly supposed. They invented Celtzer water.

HOW TO KNOW THEM.—As a rule Bankers' Clerks may be distinguished by their wearing trousers with clocks.

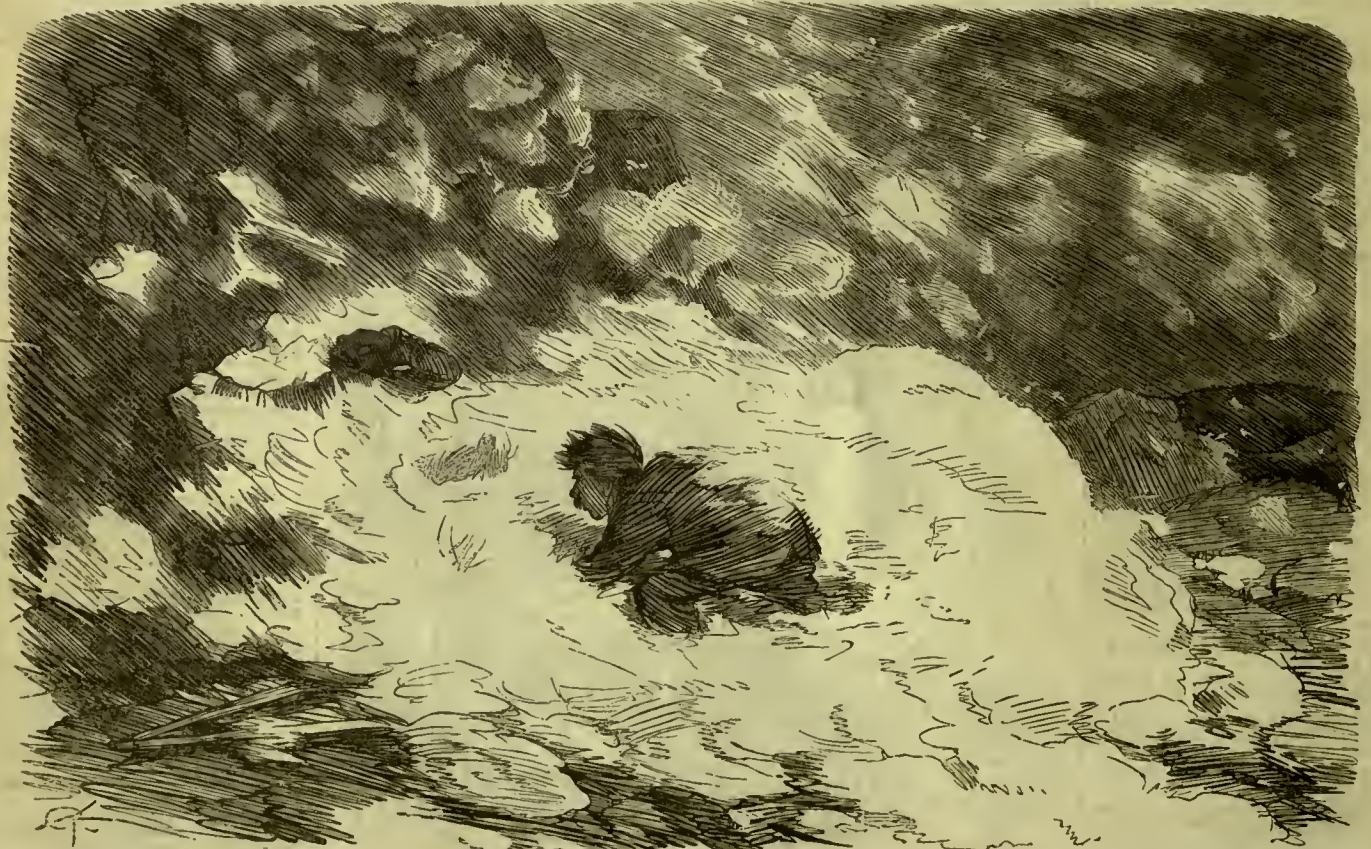
"THE NEW BATH GUIDE."—A Pamphlet on the Turkish system.

A TICKLISH POSITION.—Standing upon Trifles.



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

HIGH ART BELOW STAIRS.—Cook. "Sh—Sh—! Moderato, SUSAN! Affettuoso, JIM! Ben marcato il basso, MR. RAFFLES! Bravi tutti! Da capo!"



THE LATE GALES, 1869.

STEMPER AND VERNISH ON THE YORKSHIRE COAST. THEY WORKED ALL THROUGH THE STORMY WEATHER. HERE'S STEMPER TRYING TO FIND A SMALL WATER-COLOUR DRAWING AND A SABLE BRUSH, OUT OF ABOUT HALF AN ACRE OF SEA-SUDS!



THE FIRST OF OCTOBER. A "WARM CORNER" FOR JONES.

Jones. "I SAY, BROWN! HANG IT, YER KNOW! YOU NEARLY SHOT MY HEAD OFF THAT TIME!"
Brown (who has bagged Jones's bird into the bargain). "WHY DIDN'T YOU DUCK, YOU FOOL?"



"WARE HOUNDS!"

LATEST INVENTION OF OUR NOBLE MASTER FOR THE PROTECTION OF HIS PACK AGAINST "THE FIELD."



CULTURE FOR THE MILLION; OR, SOCIETY AS IT MAY BE.

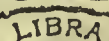
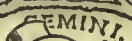
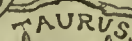
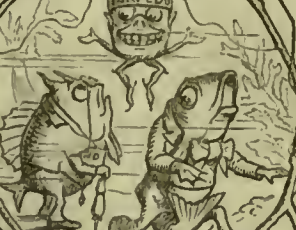
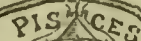
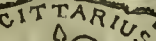
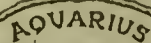
REPRESSION OF HABITUAL CRIME.—B. A. 1 (to Benevolent Old Gent.). "WHAT'S HE 'BEEN AND DONE?" WHY, HE'S BEEN AND DROPPED AN II! THAT'S WHAT HE'S 'BEEN AND DONE!' JEN'T THAT ENOUGH?"



"THE NORMAL DIAPASON!"

First Citizen (Returning from Dinner-Party). "HULLO, GROUNDERRY, 'S THAT YOU? GOOD GRACIOUS! ARE YOU MAD!?"
 Second Citizen (hushily). "ALL RIGHT, OLD FELLOW! 'FACT IS, I'VE GOT TO SING 'Qui Sdegno' AT OUR CONCERT, AND YOU KNOW WITH THE PRESENT HIGH PITCH, MY LOW D IS TOTALLY INEFFECTIVE UNLESS I'VE A SLIGHT COLD!"

THE CALENDAR



January xxxi Days.			February xxviii Days.			March xxxi Days.			
1	S. R. A. C.	17	T. Franklin	1	W. H. Grates	15	W. L. Leticia	1	W. St. David
2	N. Abdon	18	W. Trices	2	W. H. Lincoln	16	Th. Harkness	2	Th. Wesley
3	S. C. A. C.	19	W. A. G.	3	H. H. H. H.	17	W. H. H. H.	3	W. H. H. H.
4	W. H. H. H.	20	F. A. G.	4	H. H. H. H.	18	W. H. H. H.	4	W. H. H. H.
5	S. C. A. C.	21	W. A. G.	5	S. C. A. C.	19	S. C. A. C.	5	S. C. A. C.
6	W. H. H. H.	22	W. A. G.	6	S. C. A. C.	20	W. H. H. H.	6	W. H. H. H.
7	W. H. H. H.	23	W. A. G.	7	S. C. A. C.	21	W. H. H. H.	7	W. H. H. H.
8	S. C. A. C.	24	W. A. G.	8	S. C. A. C.	22	W. H. H. H.	8	W. H. H. H.
9	W. H. H. H.	25	W. A. G.	9	S. C. A. C.	23	W. H. H. H.	9	W. H. H. H.
10	S. C. A. C.	26	W. A. G.	10	S. C. A. C.	24	W. H. H. H.	10	W. H. H. H.
11	W. H. H. H.	27	W. A. G.	11	S. C. A. C.	25	W. H. H. H.	11	W. H. H. H.
12	S. C. A. C.	28	W. A. G.	12	S. C. A. C.	26	W. H. H. H.	12	W. H. H. H.
13	W. H. H. H.	29	W. A. G.	13	S. C. A. C.	27	W. H. H. H.	13	W. H. H. H.
14	S. C. A. C.	30	W. A. G.	14	S. C. A. C.	28	W. H. H. H.	14	W. H. H. H.
15	W. H. H. H.	31	W. A. G.	15	S. C. A. C.	29	W. H. H. H.	15	W. H. H. H.
16	S. C. A. C.			16	S. C. A. C.	30	W. H. H. H.	16	W. H. H. H.
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34	S. C. A. C.			34	S. C. A. C.			34	W. H. H. H.
35	W. H. H. H.			35	S. C. A. C.			35	W. H. H. H.
36	S. C. A. C.			36	S. C. A. C.			36	W. H. H. H.
37	W. H. H. H.			37	S. C. A. C.			37	W. H. H. H.
38	S. C. A. C.			38	S. C. A. C.			38	W. H. H. H.
39	W. H. H. H.			39	S. C. A. C.			39	W. H. H. H.
40	S. C. A. C.			40	S. C. A. C.			40	W. H. H. H.
41	W. H. H. H.			41	S. C. A. C.			41	W. H. H. H.
42	S. C. A. C.			42	S. C. A. C.			42	W. H. H. H.
43	W. H. H. H.			43	S. C. A. C.			43	W. H. H. H.
44	S. C. A. C.			44	S. C. A. C.			44	W. H. H. H.
45	W. H. H. H.			45	S. C. A. C.			45	W. H. H. H.
46	S. C. A. C.			46	S. C. A. C.			46	W. H. H. H.
47	W. H. H. H.			47	S. C. A. C.			47	W. H. H. H.
48	S. C. A. C.			48	S. C. A. C.			48	W. H. H. H.
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THE QUIP MODEST.

Host (Self-made Man). "I ASSURE YOU, BROWN, THERE ISN'T A MAN AS YOU 'VE BEEN DININ' WITH TO-DAY AS ISN'T WUTH HIS HEIGHTY OR 'UND'ERD THOUSAN' POUND!!"
 Artist (awfully bored). "OH DON'T APOLOGISE, I BEO! I DON'T MIND 'EM! INDIFFERENT HONEST I DARE SAY, SOME OF 'EM! SEEM GOOD JUDGES OF YOUR WINE. YOU
 NEEDN'T TELL 'EM WHO I AM, YOU KNOW!!" [Strolls into the Garden.]



THE CENSUS (ARITHMETICAL PROGRESSION.)

"WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO BE 'THIS' TIME, MARIA? LAST TIME, YOU WERE THIRTY-'ONE,' AND THIRTY TWO TIME BEFORE!"
 "TELL THE TRUTH, DEAR—THIRTY-TWO. HEIGHO! HOW TIME FLIES!"



WHAT WE WANT IN OUR POLICEMEN.

1. Great agility, TO CATCH THE CRIMINAL. 2. Immense physical strength, TO OVERPOWER HIM. 3. An acute and well-disciplined intellect, SO AS NEVER TO TAKE UP THE WRONG PERSON. THESE CHARACTERISTICS ARE RARELY TO BE FOUND COMBINED IN ONE POLICEMAN, BUT BY ORGANISING PICKED MEN INTO LITTLE BANDS OF THREE, GREAT IMPROVEMENTS MAY BE EXPECTED.

AID TO CONVERSATION.—If you are at a loss for something to say to a strong-minded woman, take an opportunity of asking her why an ironclad alongside of a wooden frigate reminds one of man and wife? Suppose she replies that she does not know, you can tell her—Because the wooden ship is the weaker vessel.

ADDRESS TO THE MOON.
Tay face is gibbous, Moon. And canst thou shine?
Ah, what if ETHEL's cheek should grow like thine!

"THE RAV SOCIETY."—The Photographic.

POPULAR MISSTATEMENT.—Christmas comes but once a year, say the unthinking. The 25th of December comes only once a year, if you like. But the Christmas Pantomimes are usually played till nearly Easter, and merry Christmas very often returns, with a bitter East wind, in the midst of merry May.

MONTHLY MEMORANDA.

January 7.—At 6-19 day breaks. You cannot mend it.

On February 15 the Moon and Saturn are in conjunction. Copulative or disjunctive? ZAD-KIEL, perhaps, will answer this question. He ought to know the grammar of Astrology.

February 28.—Last day of hare-hunting. All the hares next day go mad with joy.

March 1.—Feast of St. David. Welsh rabbit and leak eating begins. The Cambria may happen to spring a leak in season.

March 17.—St. Patrick's Day. Irishmen wear sham-rock. It is the only sham in Old Ireland.

The Immortal First of April.—All Fool's Day. Now make promises of Marriage. Now accept Trusts and Bills. Now conclude Treaties with Foreign Powers.

On the 10th of April Science lost GAY LUSSAC. He was a Chemist, and not a Man about Town.

May 29.—Restoration of KING CHARLES II. You can't make cider out of oak-apples.

June 21.—The longest day. No real night, unless you make a night of it; and then you may require "pick-me-up" next morning.

July 15.—Feast of St. Swithin. We like this Saint best without his nimbus. He is held to be the patron of cats and dogs.

July 31.—Parliament drawing to a close. About this time really dates the Massacre of the Innocents.

August 12.—Grouse shooting commences. Government institutes a trial of breech-loaders.

September 1.—St. Partridge; Bird and Martyr.



A MEAN AVERAGE.

Vulgar Old Uncle. "JOIN THE LADIES, GEORGE? ALL RIGHT, MY BOY. I GENERALLY TAKE A GLASS OF SHERRY BEFORE LEAVING THE TABLE—(sips)—YOU SEE IT MAKES ABOUT THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE GLASSES A YEAR—(smacking his lips)—EXTRY!!"

October 25.—Feast of St. Crispin. All soles.

The Ninth of November is the Lord Mayor's Day. It is either foggy or fair. In the former case it may remind his Lordship of thick turtle—in the latter of clear.

Christmas Politics.—Parliament is divided into parties, and Private Bills are introduced into the House.

FANTASIA ON ALL FOOLS' DAY.

THE true Philosopher, at ease reclined, Soars to the stars and contemplates his kind. Alike to him the gems and gold of Kings, The Knave of Diamonds, and Saturn's Rings, He sees through smoke the whole of Nature's plan, Measures the myriapoda with Man; Considers how gigantic cranes are fed, And carries the cosmogony to bed.

By SPIRIT POST.—"Stone walls do not a prison make"—Then what do? Perhaps the shade of Mr. RICHARD LOVELACE will satisfy a turnkey's mind by return.

A QUERY.—"Twas cavilare to the General."—Hamlet. Has it been discovered who was the General officer referred to by SHAKESPEARE?

How TO CURE THE VAPOURS (HOMOEOPATHICALLY).—Take a vapour bath.

MOTTO FOR THE AERONAUTICAL SOCIETY.—"Penris non homini datus."—Horace.



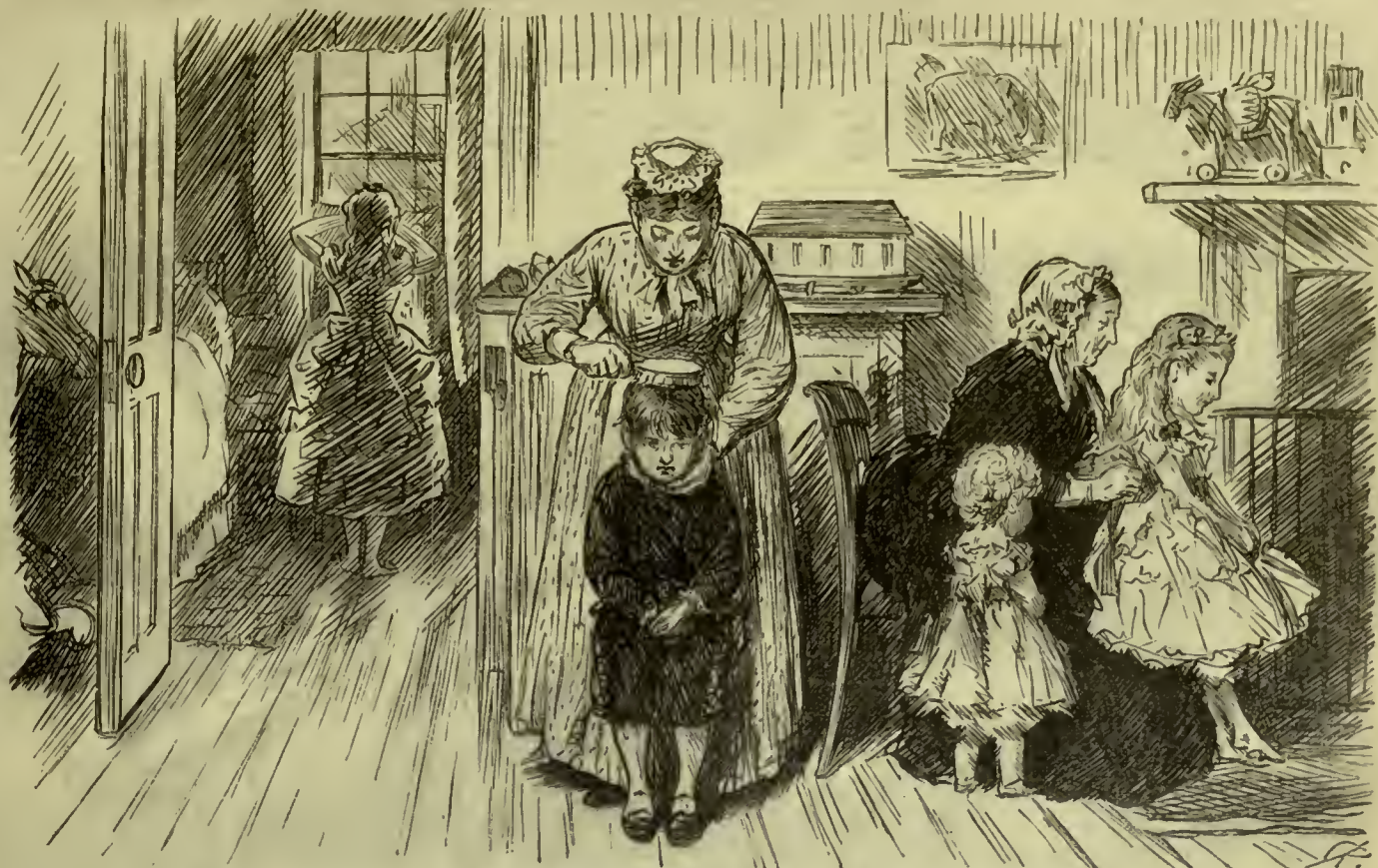
"AS WELL AS CAN BE EXPECTED."

Horsey Parish Doctor (late for the Meet). "WELL, MOTHER, AND HOW'S YOUR DAUGHTER, AND THE BABY—POORLY, EH? AH, WELL, GIVE HIM A PINCH O' BRIMSTONE IN HIS PAP, AND I'LL LOOK IN TO-MORROW."



MATER BULKY—FILIA BULKIOR.

Mamma (log.) "THAT IS MY PORTRAIT, DR. BRIEFLY; IT WAS PAINTED EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO—WE THINK IT VERY LIKE DEAR EMILY, HERE."
 "WHY, IT'S THE VERY IMAGE OF HER!" SAYS THE YOUNG DOCTOR, AGHAST, AND HE MENTALLY RESOLVES THAT HE WILL "NOT" PROPOSE FOR DEAR EMILY, AFTER ALL.



THE RESTRAINTS OF SOCIETY.

Juvenile Bohemian. "HATE GOIN' OUT TO TEA! 'HAVE TO BE GOOD SUCH A PRECIOUS LONG TIME!'"

A SONG FOR SPRING.

(By a Man of Feeling.)

How cheerful along the gay meads
The primrose and daisy appear!
And while on lamb cutlet he feeds,
Man is glad that the Springtime is here!

MAXIM FOR MAXLAND.—"The proper study of mankind is Man."

EXPERIENCE TEACHES.—A bachelor friend compares a shirt button to life, because it so often hangs by a thread.

PROVERBIAL FALLACY.—Waste not, want not—Bosh. One may never waste a candle's end, and yet want a thousand a year.

A SONG FOR SUMMER.

(By a Rural Philosopher.)

'Tis sweet the lazy hours to slay,
Reclining 'mid the new-mown hay:
'Tis sweet to smoke the pensive pipe,
And think that strawberries are ripe.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

JANUARY.—Now flowers the Christmas Rose, otherwise called the Black Hellebore, *Helleborus Niger*. "Calumny." Just so. It is not of that colour; nothing so much like a nigger as a Coal Black Rose.

FEBRUARY.—First, up peeps the Snowdrop, then the Crocus. Snowdrop, "Refinement." Crocus, "Abuse not." Omnibus Conductors and Cabmen, stick them in your button-holes.

MARCH.—The Anemone blooms. It is the emblem of "Sickness." N.B. Anemone means Wind Flower.

APRIL.—In meadows you may now eul the Cardamine, or Cuckoo Flower, signifying "Paternal Error." But it is no fault of the cock Cuckoo that the hen lays her eggs in another bird's nest. Place this flower, dears, on the breakfast table for Papa to see when he comes down late after having dined out.

MAY.—The Hawthorn puts forth its blossoms. "Hope." Brides, twine Hawthorn bloom with your Orange Flowers.

JUNE.—Eglantine—"Poetry."

Read Dr. Watts.
JULY.—Cabbage Rose—"Ambassador of Love." Employ a Solicitor.

AUGUST.—Clematis—"Mental Beauty." Offer it to a strong-minded woman.

SEPTEMBER.—Now, in showery weather, you may test the accuracy of the "Shepherd's Barometer," Pimpernel, "Change."—"Assignment." Return the letters of your old love, and advertise for a new.

OCTOBER.—For some time after



TERRIBLE SITUATION.

Hostess, "I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO A CHARMING PARTNER—MR. TRIMMLES, Miss MUDDLEWORTH." (In a whisper to him,) "SO CLEVER! WROTE THAT CAPITAL ARTICLE ON SPONTANEOUS CEREBROSITY IN THE LAST SIXTH-MONTHLY!"

Michaelmas you can gather the Michaelmas Daisy—"Cheerfulness in Old Age." Make a chaplet of it for your grumbling old Uncle.

NOVEMBER.—The month for Chrysanthemums. Red, "I love." White, "Truth." Yellow, "Slighted Love." Weave the three into a garland for a Philosopher who has been jilted.

DECEMBER.—Holly means "Foresight." Mistletoe, "Obstacles to be overcome." Surmount Mistletoe with Holly.

ECCLESIASTICAL PROPRIETIES.—"I am," said a reverend Rector of the old school to a Ritualist Curate, "a martyr to the Gout." "Pardon me, my dear Sir," replied the latter, "happily you still survive. You should not call yourself a Martyr, but a Confessor."

TURNING THE TABLES.—In the present age of enlightenment and economy billiard-tables are manufactured to serve as dining-tables also. If you happen to sit down as a guest at one of these, remember the good old injunction—Eat all, but pocket none.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—Landlubbers may be informed that the nautical experiment of Boxing the Compass is usually attempted upon the Spar deck.

A POOR PERFORMER.—In the concert of birds the domestic fowl plays but a humble part—only supplying the drum-sticks.

PROVERB FOR A SHOWER.—Half a parasol is better than no umbrella.

VOLUMES OF SMOKE.—From a Library on Fire.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

(By a Domestic Economist.)

If your rooms are only large enough to accommodate a score, when you give a ball be careful to invite at least a hundred. At the same time only order supper for a score, for people who are squeezed to death can hardly have much appetite.

Let your children form a tasting committee of the sweets, ere they are placed upon the table. Dirty little finger-marks are sure to prove deterrent to the hunger of your guests, and your family next day will be a gainer by their abstinence.

In order to seem hospitable, walk about the supper-room with a bottle of Champagne, and challenge friends to drink with you, telling them, in a stage whisper, that it only cost you eighteen-pence a bottle.

When you give a dinner-party, hire the smallest glasses that you can procure, and direct your waiters to put plenty of ice in them.

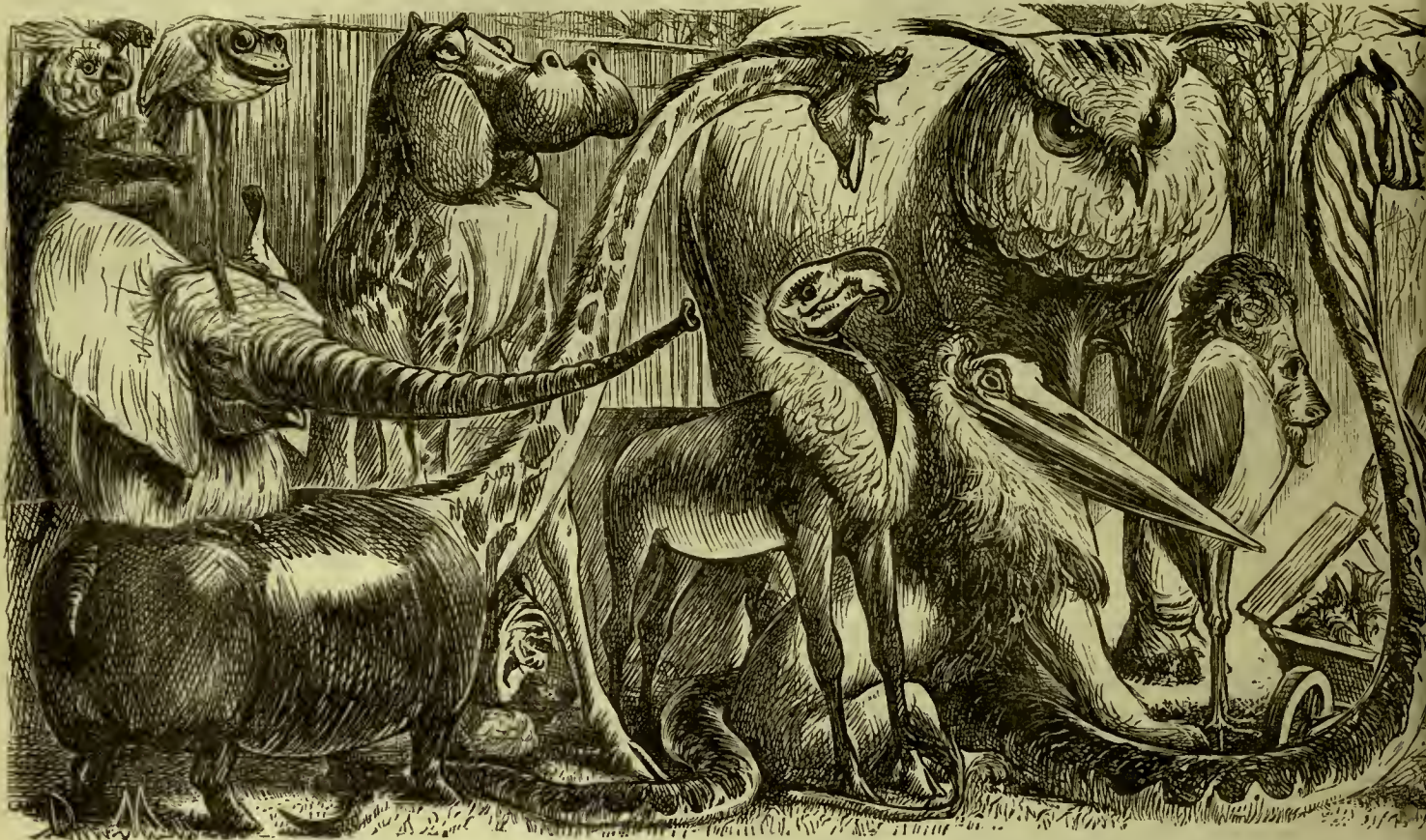
Never encourage arguments before you join the ladies, for arguing induces thirst, and thirst is far from economical.

Hire your waiters upon terms that shall induce them to tout your guests for fees, and thus make them leave your house with small wish to revisit it.

If conversation flags, beg somebody or other to oblige you with a song. This will be quite certain to set every one off talking, and prevent their thinking of the bad dinner you have given them.

MEMORABLE EVENT IN MAY.—On the 20th of this merry month the First NAPOLEON was compelled to raise the siege of Aere by the renowned SIR SIDNEY SMITH. This chivalrous SIDNEY may be called the British Cid.

NO FABLE.—Æsop had a remarkably wide gullet. Ever since his time that part of the human frame has been called the Æsophagus.



THE KEEPER

ONE OF THE OFFICIALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS HAS A BEWILDERING NIGHTMARE. HE DREAMS THAT

JANUARY.

1. Old May Day.
2. Lots of things.
3. Lots more.
- 4, 5, 6, 7. Holidays in the City for anybody who likes to take them.
8. Trout-fishing commences in the Serpentine.
9. Hair-brushing begins.
10. Christmas bills fall due.
11. Pic-nic on London Bridge by the old Scholars of Greenwich Hospital. Traffic permitting.
- 12, 13, 14. Lovely weather, if fine.
- 15, 16. Rag Fair held at the Rag this year.
17. Festival of the Great Grandsons of the Clergy celebrated by the Fathers of the Church.
18. A very Remarkable Day.
19. A Day observed by the Algerines.
20. First appearance of the Great Comet; not absolutely impossible.
21. Mr. Jones born (1820). Nothing after this, except
22. Fireworks.

FEBRUARY.

1. Fishing for compliments commences.
2. Only comes once a year.
4. Anniversary.
- 5, 6, 7, 8. Half-holidays in the City. Members of the Stock Exchange can take which half they like. Tickets issued at the Monument.
- 9, 10. Review of the Lords of the

Admiralty by the Elder Brethren of Trinity House.

11. Dance of Veterinary Surgeons in Guildhall.
12. Croquet match in Lincoln's-Inn-fields.
13. A Moveable Feast. On table at 7-30, punctually off at 10.
14. Exportation of Coals to Newcastle, from Paul's Wharf. King Cole's Day.
15. A most Extraordinary Day.
20. New Moon, if the old one's finished.
21. Mr. Smith born. (1821.)
22. Nothing more to the end of the month.

MARCH.

1. He comes in like a Lion.
2. Public Games in Leicester Square.
3. Installation of the Chancellor of Oxford, if necessary.
4. Great Tooth-drawing Match for £20 a side, by members of the Royal Academy.
- 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Nothing doing. Luncheon every day at the same hour.
11. A Moveable Feast. Dinner at 7-30 to the minute.
12. Ramadan observed by the Turks. (Poor fellows!)
- 13, 14, 15. Oysters taken by the dozen to spend a happy day at Rosherville.
10. A Wonderful Day.
17. Fair Day.
18. Day after the Fair.
19. Holiday all over the country, if permitted.

20. Mr. Brown born. Rejoicings.
21. Reaction after recent excitement. The other days of the month can be omitted, if requisite.
31. He goes out like a Lamb.

APRIL.

1. Old Michaelmas Day.
- 2, 3, 4, 5. All on the same day.
6. Race of Wild Horses in Rotten Row.
7. Annual May Fair Day.
8. Moveable Feast. Supper put off till to-morrow.
9. Lobsters' Lady Day.
- 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. The middle of next week.
17. Very likely an earthquake. Listen.
18. Holiday at the Turkish Baths. Full Dress.
19. A most Remarkable Day. You'll see.
20. Eclipse: perhaps.
21. Mr. Robinson born.
- *** The celebrated Robinson year. Nothing after this.

MAY.

1. Fox-hunting commences.
2. And continues.
- 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. Rejoicings.
- 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. Depression.
13. Fireworks.
14. Deputation from the Zoological Gardens, mounted on animals, waits upon the Lord Mayor.
- 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. Preparations everywhere for the Great Holiday on the 21st.

PRIZE CALENDAR.—Warranted not to con

20. Final Preparations.
21. Mr. SMITH, JUN., BORN. Fireworks to the end of the month.

JUNE.

1. Great Hen Day. Ceremony of laying the first egg in state.
- 2, 3, 4. Turtle Match for £50 aside between two Aldermen of the City of London. The winner to be elected Lord Mayor for next year.
- 5, 6, 7. Dance of Detectives in Scotland Yard. Bagpipe accompaniment.
8. Washing the London statues. General Holiday.
9. Members of Parliament football match and hurdle races in the New Cut, Lambeth. Circus performances in the evening.
- 10, 11, 12. Snuff-taking begins.
13. Grotto Day. Commemoration in the Shell-donian Theatre, Oxford.
14. Several eclipses in visible everywhere.
15. Remarkable Day.
16. Queer Day.
17. Good Day.
18. How d'ye do to-day?
19. Half Holiday.
20. Half Holiday.
21. Whole Holiday.
22. Rejoicings till the end of the month.

JULY.

1. First of December. Old Style.
- 2, 3. Racing in sacks from Cornhill to Temple Bar by everybody who likes.

- 4, 5, 6. Holiday a
7. Illuminations
8. All theatres c
9. Balloon ascent
10. Fireworks.
11. Exhibition of
- 12, 13, 14, 15. Divi
16. London Brid
17. Old Guy Faw
18. rememberth
19. Cambridge Te
20. Very Remark
21. Very Queer D
22. Holiday Prep
23. National Fet
24. Great Nation
25. born.
26. Fireworks till
27. All
28. Visit everybod
29. Opera opens
30. every hour.
31. Ballet in the
32. the Peace So
33. Longest day a
34. Old Derby Da
35. Old New Year
36. some places.
37. Thames Emb
38. quite done.
39. Cambridge Te
40. Curious Day.

WHERE THEY OUGHT TO GO.

Our Fireman—to Bernie.
Our Brushmaker—to Coma.
Our Sausageman—to Cateaton Street.
Our House-dog—to Barking.
Our Papermaker—to Rhelms.
Our Drunkard—to Dropmore.
Our Angler—to Worms.
Our Spiritualist—to Scilly.
Our Forger—to Shammonoy.
Our Undertaker—to Bury.

NEGATIVE EXPERIENCE.

I NEVER knew a plain cook who was not a gaudy dresser.
I never know a Cockney get the worst of it at sea, without his telling me he never felt so well in all his life.
I never saw the portrait of a Derby Winner that could not be mistaken for a dozen I before had seen.
I never saw an Alderman at a feast of Vegetarians.
I never saw a sailor carrying an umbrella, or a pair of spectacles in use by a chimney-sweep.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.—Bad pianos.

ANECDOTE.—“Come, girls,” said our jolly old aunt, “about this Census. We are always hearing of ‘united ages.’ Let us club our years. I’ll put in 63, and you four shall put in 20 each. Then we shall all be under 30!” The girls nearly kissed her old head off for her audacity.

“BALL-ROOM might borrow a hint from those mercantile chaps,” said, pensively, young HARCIGANUTE. “When one takes Partner, liability should be limited. Dance with her, but not bound to take her to supper.”

It has been observed that poultry fanciers are subject to an unpleasant do’cet—a cock in their eye.



WHTMARE.

THE ANIMALS HAVE BROKEN LOOSE AND SWAPPED HEADS, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW "WHICH TO FEED WITH WHAT."

single item of trustworthy information.

te.
ing in par-
tis to the
fa.
Fabrics by
ehrooms off
Please to
of July, &c.

10. A Remarkable Day: all after this are succeeding Days: good Days for Speculations.
11. Shooting for Nuts by members of the Gun Club.
12. Great Skating Match for £100 a side, on the Ornamental Water, Green Park. Weather permitting.
13. Horse Show at Horsemonger Gaol.
- 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19. No days: all longest nights.
20. Brown horn. Festivities and illuminations till the end of the month.

SEPTEMBER.

1. Vaccination (gratis) at Nelson's Monument, Trafalgar Square.
2. Old Midsummer Day.
3. Cambridge Term meets the Oxford Term. Dinner in honour of the occasion.
4. Even of Odd Day.
5. Odd Day.
6. Volunteer Review (put off indefinitely).
7. Otter-hunting in Piccadilly.
8. Concert Festival. Singing in the Ears.
9. Hockey on the ice, as usual, by torchlight.
10. Grand Day at the Ladies' Exchange Column.
- 11, 12, 13. General Holiday at the Mint. Readings from the works of Charles Lamb given gratis.

14. Balloon ascents by Missionaries: after a collection.
- 15, 16. Procession of Her Majesty's Ministers carrying the annual Cabinet Pudding in state to Buckingham Palace.
17. Irish Landlord Shooting commences.
18. Degree of L.L. conferred on Mr. Kinabau by Dublin University.
19. Rejoicings in anticipation of tomorrow.
20. Smith horn. Oala days and regattas to the end of the month.

OCTOBER.

1. Balloon Ascents. Experiments with Barrels of Gunpowder in the Air. Holiday at the Crystal Palace.
2. Nightingales heard for the first time in Bond Street.
3. London shuts up, everybody worth speaking of, or to, being now cleared out. The inhabitants, however, are allowed their harmless recreations, as duck-hunting, pelting organists, attending debating societies, making excursions to Hicks's Hall to see how it formerly stood, and sending halfpenny cards.

NOVEMBER.

1. Political Meetings—Spouting in Trafalgar Square by the Fountains.
2. Possible rain of meteors—certain rain of cats and dogs.
3. Archery Fêtes commence, President, the Head Master of Harrow. First Meeting in Bow Street.

5. Hanwell Holidays commence.
6. Cambridge Term divides in the Senate House, and is lost on the division.
7. Ceremony of Spinning the Top of the Monument.
8. Day for Scouring Hyde Park by Volunteers.
9. Great Game at Nurr and Spell. Colours to be obtained at Lambeth Palace. Place of meeting secret till the night before.
10. Police "receive information."
11. Police will consider the information received.
12. Police will determine to act upon it.
13. Police will proceed to act upon it.
14. Police will find that culprit bolted on the 9th.
15. Police interchange compliments on their intelligence and efficiency, and wait for more information.
16. Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race, if it hasn't come off before this.
- 17, 18, 19. Great Billiard Match between the Canons of St. Paul's and Westminster.
20. Rat Hunting commences.
- 21, 22. Old Dog Days.
23. Smith horn. Rejoicings to end of the month.

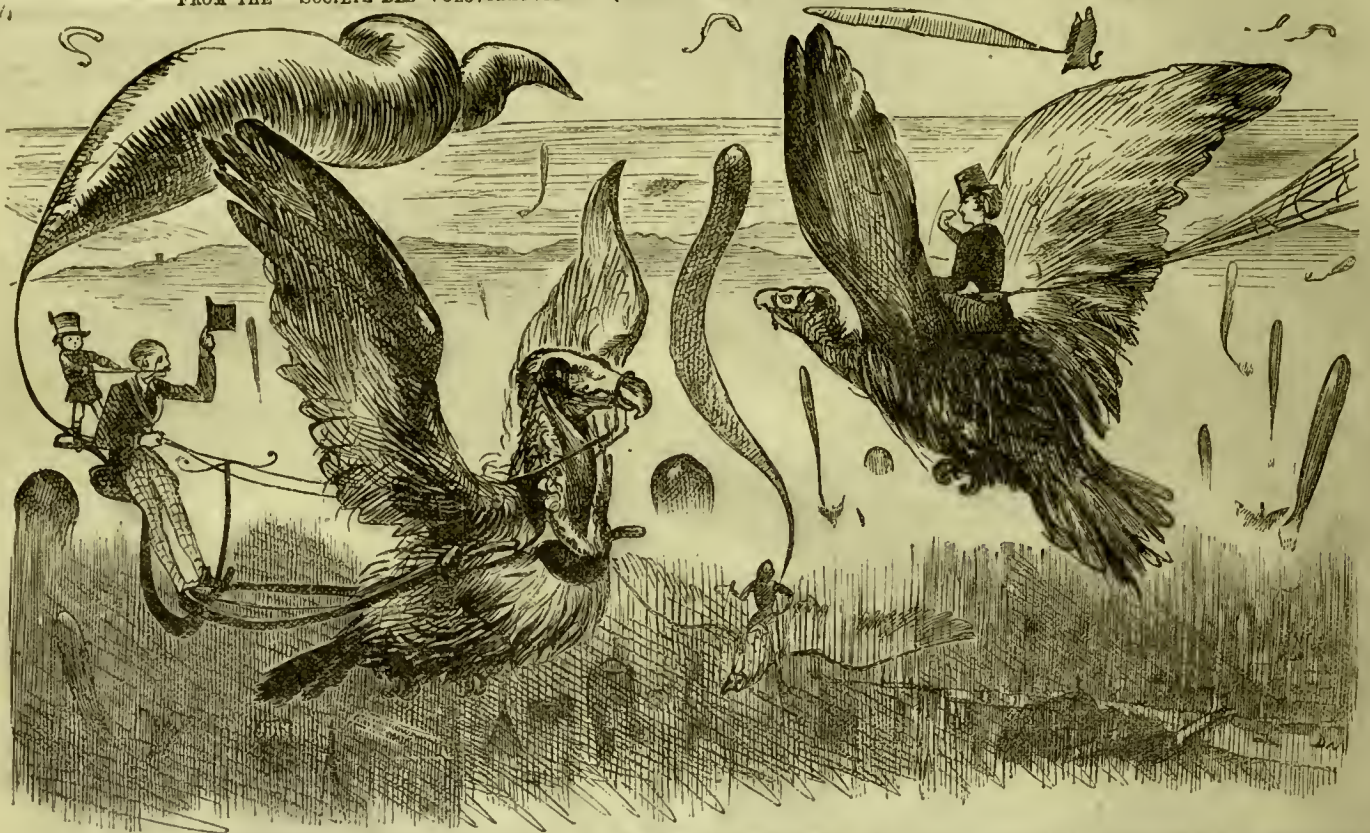
DECEMBER.

- 1, 2, 8. Swimming Matches in Coldbath Fields. Humane Society in attendance on their own Drags.
- 4, 5, 6. Old Longest Days.

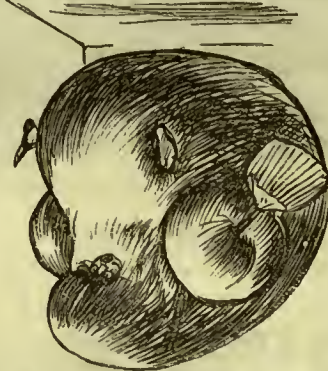
7. Cambridge and Oxford Terms join in the middle.
8. Sermons gratis from the Cross of St. Paul's.
9. Anniversary of the Invasion of the Thames Tunnel.
11. Inspection of Ballet Dresses, previous to production of Pantomimes by the Officers of the Lord Chamberlain's Office, and the Middlesex Magistrates. It will take place on the outskirts of the Metropolis.
12. Bill-ringing Match round the Squares of London. Open to all boys under thirteen. Run-away-knock Sports to follow.
13. Skittle-playing at private parties.
14. Meetings by Moonlight alone, and Grand International Cat Show on the Tiles, Finsbury Pavement.
15. Prize Barrister Show, Temple Bar.
16. Great Sale at the United Service Shopkeepers' Company, Limited: Yachts of over ten tons only admitted.
- 17, 18, 19. Holidays at the Bank. Treasury open gratis to all comers. No Police.
20. Jones born. Fireworks and Bonfires to the end of the Year.
31. The Last Day of the Year. It is customary to spend it in making good resolutions for the next, but this ceremony may be dispensed with by licence, to be obtained from your wife, or anybody else who knows your real character.

SUGGESTIONS FOR AERIAL NAVIGATION.

FROM THE "SOCIÉTÉ DES VOLOVOLAUVENTS" (VOLO VOLARE—I WILL FLY; VENTUM—WIND OR NO WIND).



SEEING WHAT SELECTION, CLIMATE, TRAINING, &c., HAVE DONE FOR THE EQUINE BREED, WHY SHOULD NOT THE SAME INFLUENCES BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON POWERFUL BIRDS OF PREY? THE BALLOON ITSELF MIGHT BE MADE OF SUCH A SHAPE AS TO OFFER A MINIMUM OF RESISTANCE TO THE AIR.



TAKE AN INDIA RUBBER COAT, TIE IT AT THE NECK, WRISTS, AND ANKLES, AND TURN ON THE GAS FROM YOUR OWN BURNER. THEN PADLE ABOUT THE ROOM WITH FANS.

HARNESS AN UNLIMITED NUMBER OF PIGEONS TO ONE END OF YOUR CAR, AND A HAWK TO THE OTHER, AND LEAVE EVERYTHING TO APPETITE AND FEAR.



PUT ON A TAIL COAT, STAND ON THE ROOF, DRAW YOUR BREATH AND WAVE YOUR HANDS GENTLY UP AND DOWN FOR A FEW GENERATIONS. BY AN EXTENSION OF MR. DARWIN'S THEORY YOU WILL GRADUALLY FIT YOURSELF FOR INDEPENDENT VOLITATION. (THIS PLAN REQUIRES MUCH PATIENCE AND SELF-DENIAL.)



THE ROYAL BLANKSHIRE HUSSARS (YEOMANRY). "INSPECTION PARADE."

Sergeant-Major.—"WHEN I D' SAYE DRAA-A—, MIND THEE BE-ANT TO DRAA-A—; BUT WHEN I D' SAYE SOUARDS,—WHIP 'EM OUT SWEART AND 'DRESS UP' T'GUTTER."

RECREATION FOR THE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.—A Game of Elph Marbles.

WHAT A SISTER SAYS:—Brothers are bothers.

VULGAR ERROR.—It is commonly said that any stick will do to beat a dog. No. A stick of sealing-wax won't.

THE FARMER'S PARADISE.—The Island of Muck.

AN OLIVE BRANCH FROM THE VATICAN.—The POPE sends his Prize Bull to the Islington Cattle Show.

A SWELL SAINT.—St. Martin-le-Grand.

JOTTINGS BY A TOURIST.

Andover.—Properly Handover, but the first settlers were careless of their h's.

Baker H.—Pastry, rolls, &c., in perfection.

Banbury.—Cakes and Cross both with a pilgrimage; shed tears over the latter, thinking of my childhood.

Beaumaris.—Slightly corrupted. The founder, like Beau Nash, Beau Brummis, &c. was commonly known as Beau Morris.

Beverley.—Called after the celebrated Scene-painter.

Bridport.—Really Brideport, having once been a favourite retreat for the newly-married.

Black Pill Road.—Evidently some mistake here; ought to be either Black Draught, or Blue Pill Road.

Brightside.—What a delightful place to live in! Should never have the blues again; everything would be couleur de rose.

Broadstairs.—On the contrary, those I went up and down were unusually narrow, otherwise I should have recommended this place to persons afflicted with fat.

Burnt Island.—Not a sign of a conflagration to be seen.

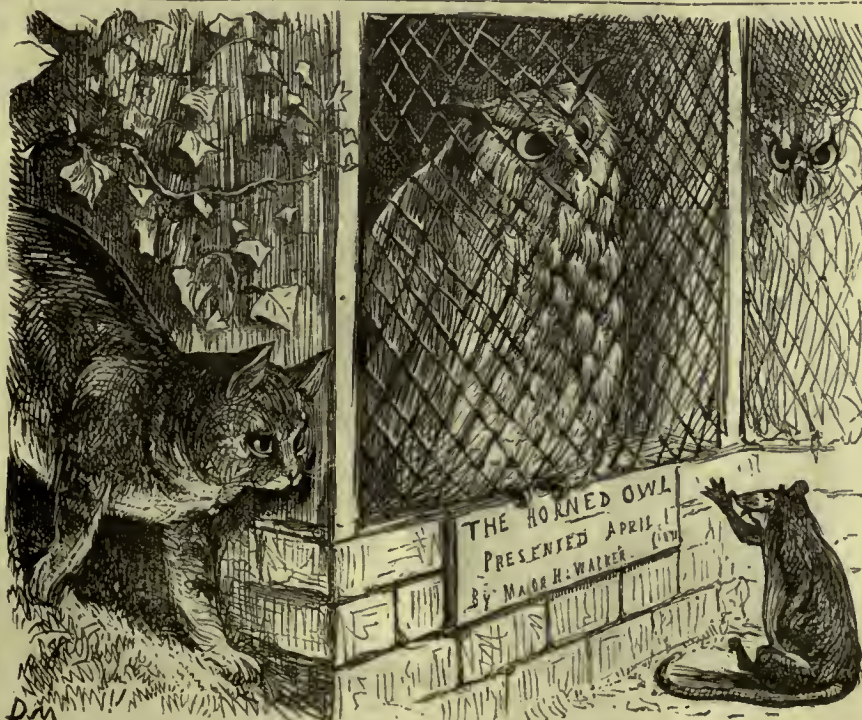
Girencester.—Another instance of corruption. It ought to be Sirencester. One was living here as recently as the Middle Ages.

Clock Face.—Set my watch by it; inhabitants all up to the time of day.

Cowentry.—The inhabitants were obliging enough to point out several individuals who had been sent there. They all wore green spectacles.

Dawdlish.—I should say Dawdlish.

Town of Deal.—All the houses built of timber.



A FABLE WITHOUT WORDS.

(THE RAT, THE CAT, AND THE CAVED OWL AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.)

Denmark Hill.—Misplaced; ought to be in Copenhagen Fields.

Deesbury.—Very damp.

Dollar.—Americans very partial to it.

Dunning.—To be most carefully avoided.

Eye.—Full of oculists.

Fighting Cocks.—Shocked at this; had hoped all such cruel sports were extinct.

Johnshaven.—And very nice and clean he looked.

Kidderminster.—A great take in—not a vestige of a Cathedral to be seen.

Killybrewster.—Much disappointed; could not see her anywhere, high or low.

Marlborough.—A chalky soil.

Muselburgh.—Had some for supper—very good.

Newtyle.—Not an old hat to be seen; very much ashamed of mine.

Parsonstown.—The process of disestablishment most difficult here.

Pembroke.—Bought a table.

Poole.—Played a Gambo.

Reading.—Studious place.

Rye.—Bread excellent.

Sandwich.—Luncheon ditto.

Scarborough.—No Scar to be seen.

Stockport.—No Cattle being shipped or unshipped; no haven in sight.

Swansea.—Sea, but no Swans.

Farmouth.—The leading inhabitants are known as the bloated aristocracy.

PROVERBIAL BOSH.—It is said that "the weakest goes to the wall." He is much more likely to be pushed into the gutter.

FIXED AND SHOOTING STARS.—The Pointers of the Great Bear.



A STROKE OF BUSINESS.

Butler (or rather Greengrocer from round the Corner). "IF AT ANY TIME, MUM, YOU SHOULD REQUIRE MY SERVICES—IF YOU'LL TAKE MY CARD, MUM, AT SEVEN AND SIX THE EVENING—MOST 'APPY AT ANY TIME—WHAT NAME, MUM?"

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

(By a Pensive Poet)

SEE the Sportsmen, gun in hand,
Stalking o'er the stubbly land ;
See the birds they aim to slay,
And think how nice to eat are they.

OUTRAGE ON GOLDSMITH.

(By a Sleepy Housemaid, concerning Missus.)

SHE rings us up at 7, till 10 sho lies—
 "More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise."

A SONG FOR WINTER.

(By a Jolly Gardener.)

WHILE rains and winds descend and roar,
All outdoor planting now is o'er ;
But indoors we may still be jolly,
And in the pudding plant the holly.

ALMANACK NOTE FOR ANY DATE.—Star Shooting begins.

NOTES OF A NATURALIST.

CLANDESTINE marriages are the rule amongst the cryptogamous plants.

The most remarkable instance of a hybrid animal is the cricket-bat.

The guinea-pig is not worth a guinea at the present day.

Is your dog too noisy? Try and cure him homœopathically, by administering a dose of bark.

Of all the birds the chaffinch possesses the greatest powers of banter.

The best place in all London for rabbits is the Borough.

You may safely take a bull by the horns, if they are tipped.

An appropriate present for a Zoologist would be a bunch of seals.

The goat-sucker, when hard pressed, has been known to make shift with a kid glove.

In his *Anecdotes of Dogs* JESSE has omitted to mention the instance of the polite dog, which bit a place out and replaced it.

The camel is said to have several stomachs. Let us hope the camel is not troubled with indigestion. It would be too horrible.

Black Sheep have been seen in the Zoological Gardens.

Live oysters "bred upon tiles." What hard fare for the poor natives! It is a wonder they survive it.

The book worm has been known to live to a great age.

VERY DIFFERENT THINGS.—HUNTERSON admits his ignorance of the precise meaning of a "purling brook:" but says he can speak from experience as to what a "purl" over a brook is.



FESTIVITIES OF THE SEASON.

Mrs. Smith (to Mr. S., who has just arrived home at 2:30 A.M.). "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, SIR, BY COMING HOME IN SUCH A STATE AT THIS UNTIMELY HOUR?"

IN SUCH A STATE AT THIS TIMELY HOUR!
Mr. S. (decidedly "fresh"). "S-SH-BITATE! 'TIMELY HOUR! EH! *(After a pause, with intense dignity)*
 FORTUNATE FOR YOU, MA-RAM, FRIEN' TOOK ME BRI'SH MUSHEEM-*(hic)*-AN' IF WE HADN'T COME OUT 'FORE
 LASST ACT PAN'OMME-'SHOULD'N' A' BEEN HOME FOR VERY CONSI'DERABLE-" *(hic)*.

WANT OF TACT.

REMARKING to a fat man, "May your shadow never be less!"

Saying to a friend, whose nasal organ is not conspicuous for beauty, that something is as plain as the nose on his face.

Asking a deaf man whether he hears good accounts from his son.

A LAST ATTEMPT.

Why is a jibbing horse like a very lazy artist?

Because, however much you coax him, you find that he won't draw.

THE RESULTS OF DISSIPATION.—A rumour is afloat that the man who dived into futurity came up drowned in tears, and has since been in the depths of despair. He is now better, having dipped into a book.

ADVICE GRATIS.—Do you object to the extraordinary proceedings of the Ritualists? Go to evensong: there can be nothing odd there.

AN OMISSION OF THE POET'S.—COWPER speaks of "the bubbling and loud-hissing urn." The same little machine, when it won't either hubble or hiss, may be described as tacit-urn.

PHYSIOCNOMICAL. — LAVATER could always tell whether a man was a miser, by the way in which he pursed up his mouth.

* A PARDONABLE REMARK.—The wife of an Opera Dancer presented him with twins. Everybody, of course, said that he was a *Fa de deux*.

"FRIENDS AT A PINCH." —
Snuff-boxes and tight-lacing.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1871.

RULES AND REGULATIONS

For the Proposed Irish Exhibition of Portraits to be held in Dublin.

- Rule I. That all the Portraits shall be likenesses.
Rule II. That in the event of there being no original to

any one picture, the artist shall find one at his own expense.
Rule III. That in order to avoid the great fault of the London Royal Academy, all the pictures shall be hung in a line.

Rule IV. That the Exhibition shall be open on the 1st of April, and remain so; but no one admitted after that.

CONVERSE OF SHAKSPEARE.

Juliet (log.) O that I were that veal upon that fork,
That then those lips might touch me!

PROSPEROUS GALES.—Trade winds.



THE REAL "HAPPY FAMILY" OF NATIONS.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S ON NEW YEAR'S EVE. TIME, 11:45 P.M.

MACHIAVELLIANA.

Trust nobody that you need not. Never quarrel with anyone who can injure you. Never abuse anybody behind his back without a purpose. Virtue is its own reward, if you are good for nothing. Never revenge yourself

for the mere sake of vengeance; it is sentimental and may be injudicious. Never defer till to-morrow that which you can do to-day, but always defer making any payment you can evade *sine die*. If you wish to live beyond your income, pay your tradesmen by turns. Pay each of them as soon as he threatens to County-Court you, not later, lest he should

be as bad as his word; for then you would have to pay his bill, and costs besides.

A DAILY OCCURRENCE.—That must be a curious phenomenon to watch—a house changing hands.



WHAT THEY SAID TO THEIR HORSES.

Street thing on Heavy Animal. "GET ON, OLD MAN! I DON'T CARE ABOUT THE BRUSH, BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO CUT DOWN MISS CLARA ONCE TO-DAY.
Ditto on Thorough-bred. "NO HURRY, MY PET. FOURTEEN STONE AND A DRAY-HORSE WON'T LEAVE US FAR BEHIND!"

IRISH MELODY ON ST. MARTIN'S DAY (NOV. 11).

His clock with a beggar Saint Martin divided,
 At a time when he hadn't another to use,
 St. Patrick O Toole was a Saint more decided;
 With a barfooted tramp he divided his shoes.

WIT AND WEATHER. — Englishmen, when they meet, show their wisdom, and not their dullness, by talking about the weather. We notice our changeable climate. Suppose we saluted each other after the manner of the ancients, we should cry "Hail!" when there might be no such thing. Whereas now we never say "Hail" without it does.

POETRY OF THE PLANETS.

SUN, centre of our system, we may say:
 'Thou art a Bull's-eye, lighting us by day.
 Thou, Mercury, art nearest to the Sun.
 Thy teaching is—take care of Number One.
 Alchemists after thee, Mars, Iron call.
 Perhaps thou art a monster cannon-ball.
 Bright Venus, in thy splendour oft I've joyed.
 Cupid shows not. Is he an "Asteroid"?
 Thou Earth, the ancient Romans called thee by
 Two names. O Tellus, Terra, tell us why?

No atmosphere invests thee, silver Moon.
 Inhabit thee who may, they've no balloon.
 Jupiter, biggest planet that Man sees,
 Turnip art thou to turnip-radishes.
 Saturn, thy land's as light as cork, they say,
 Knowing thy size, and how much thou dost weigh.
 A saw by thee quashed, Uranus, we find;
 When out of sight, thou art not out of mind.
 To ADAMS and LE VERNIER thankful be,
 Neptune, to have an Orb named after thee.

How to COLLAR BEES.—Send for a Policeman.

*ON THE 15th OF NOVEMBER, 1620, was born ANDREW MARVELL, celebrated for integrity:—

What man is there that walks the Earth
 More blest than one of conscious worth,
 He who, with means large, safe, and clear
 Knows himself worth so much a-year?

GREAT LITERARY DISCOVERY.—Has any commentator on SHAKESPEARE remarked the curious and interesting fact that *Belarius* (in *Cymbeline*) must at one time have been a banker's clerk, for he says—

"O, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check."



MUSIC AT HOME.

STUDY OF AN AMATEUR COMIC SINGER STRUGGLING WITH A...

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1872.

1 F 8 r. 6h. 47m
2 S 4. 5h. 41m
3 S 3 s. in Lent
4 M Somers N.
5 Tu Arne d.
6 W Du Maurier
7 Th Verpetu
8 F Well III d.

17 S 53. in Lent
18 M Ps. Lou. h.
19 Tu Lucknow t.
20 W H. Alessand.
21 Th Benedict
22 F Cam. L. T. e.
23 S Oxf. L. T. e.
24 S Palm Sun.



MARCH XXXI DAYS.

9 S Cold. it h.
10 S 45. in Lent
11 M Outram d.
12 Tu Gregory
13 W Priestley h.
14 Th Byng shot.
15 F Naughton d.
16 S De Kout d.

25 M Lady Day
26 Tu D. Com. h.
27 W James I. d.
28 Th S. 5h. 46m
29 F Good Frid.
30 S S. 4h. 28m
31 S Easter Sun.

SIGNS OF THE MODERN ZODIAC.

ARIES, the RAM, is an iron steamboat, Able to sink any ship that's afloat.

TAURUS, the BULL, is one JOHN of that name; Once he was savage, but now he is tame.

GEMINI, male, are the TWINS Siamese; Two-headed Nightingale's *Geminae*—she's.

CANCER's the CRAB caught by some of a Crew; Never that, either the "Light" or "Dark Blue."

LEO's the Old British LION, who keeps Watch with the Unicorn. Sometimes he sleeps.

VIRGO, the VIRGIN, a Chignon do'h wear. How can a true maid appear in false hair?

LIBRA's the BALANCE; your stars you may thank If you have always got one at your Bank.

SCORPIO, the SCORPION, 's a Critic, who stings N t with tail's point; pen and ink are the thiings.

SAGITTARIUS, the ARCHER, now Bows are exploded By Gunpowder, shoots with a Rifle, breech-loaded.

CAPRICORNUS, the GOAT, here below, BUNO combines With the Compasses, twofold, for one of the Signs.

AQUARIUS, the WATERMAN, what shall denote? The Badge that he'll win when he wins DOUGETT's Coat.

PISCES, the FISHES of Fishes that be, Are Salmon, at home both in river and sea.

INTERNATIONAL.

EVEN in words the English wife's affection shows superior to the French wife's. The latter says, "my friend," that is, he loves her. But the former says, "my dear," that is, she loves him. Bless the English wives—and the French ones.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Delight a father by praise of his daughter's beauty; a mother by praise of her son's brains; the reverse practice is unsafe if the father is an author, and the mother has been a beauty.

MARCH 1, FEAST OF ST. DAVID.—Leeks and toasted cheese. Eistedfodd at Pfigntwddln. Bard WILLIAMS recites an epitaph which he has composed on his countryman, Mr. MORGAN. A traveller (London commercial), present call's it an Epi-Taffy.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Despise all littleness, including little acts of kindness.

QUERY FOR CEREMONIALISTS.—When a left-handed lady is married, ought not the Ring to be placed on the right fourth finger?

THREATENED CONFLAGRATION.—The River Police have detected a man trying to set the Thames on fire. He was caught *flagrante delicto*.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Let your charity cover offences as your carpet on a wet night covers the mud on your doorstep; that your friends may not appear discreditably.

SENTIMENT FOR JANUARY.—May the frost of Indifference never congeal the stream of Benevolence!

SENTIMENT FOR FEBRUARY.—May we look before we Leap!

JANUARY.

Happy Thought (for New Year's Day). Take a holiday, and spend it in Paris. *Le Jour de l'An*. 7th January. "Old Christmas Day." Happy Thought—Keep it again.

THE HUNTING SEASON.—Leap Year.

FEBRUARY.

14th. Happy Thought.—Buy Valentines. Send 'em. This is also St. Pancakes' Day. 27th. Happy Thought (for Hares).—"Hare hunting ends." 30th. Happy Thought.—"Wind S.W."

THE LAUNDRESS'S PARADISE.—Washington.

MARCH.

25th. Quarter-Day. Happy Thought.—Not at home to any one. 29th. Happy Thought.—The only Good day in the year—Good Friday.

THE PEACE OF WESTPHALIA.—Sending your enemy a Ham.



THE RULING PASSION.

Cook (condescendingly). "PLEASE, 'M, IF YOU AIN'T SCITED, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, AND WOULD RATHER STOP!"

Missus. "O, I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU OBJECTED TO THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, COOK?"

Cook. "YES, 'M, SO I DID; BUT THE MILKMAN, HE TELL ME THIS MORNING AS 'OW ONCE KEERIDGE PEOPLE 'AD USED TO LIVE IN THIS VERY STREET."

FAVOURITE AUTHORS.

The Wise Man's	LE SAGE.
The Fishmonger's	CHARKE, SPRAT, and WISCKELMANN.
The Entomologist's	WORMIUS.
The Quaker's	DE THOU.
The Blunderer's	MULLER.
The Cabman's	VOITURE.
The Schoolmaster's	BIRCH.
The Stonemason's	PORPHYRY.
The Footman's	L'ABBE LA PUCHE.
The Centenarian's	MACROBIUS.
The Soldier's	MARTIAL.
The Poet's	RYMER.
The Doctor's	AKENSIDE and STEELE.
The Engine-driver's	SPEED.
The Poulterer's	DUCK and HARE.
The Dandy's	SMART.
Nobody's	DUN.
Everybody's	Punch!

AN AUTHOR'S P.S.

Do not think that my Recording Angel set a precedent in blotting out that record with a tear. He has since bought spectacles, which prevent his tears from falling down, and which enable him to write even more legibly.—LAWRENCE STERNE.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—A good memory is a good thing. A good forgetfulness sometimes a better. A poor poet received a bank-note the day after he had declared at dinner that he could not remember the source of a lino a rich guest was unable to trace. Yet the line was the wise poet's own.

A CIVIC DREAM.—An Alderman of London went to sleep, and dreamt that he had been made Lord Mayor and knighted. His Worship had eaten more than was good for him at supper, and had the Nightmare.

"OURS."

Our Gardener wears his hat in a Rakish manner.
Our Coachman prides himself on his erect bearing—his Carriage is perfect.
Our Footman's tastes are martial—he loves the smell of Powder.
Our Butler can do the Bottle-trick.
Our Groom has a Horse-lough.
Our Dairy-maid will have her own Whey.
Our Miller is Mealy-mouthed.
Our Milkman Skins the paper.
Our Butcher has settled a handsome Jointure on his daughter.
Our Waiter is the Coming Man.

APRIL.

1st. *Happy Thought.*—Provide for a rainy day. Goup to any one and say, "Beg pardon, I think you've got my umbrella." Rather than dispute the point, he is sure to give it you.
3rd. *Happy Thought.*—"Dividends due at the Bank." Call and ask for some.
29th. *Happy Thought (for rainy month).*—"Society of Water-Colours opens."

VULGAR ERROR.—Some people are strangely wont to confound the followers of MAHOMET with those of CANON KINGSLEY. As though they imagined that the Mussulmans were professors of Muscular Christianity, they call them Musclem.

DESPERATE ATTEMPT.—A member of the Stock Exchange declared that he could not live in Suffolk. Asked why, he said he was sure he should die of suffocation.

SENTIMENT FOR MARCH.—May the School Boards advance the March of Intellect!

SENTIMENT FOR APRIL.—May there be no fools but on the First!

1	M	8. 5h. 37m
2	T	8. 5h. 33m
3	W	8. 5h. 29m
4	Tu	8. 5h. 25m
5	F	8. 5h. 21m
6	S	8. 5h. 17m
7	S	8. 5h. 13m
8	S	8. 5h. 9m

17	W	8. 5h. 37m
18	T	8. 5h. 33m
19	F	8. 5h. 29m
20	Tu	8. 5h. 25m
21	F	8. 5h. 21m
22	S	8. 5h. 17m
23	S	8. 5h. 13m
24	S	8. 5h. 9m



APRIL XXX DAYS.

9	To	Opus d.
10	W	Healith b.
11	Tu	Canning b.
12	F	Young d.
13	S	Bradbury d.
14	S	g. m. of. Kan.
15	S	E.L.T. beg.
16	To	Buffon d.

24	W	B. London
25	Tu	Pre. Allen b.
26	F	O. Hume b.
27	S	Urbano b.
28	S	4 h. of Kan.
29	S	24th Brooks
30	To	4. 7h 20m

DR. WATTS QUOTED TO A MASCULINE FEMALE ENERGETIC ABOUT THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.—"How I wonder what you are!"

ON A "BOOTS" AT A HOTEL.—He does not shine himself, but he is the cause of brilliancy in others.

IMPENDING CHANGE.—When the Teetotallers get the upper hand, they intend to reform the Zodiac. With its objectionable Signs—the Ram, the Bull, the Lion, &c.—they consider that it has far too much of a Public-house aspect. Aquarius will, of course, be retained on the establishment.

EXPRESSIVE LINE.

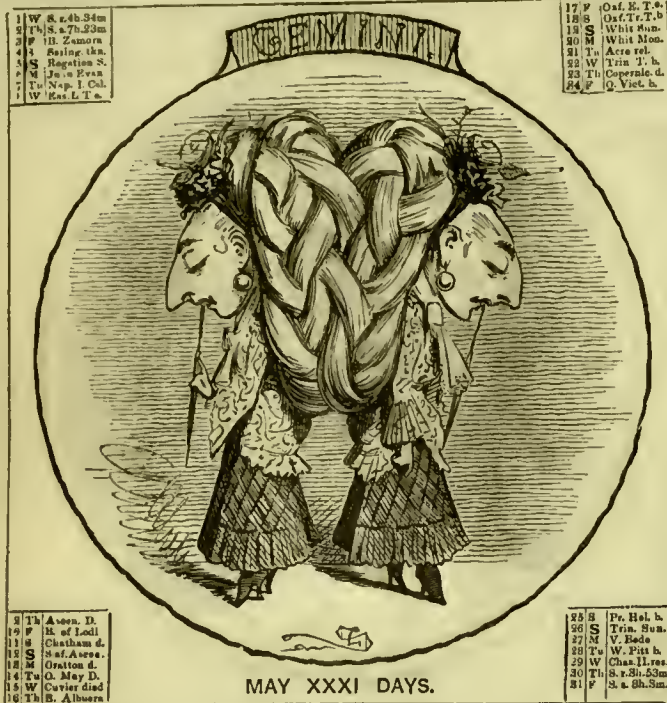
—"And wait'd about with mews." Tennyson.

EVIDENTLY, the Poet Laureate, at some time or other, has lived in a neighbourhood infested with cats.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Mrs. Lyons Chacer. "How Cruel of you to GET UP SO SUDDENLY, DEAR MR. RUMBELTUMSKI! IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH THE PIANO?"
Herr Rumbeltumski (with pardonable severity). "No, MATAM, BUT I VOS AVRAID DAT I INTERRUPTED DE GENERAL CONFERZATION!"
Mrs. Lyons Chacer. "O DEAR NO! NOT AT ALL!! Pray GO ON!!!"



MAY XXXI DAYS.

1 W & 4b 54m
2 Th & 7b 33m
3 F 11 Zamora
4 S Rising, the
5 S Bagatelle S.
6 M 1st & 2nd
7 T Nap. I. Col.
8 W Ras. L. T. S.

17 P Ost. K. T. S.
18 S Ost. Tr. T. S.
19 M Whit. Mon.
20 M Whit. Mon.
21 T Acra rel.
22 W Trin. T. S.
23 Th Copernic. d.
24 F Q. Viet. b.

NEW PATENTS.

For improvements in the process of condensing the milk of human kindness.
For improvements in the Cream of Society.
For improvements in the Essence of Politics.
For a Machine for putting on Great Coats.
For improvements in Wedding Breakfasts.
For the conversion of Great Bores into Small Bores.
For the more economical use of Red Tape.
For improvements in Spinning Yarns.
For a machine for Testing Friendship.
For improvements in the manufacture of London Sausages.
For a Noiseless Baby.

CUPID AND VULCAN.

Love laughs at locksmiths, till Love's passion
Is locked in matrimonial fashion,
By wedlock-smiths; to wit, they are
The Parson and the Registrar.

A "PENNY READING."

THE copper coin, the Penny, can be traced back to a period lost in the remote ages of antiquity. When that great soldier and traveller, ODYSSEUS, whose name we have Anglicised into ULYSSES, returned home, after many years' absence in foreign countries to the family residence in Ithaca, he surprised his faithful wife lost in a reverie over her unfinished worsted work, and said, with a good-humoured smile on his weather-beaten countenance, "A Penny for your thoughts, my love."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never express much gratitude for a favour; its motive may have not been a good one, and you may be rewarding hypocrisy.

NATIONAL GAMES.

ENGLAND—Commerce.
Ireland—Shindy.
Scotland—Hop Scotch.
France—Bagatelle.
Germany—Soldiers.
Italy—Magic Music.
States of the Church—Popo.
Spain—Dominos.
Russia—Snow-ball.
Poland—Patience.
Greece—Marbles.
America—Brag.
Turkey—Hunt the Slipper.
Egypt—Pyramids.
Lapland—Cat's Cradle.

IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

Smith. I say, Brown, old boy, why's your pretty sister like that ornolu timepiece?
Brown. Don't you be impudent.
Smith. Not a bit. I'm complimentary. You see it is because she is an objet de looka.
[Pokes poor Brown in the waistcoat, and exults, grinning.]

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never forgive a friend who has wronged you; your persistent hate is a graceful compliment, showing that you had fully valued him.

A CAREFUL Country Gentleman refused to let his Gardener plant three Green-gage trees, because he had an objection to any more gages on the estate.

HISTORICAL CONVERSION.—CLOVIS, first of that name, King of France, is celebrated for his conversion, A.D. 496, to Christianity. It may be observed that he was previously a Pagan. There is no reason even for the supposition that old Clovis was of Jewish origin.

MAY.

13th. *Happy Thought*.—Old May-Day. Keep it. Antiquarian Society probably keeps it. Join them at dinner.
31st. "Sun rises, 5h. 51m., a.m." *Happy Thought*.—I don't.

SENTIMENT FOR MAY.—May may be May!

ASTRONOMICAL ERROR.—It is commonly supposed that there is but one Dog Star; answers to the name of Sirius. Yet the Great Bear has two Pointers. Still, the Constellation, Ursa Major, does not consist of Shooting Stars.

PROVERBIAL LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—Onion is Strength.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—It is friendship's sacred duty to give bad wine to friends who love drink, as you may help to cure them of the vice.

IN-DOOR AMUSEMENT FOR OLD PEOPLE.—The Game of Croakey.



A TREACHEROUS CONFEDERATE.

Uncle George (who has been amusing the Young People with some clever Conjuring). "Now, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, you saw me BURN the HANDKERCHIEF.—Would you BE SURPRISED to FIND—(Roars of Laughter)—I SHALL PRODUCE THE ORANGE OUR YOUNG FRIEND HERE WAS SO OBLIGING AS TO OFFER TO TAKE CARE OF, and INSIDE WHICH, I'VE NO DOUBT, WE SHALL FIND THE SHILLING!"

SHAKSPEARE MIS-READINGS.

(Suggested by a Score or so of Commentators.)

1. "The Nose by any other name would smell as sweet." *Romeo.*
2. "At least we'll die with horns on our backs." *Macbeth.*
3. "What dreams may come must give us paws." *Hamlet.*
4. "It were unmannerly to take thee out, and not to cuss thee." *Henry VIII.*
5. "See what a rent the envious Casca paid." *Julius Caesar.*

JUNE.

24th. Midsummer Day. *Happy Thought.*—Not at home. Leave word "Shan't be back for weeks."

BAD ADVICE.—"Take care of your cold," say well-meaning, but unthinking, friends. They had far better say—"Take care, and get rid of your cold."

CARBONACEOUS.—All the world knows that two of our great legal luminaries are Coke and Blackstone. To assist the memory, young students might be encouraged to call them Coke and Coal.

SOMETHING FOR THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.—Of all men of science Geologists display the greatest energy and perseverance, for they leave no stone unturned to accomplish their object.

ETYMOLOGICAL.—The science which treats of teeth is known as Odontology. "O! don't, O!" is heard too often in a Dentist's room to admit of any doubt as to the correct derivation of this jaw-breaking word.

NATURAL HISTORY.—Oroithologists have noticed that there are no birds so bold and brave as partridges and pheasants, for they invariably "die game."

A LITTLE OPERA.

Chorus.

Let us sing at the beginning:
Happy folks are always singing.

Enter Lover.

Their song would make me glad
If I were not so sad.

Enter Villain.

Dark is thy brow,
But twenty to one
'Twill be darker, I trow,
Before I have done.

Enter Maiden.

I see him here.
I see him there.
Him I hold dear,
For him don't care.

Lover to Villain.

Take your choice, pretty lady.
For doubt must go by.
One of us must wed you,
The other must die.

Maiden.

It seems to me uncommon hard
To be of other choice debarred.

Chorus.

Yes, with a hundred swains in view,
Do not restrict her choice to two.

Villain.

There's sense in that, as you'll agree,
The thought had not occurred to me.

Lover.

They put it in a proper light,
And thus we too escape a fight.

Trio.—What joy, what joy,
When logic reigns!
And folks employ
Their little brains.

Tutti.

The lady is free, and the lovers forgive,
And we'll all be so happy as long as we live.
Curtain.

18	Sa. Sh. 52m
19	Sa. Sh. 51m
20	Sa. Sh. 50m
21	Sa. Sh. 49m
22	Sa. Sh. 48m
23	Sa. Sh. 47m
24	Sa. Sh. 46m
25	Sa. Sh. 45m

17	St. Allen
18	Cam. Com
19	W. W. W. W.
20	W. W. W. W.
21	W. W. W. W.
22	W. W. W. W.
23	W. W. W. W.
24	W. W. W. W.
25	W. W. W. W.



JUNE XXX DAYS.

26	Sa. Sh. 44m
27	Sa. Sh. 43m
28	Sa. Sh. 42m
29	Sa. Sh. 41m
30	Sa. Sh. 40m
31	Sa. Sh. 39m
32	Sa. Sh. 38m
33	Sa. Sh. 37m
34	Sa. Sh. 36m

24	M. Midway, D.
25	W. W. W. W.
26	W. W. W. W.
27	W. W. W. W.
28	W. W. W. W.
29	W. W. W. W.
30	W. W. W. W.
31	W. W. W. W.
32	W. W. W. W.

ADVICE TO SPORTSMEN.—In March keep your dogs carefully in kennel; at least take care that none of them run out into the fields. Any hare that goes mad in March will fly at any dog he sees, and, should he bite him, the dog is sure to be seized with hydrophobia.

MODERN PAGANISM.—"Sacrificing to the Graces."

SENTIMENT FOR JUNE.—May the sunshine of Sorentity gild the Cottage Ornée of Content!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Mend the world rather than selfishly think more of mending thyself.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Confer benefits ungraciously, and they will the longer abide in the memory of the receiver.

THE BIRTHDAY OF HARVEY will, if not this year, perhaps some other, be the occasion whereon will be unveiled a Testimonial to the illustrious HARVEY, the discoverer of the Circulation of the Blood. Largest Circulation in the World.

A MEASURE OF CAPACITY.—The skull.

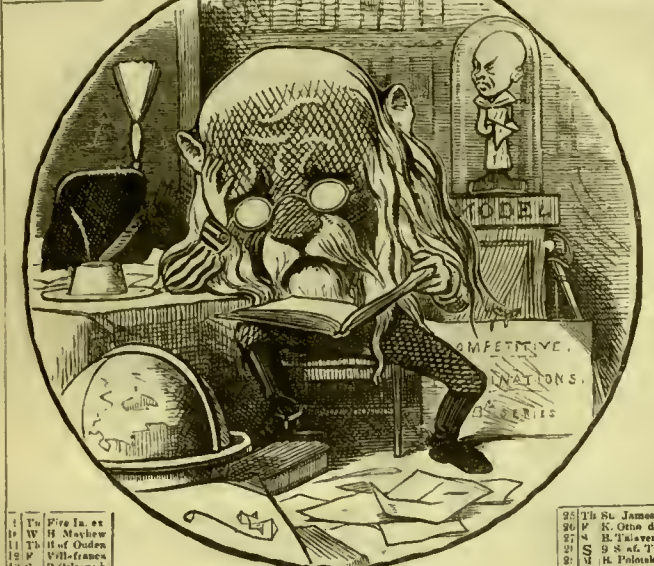


THE RULING PASSION.

Mr. Snobley Chaddison, "SEE MY DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN FRIEND, MY LORD! HE'S AS PROUD OF ALL THOSE CROSSES AND MEDALS AS—AS—AS—"
Lord Algernon Filzrad (aside). "AS YOU ARE OF GETTING ME TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, MR. SNOBLEY."

1 M 8.3h 49m
2 Tu 8.3h 57m
3 W 8.3h 57m
4 Th 8.3h 57m
5 Fr 8.3h 57m
6 Sa 8.3h 57m
7 S 8.3h 57m
8 M 8.3h 57m

17 W 8.3h 57m
18 Th 8.3h 57m
19 F 8.3h 57m
20 S 8.3h 57m
21 M 8.3h 57m
22 Tu 8.3h 57m
23 W 8.3h 57m
24 Th 8.3h 57m



1 Tu 8.3h 57m
2 W 8.3h 57m
3 Th 8.3h 57m
4 Fr 8.3h 57m
5 Sa 8.3h 57m
6 S 8.3h 57m
7 M 8.3h 57m
8 Tu 8.3h 57m

25 Th 8.3h 57m
26 F 8.3h 57m
27 S 8.3h 57m
28 M 8.3h 57m
29 Tu 8.3h 57m
30 W 8.3h 57m
31 Th 8.3h 57m

JULY XXXI DAYS.

THE LANGUAGE OF FRUITS.

APPLE	Discord.
Pear	Marriage.
Pine	Wealth.
Pine	Laughishment.
Gooseberry	Simplicity.
Medlar	Interference.
Service	Assistance.
Elder-berry	Seniority.
Fig	Debauch.
Slee	Tardiness.
Crab	Sour Temper.
Date	Chronology.
Lip	Applause.
Itaw	Swells.
Plantain	Growth.
Pomegranate	Seediness.
Prune	Retrenchment.

SIGNS OF A SEVERE WINTER IN LONDON.

Early departure of Swallows from Swallow Street.
Poet's Corner covered with Rime.
Wild ducks on the Stock Exchange.
Coals raised.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Give your eyes more holidays than your tongue, as they are more delicate things.

PLEASE THE PIGS.—We should like to have Mr. Darwin's opinion as to the changes a fellow-creature must have gone through, who makes no secret of being a "Porkman!"

MISPRINTED MORAL.—He that can keep his carriage is better than he that can keep his temper.

NEW POEM BY A FASHIONABLE LADY.—
"The Loves of Bennets!"

PERFECT QUIET.—The Still Room.

NAUTICAL MANOEUVRES.

(Described by a Landlubber.)

SAILING IN THE WIND'S EYE.—In order to accomplish this difficult manoeuvre, you must first of all discover where the wind's eye is, and then, if it be practicable, you may proceed to sail in it. It is presumed for this purpose that the wind's eye is a "liquid" one.

HUGGING THE SHORE.—When you desire to hug the shore, you first of all must land on it. Then take some sand and shingle in your arms, and give it a good hug. In doing this, however, be careful no one sees you, or the result of the manoeuvre may be a strait-waistcoat.

WEARING A SHIP.—This it is by no means an easy thing to do, and it is difficult to suggest what will make it easier. Wearing a ship is preposterous enough, but when a man is told that he must wear a ship, he would next expect to hear that he must eat the Monument.

BOXING THE COMPASS.—Assume a fighting attitude, and hit the compass a "smart stinger on the dial-plate," as the sporting papers call it. But before you do so, you had best take care to have your boxing-gloves on, or you may hurt your fingers.

WHISTLING FOR A WIND.—When you whistle for a wind, you should choose an air appropriate, such as "Blow, gentle gales," or "Winds, gently whisper."

REEFING THE LEE-SCUPPERS.—First get upon a reef, and then put your lee-scuppers on it. The manoeuvre is so simple, that no more need be said of it.

SPLICING THE MAIN-BRACE.—When your main-brace comes in pieces, get a needle and thread and splice it. If it be your custom to wear a pair of braces, you first must ascertain which of them is your main one.

JULY.

3rd. "Dog Days begin." Happy Thought.—Muzzles.

SPORTING ANECDOTE.—A Boy and his Uncle go out at Christmas to shoot. Boy: "I suppose, Uncle, I may pop at anything I see." Uncle: Yes, my boy, fire at nearly anything. As the Ghost in *Hamlet* says, "Murder most fowl!"

PICTURE IN A PORK-SHOP WINDOW.

TENDER Suckling,
Than roast Duckling
Plummier, tig, tig, tig!
Dear little Baby,
Sweet little Baby,
Nice little Baby—Fig!

SENTIMENT FOR JULY.—May the Whitebait never desert the shores of Britain!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—A noble spirit despises second-hand things, and refuses to learn from the experience of others.

THE SMOKER'S FAVOURITE AIR.—"Il Cig'retto" (DONIZETTI).



MUSIC AT HOME.

LADY G. DIVA NEWDHURST SINGS A LITTLE SONG ABOUT "WINGS! WINGS!" IN WHICH SHE EXPRESSES HER PASSIONATE LONGING FOR THOSE AIDS TO LOCOMOTION. MRS. HONORIA GRUNDY (STANDING JUST BEHIND) THINKS HER LADYSHIP'S MODEST WISH SHOULD BE GRANTED FORTHWITH, IF ONLY FOR THE SAKE OF HER SHOULDERS.

QUEER QUERIES.

CAN a bill of exchange made payable at sight, be drawn upon a blind man?
 When an actor is said to "carry the house with him," is it meant that he travels with a portable theatre?
 Why cannot a man propose "the toast of the evening" without regretting that it had not been placed in abler hands?
 Would you consider it an act of superfluity if you saw a chimney-sweep having his boots blacked?
 Have you ever known a Vegetarian attain a "green old age?"
 If exposure to the weather gives your wife a chin-chill, are you not in duty bound to give her a chin-chilla?

HUNTING SONG.

(To be Sung when the Hounds meet at Colney Hatch or Harewell.)

TANTIVY! Anchovy! Tantara!
 The moon is up, the moon is up,
 The larks begin to fly,
 And like a scarlet butterfly
 Aurora glides the sky.
 Then let us all a-hunting go,
 Come, sound the gay French horn,
 And chase the spiders to and fro,
 Amid the stan'ng corn.
 Tantivy! Anchovy! Tantara!

MISPRINTED MORAL.—The very height of delicacy and hospitality is never to ask to dinner any one who cannot well afford to ask you again; you neither leave him under obligation, nor incite him to extravagance. Poor folks cannot see this, yet it is not for want of seeing that rich folks understand it.

FUN BY A FOOL.—Buffoon (to Porter ringing Railway Bell).—Don't yell I say, you'll frighten the Engine.

BY AN ENRAGED PATER-FAMILIAS.

COULD a woman give the coals of a fire as clever a poke as she can give to the feelings of a friend, there would be less smoke in the drawing-room.

WOMEN delight in Mythological extremes. They are always either loving somebody with an A, because he is an Angel, or hating him with a Z, because he is a Zaniel. Now we have neither Angels nor Zaniels.

THE "LOAN" EXHIBITION.

The following effigies will be shown at the Loan Collection:—

The Turkish Loan, in full uniform,
 The Spanish Loan, after a crisis.
 Loans of all Nations—Chilian, Peruvian, &c.
 Loans at Sixty per Cent., dressed in Law-Suits.
 The National Debt, a group of several figures.

ANECDOTE BY IZAAK WALTON.—One Piscator, whom I will not further name, had a certain acquaintance who through too credit he had gotten by his wealth, worth, and wit, came to be made a magistrate. Whereupon Piscator goes one to the river and catches a fish, which having brought home, he sends to the now made Justice with a note, saying, "Inasmuch, Sir, as you are now promoted to the condition of a Beak, I do send you a Perch."

BETTER TIMES.—When Woman comes into her rights, "The Ladies" will disappear from the list of guests at public dinners, and be replaced by "The Gentlemen," a lady responding.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Laugh heartily at your friend's dull joke. You please him, and encourage him to try it again, when you will be avenged on him.

1	Tr	8	4h. 25m
2	P	4	7h. 41m
3	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
4	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
5	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
6	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
7	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
8	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
9	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
10	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m



1	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
2	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
3	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
4	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
5	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
6	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
7	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
8	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
9	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
10	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m

AUGUST XXXI DAYS.

1	P	4	7h. 41m
2	P	4	7h. 41m
3	P	4	7h. 41m
4	P	4	7h. 41m
5	P	4	7h. 41m
6	P	4	7h. 41m
7	P	4	7h. 41m
8	P	4	7h. 41m
9	P	4	7h. 41m
10	P	4	7h. 41m

1	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
2	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
3	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
4	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
5	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
6	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
7	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
8	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
9	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m
10	S	10	10h. 17h. 41m

AUGUST.

12th. "Grouse-shooting begins." *Happy Thought.*—Write to friends in the North.

POACHER'S PROVERB.—Make hay while the moon shines.

APPEAL BY AN ASS.

SAY, thou who strident on my back,
 Why call me Noddy, if I'm Jack?
 By a nickname would'st thou provoke
 The temper of thy patient Moko?

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Never see point in a poor man's fun: you encourage him in forgetting that he ought to be unhappy until he has ceased to be poor.

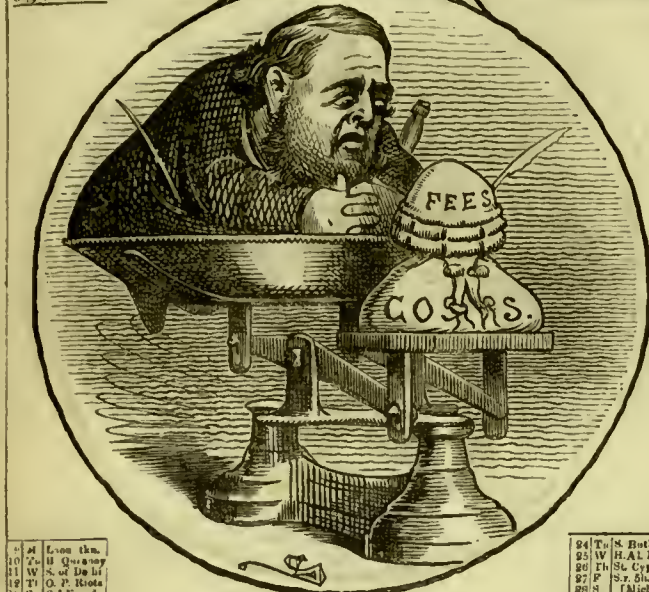
SENTIMENT FOR AUGUST.—May we, like the Grouse, be on the Wing.



"HERE'S SPORT, INDEED!"—SHAKESPEARE.

Cousin Jack (on a visit from London) is told by the girls that "FERNING" is the most "AWF'LY JOLLY FUN IN THE WORLD." Cousin Jack has his own opinion on the subject!!!

1 S 14 N. at Tr.
2 M 8. at 1.5m
3 Tu 8. at 3.15m
4 W 8. at 4.15m
5 Th 8. at 5.15m
6 F 8. at 6.15m
7 S 8. at 7.15m
8 M 8. at 8.15m
9 Tu 8. at 9.15m
10 W 8. at 10.15m
11 Th 8. at 11.15m
12 F 8. at 12.15m
13 S 8. at 1.15m
14 M 8. at 2.15m
15 Tu 8. at 3.15m
16 W 8. at 4.15m
17 Th 8. at 5.15m
18 F 8. at 6.15m
19 S 8. at 7.15m
20 M 8. at 8.15m
21 Tu 8. at 9.15m
22 W 8. at 10.15m
23 Th 8. at 11.15m
24 F 8. at 12.15m
25 S 8. at 1.15m
26 M 8. at 2.15m
27 Tu 8. at 3.15m
28 W 8. at 4.15m
29 Th 8. at 5.15m
30 F 8. at 6.15m
31 S 8. at 7.15m



SEPTEMBER XXX DAYS.

1 M 8. at 8.15m
2 Tu 8. at 9.15m
3 W 8. at 10.15m
4 Th 8. at 11.15m
5 F 8. at 12.15m
6 S 8. at 1.15m
7 M 8. at 2.15m
8 Tu 8. at 3.15m
9 W 8. at 4.15m
10 Th 8. at 5.15m
11 F 8. at 6.15m
12 S 8. at 7.15m
13 M 8. at 8.15m
14 Tu 8. at 9.15m
15 W 8. at 10.15m
16 Th 8. at 11.15m
17 F 8. at 12.15m
18 S 8. at 1.15m
19 M 8. at 2.15m
20 Tu 8. at 3.15m
21 W 8. at 4.15m
22 Th 8. at 5.15m
23 F 8. at 6.15m
24 S 8. at 7.15m
25 M 8. at 8.15m
26 Tu 8. at 9.15m
27 W 8. at 10.15m
28 Th 8. at 11.15m
29 F 8. at 12.15m
30 S 8. at 1.15m
31 M 8. at 2.15m

STANZAS ON ST. THOMAS'S DAY

(Dec. 21).

ALONE with the Immensities,
I smoked, as Tims flew by;
I shouted to the Silences.
They gave me no reply.
I did a Sham, though wrapt in
His thickest cloak, expose.
I kicked a Phantom Captain;
Moreover pulled his nose.
A Windbag, thought his victim,
To make of me, perhaps;
Immediately I pricked him,
At once he did collapse.
A monstrous huge Mud Python,
Infuriate at me flew.
"Ha, ha!" I laughed. "Now writhe
on!"
I shot him, and I slew.

SEPTEMBER.

1st *Happy Thought*.—"R" in this month;
oysters in again.
2nd. "Partridge-shooting begins." *Happy
Thought*.—Write to friends and send empty
hamper.

FROM THE BRIDGE OF SIGNS.—Some of the
houses in that quarter of Venice, known as
the Ghetto, are as many as eight stories high.
Such a folksome ascent reminds one forcibly
of the once popular melody—"Such a Ghet-
ting up stairs."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Riches are the re-
ward of the industrious; therefore, in prais-
ing the rich you pay homage to virtue.

MANUAL LABOUR.—The help extended by a
friendly hand is never more valuable than at
a theatre on the first night of a new piece.

SENTIMENT FOR SEPTEMBER.—May the Birds
be young, and the Carriage paid!

GEOGRAPHY PAPER.

GIVE the latitude and longitude of the
Land's End and the Land's Beginning.
Who are the Dolomites?
Define Bayswater.
When you enter at Stationers' Hall, where
do you come out?
Is Wenham Lake in Norway, Westmore-
land, or America?
Do the Grian Alps ever change their
colour?
Where is Wessex?

UNLUCKY NEW YEAR'S GIFT.—A Nephew,
to ingratiate himself with a rich but penur-
ious old Uncle, whose health was failing
from loss of teeth, presented him, by way of
New Year's Gift, with an artificial set. Poor
fellow! The old gentleman got well and out-
lived him.

PLANETARY INFLUENCE.—Mars appears in
conjunction with Orion's Belt, in which
spectral analysis immediately detects pipe-
clay.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you are wise, seek
to be admired by fools, for you instruct them
in exciting admiration for wisdom.

TASTES DIFFER.—No man likes to be forced
to eat his words, yet plenty of men are
found ready to eat their Terms.

RACING NOTE FOR THE NEW YEAR.—A
Sporting Gent turns over a New Leaf—in his
Betting-Book.

VEGETABLE MEDICINE FOR FARMERS.—To
prevent Potato disease, inoculate your tature
with Ergot of Rye.

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION RIDDLE.—What
part of the world is named after ELIZABETH?
Bessarabia.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Modesty upsets a
hundred men for one man upset by impu-
dence.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Deceive yourself, and thus save
others the trouble of deceiving you.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Gratitude is the weakness of
those who feel themselves undeserving of favours.

WHAT OLD GROWLER SAYS.—By George, Sir, women are
so painted now, and mutton is so tough, that a man who
gives a dinner should be hauled by the police, for suffering
his house to be used for *rouge et gnaie*.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you would be quit of a man's
acquaintance, do not desire that he should insult you; let
him only consult you, and it is your own fault if you ever
speak again.



THE RULING PASSION.

Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere. "Ah! Good Morning, Mrs. Jones! DREADFUL ACCIDENT JUST OCCURRED. POOR YOUNG LADY RIDING ALONG THE KING'S ROAD—HORSE
TOOK FRIGHT—REARED, AND FELL BACK UPON HER—DREADFULLY INJURED, I'M SORRY TO SAY!"
Mrs. Woodbee Swellington Jones. "Quite too SHOCKING, DEAR SIR TALBOT! WAS SHE—ER—A PERSON OF POSITION?"
Sir Talbot Howard Vere de Vere. "POSITION, BY GEORGE!! DOOCCED UNCOMFORTABLE POSITION, TOO, I SHOULD SAY!"

OCTOBER.

1st. "Pheasant-shooting begins." *Happy Thought*.—Don't forget friends. Write to say, "I hear you're likely to have good sport." Remember to put address clearly.
24th. *Happy Thought* (for Scotch Clerks).—"Holidays at Edinburgh and Glasgow Banks."
Happy Thought (for any month in which your birthday occurs.) Invite wealthy friends to dine with you on that day.

RED-LETTER DAYS.

January 17.—Aunt JOANNA's legacy.
February 29.—Wife's birthday (once in four years).
March 3.—Last poor relation emigrated.
April 30.—Mother-in-law married again, and went to reside in the Isle of Anglesey.
May 1.—Twenty guineas discovered in secret drawer in old family cabinet.
June 19.—Baby cut his last tooth.
July 23.—Uncle JOSHUA returned from Australia, unmarried, with a large fortune.
August 1.—Boys go back to school.
September 2.—Yearly hamper from old college friend in Norfolk.
October 20.—Two dozen of Madeira found in the cellar.
November 16.—Smoky chimneys cured.
December 24.—Uncle JOSHUA's annual Christmas cheque.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Praising people to their faces is like paying tradesmen ready money: they pretend to dislike it, and they really like you.

SENTIMENT FOR OCTOBER.—May there be nothing brewing but Beer!

THE BEST PLACE IN WINTER.—"Between two Fires."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Simplicity is a grace to be cultivated only by the simple.

STANZAS BY A SILENT SUITOR.

You ask me why I speak not,
Of my silence you complain;
Yet the hidden reason seek not,
For your tender heart 't would pain.

Nay, deem not altered feeling
Has destroyed the love I bore,
That I shrink now from revealing
What I should have owned before.

I'd still call thee sweetest, dearest,
Could my lips pronounce the word:
Were my utterance the clearest,
Those expressions should be heard

I am silent, gentle maiden,
Not for want of love, in sooth,
But because, by pain o'erladen,
I've pulled out a big front tooth!

INSANE THINGS TO DO.

For a Single Lady to feed her Tabby with Catsup.
For a Dentist to attempt to Scale a Wall.
For a Lawyer to Charge his Memory.
For a Doctor to Lose his Patience.
For a Mad Woman to wear a Madder petticoat.
For a Butcher to be a Vegetarian.

NEW DEGREES OF COMPARISON.

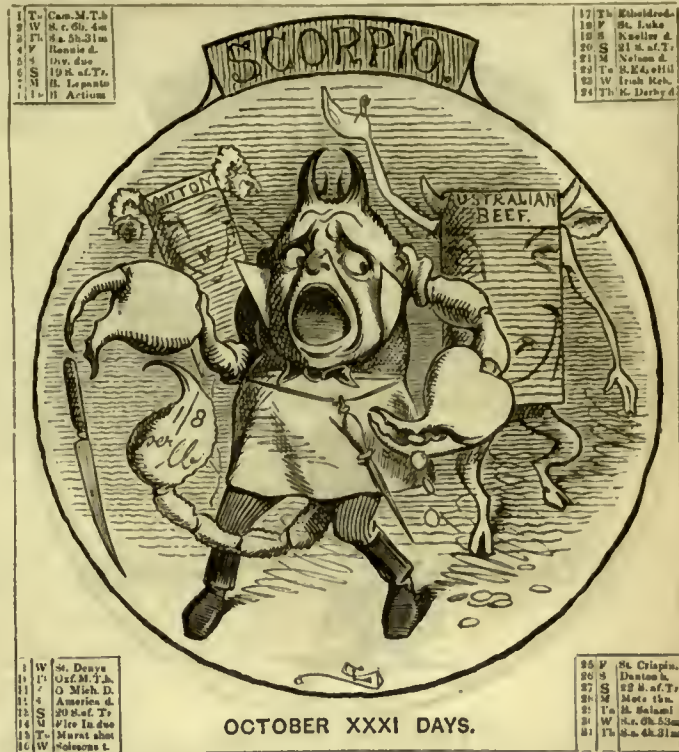
FORFAR—forefather—four at the farthest.
Bet—better—bettormost.
Rob—robber—ROBERT'S.
Pond—ponder—Ponder's End.
Chess—Chester—chest.
Soup—super—superlative.
Spoon—Spoonier—spooniest.
Step—step-father—step farthest.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Be excessively severe upon vices, if any, which you have left off.

1	Tu	Can. M. T. b.
2	W	St. C. G. d.
3	Th	S. a. 31m
4	F	Ran. d.
5	S	Dr. d.
6	S	19 K. at Tr.
7	M	B. Lepanto
8	Th	H. Actium

1	W	St. Denis
2	Th	Oxf. M. T. b.
3	F	O. Mieh. D.
4	S	America d.
5	S	St. C. G. d.
6	Tu	St. C. G. d.
7	W	St. C. G. d.
8	Th	St. C. G. d.

17	Th	St. C. G. d.
18	F	St. C. G. d.
19	S	St. C. G. d.
20	S	St. C. G. d.
21	Tu	St. C. G. d.
22	W	St. C. G. d.
23	Th	St. C. G. d.
24	F	St. C. G. d.



25	F	St. C. G. d.
26	S	St. C. G. d.
27	S	St. C. G. d.
28	Tu	St. C. G. d.
29	W	St. C. G. d.
30	Th	St. C. G. d.
31	F	St. C. G. d.

THE WEATHER.—Change from Fair to Rain—Corn-shoot-ing begins.

TRUE—THIS WAY.—The worst use to which you can put a picture is to hang it—unless it's a good one.

A BETTING BIRD.—The Cuckoo hedges before the Derby, and lays the Hedge-Sparrow one to five.

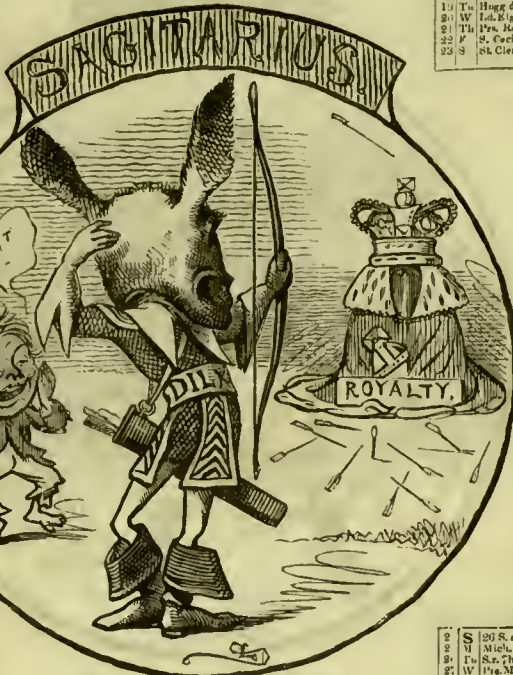


MUSIC WITHOUT CHARMS.

POOR LITTLE BROWN! THAT HIS PLEASANT HOLIDAY IN THE BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS THIS AUTUMN SHOULD HAVE ENDED SO UNHAPPILY! HE JOINED DR. MAYIS THERE, AND HIS CHARMING DAUGHTERS, THE YOUNGEST OF WHOM HE HAD LONG LOVED, AND FANCIED SHE WAS NOT INDIFFERENT TO HIS HOPES. HE WAS THE LIGHT TENOR OF THEIR MUSICAL PARTIES. THEY WERE DELIGHTED WITH THE SCENERY AND THE PEOPLE, AND SHE WAS ENCHANTED BY THE WILD MELODIES OF THE MOUNTAINEERS. THINKING TO PLEASE HER, HE RESOLVED TO STUDY SOME OF THESE, AND RETIRED TO A LONELY GORGE, TO PRACTISE THE YODELLING. UNLUCKILY, THEY WERE STROLLING IN THE SAME DIRECTION—THE CHARM WAS BROKEN! SHE REFUSED HIM!

1 P All Saints
2 d Mich. T. b
3 S 23 S. of Tr.
4 M Per. Leger.
5 T. S. 2. 7h 4m
6 W S. 4. 4h 22m
7 Th. 4. 4h 10m
8 F C. M. T. div

17 S 25 S. of Tr.
18 M Robins. b.
19 Tu Hogg d.
20 W L. 2. 2h 10m
21 Th P. 2. 2h 10m
22 F S. Cecilia
23 S St. Clement



NOVEMBER XXX DAYS

HEIGHT OF HUSBANDLY IMPUDENCE.

WHEN MARY sulks (and 'tis her way),
I own our hearth is rather dull;
She scarce replies to what I say,
And all her Talk-waves sink in hull.
But when she smiles, I quite approve
Excursion, opera-box, now gown:
She *knows it*, and my thoughtful love,
To save my purse, puts on her frown.

DIVIDEND DAYS AT THE BANK.

To the Bank investors sober,
As the seasons fast fleet by,
Rush in April and October,
January and July.
Jack-a-lanterns never chevy:
Speculations shun, O friends!
Be contented with your Divi,
Divi, divi, dividends.

NOVEMBER.

* 2nd. *Happy Thought*.—Write and congratulate new Lord Mayor. Dinner at Guildhall on the ninth.

OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.—MISS TRIBALLS, a young lady endowed with strength of mind, sets up for herself in business as a Pawnbroker. Two to one you will call her My Aunt.

ZOOLOGICAL NOMENCLATURE.—A female Oorilla is imported into the Regent's Park Collection. The Darwinists name her MARY ANTHROPOID APE.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Counsel others to be wise, and they will fancy you are so, if they are fools, which most people are.

THE HEIGHT OF STINGINESS is to grudge a Steam Engine its Fuel.

UNPOPULAR QUOTATIONS.

"We want some coals."
"They called for the rates again this morning."
"The water pipes have burst."
"JANE has given warning."
"That poor child, MINNIE, hasn't a thing to wear."
"The black-beetles are worse than ever."
"I've heard from Mamma, and she will be very glad to come and stay with us."
"Cook says we must have a new kitchen-grate."
"Shall you mind turning out of your room on Thursday, dear? It sadly wants cleaning."
"Hexay! there's some one ringing at the front-door bell. I know these servants have left the dining-room window unfastened. Do go down and see if it's the Policeman."
"Please M', will you come up into the nursery, and speak to MASTER ARTHUR? I can't do anything with him."
"Is it the drains?"
"O, FRED! SARAH broke your pipe when she was dusting this morning."
"The drawing-room fire's been smoking all day."
"I wish those servants *would* come in."
"O! M', the cat has got the cold fowl."
"I cannot find my keys anywhere."
"My best dress is completely ruined."
"Don't you think, my love, the children look as if they wanted a change?"
"The Sweepers are coming in the morning."
"Have you any silver?"
"Dinner will be three-quarters of an hour late, dear."
"The girls think we ought to give a dance."
"REGINALD's trousers are up to his knees."
"There is not a drop of brandy in the house."
"There's no hot water, and the kitchen fire's out."
"Hush! I think I hear baby."

* PROGRESS.—Every drapery establishment now keeps a dictionary—in other words a Shop "Walker."

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Make new friends, that you may safely affront old ones.

MAXIM FOR MORALISTS.—Mosaic is the Golden Mean.

TO REMOVE DOUBTS.—MRS. MALAPROP does not approve of this new-fangled stuff, Diabolic acid, but she is highly delighted to see there is an Anti Septic.

CLASSICAL INCONSISTENCY.—ANACREON, the poet of wine, who probably never drank a cup of Bohem in the whole course of his life, is called "The Teian Bard!"

SENTIMENT FOR NOVEMBER.—May the Corporation of London ever cherish the "love of the Turtle!"

MISPRINTED MORAL.—If you are a kindly fool, talk, as there may be a greater fool present who lacks sympathy.

"THE FEATHERED CREATION."—Bonnets as now made.



SUSPICION.

Stout Visitor (on discovering that, during his usual Nap after Luncheon, he has been subjected to a grossly personal Practical Joke). "It's one o' those DASHED ARTISTS THAT ARE STAYING AT THE 'LORD NELSON' 'A' DONE THIS, I KNOW!"

HEROISM WANTED.

MAN should be able to bear misfortune like a man. But some shocks come very hard. This is one. You went to bed none the worse, let us say, for that extra tumbler of feed toddy, sweet on the summer nights. You sleep soundly, but the daylight awakens you, and you look at your watch. IV. Delightful. Four hours for more sleep, and as you turn and compose yourself, comes the knock that means shaving-water. The hour is VIII. You learn all in a moment. You forgot to wind up your watch, and it has stopped. That was the extra glass of feed toddy. Bear the disaster bravely—up, and tub.

A GOOD TURN.

"THE poets are the true physicians," said a sentimental but obese friend of ours. After you have eaten too much, go into the laundry, and turn the mangle for an hour. Bynoe knew the virtue of this. He mentions "a glutted tiger mauling in his lair."

EASY AND ELEGANT AMUSEMENT.

Try to get some friend who is not appy with his aitches to read this line:—"The orn of the unter is card on the ill:—" And then this:—"A art that is umble might ops for it ero." Then tell him to go away. That 's all.

THE BEST PLACE FOR PORCELAIN.—Cheyno Walk.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Beware of believing good of others: doubly so of repeating it.

ANCHORITES.—Sailors.

PROVERBS FOR TABLE.

SET a thief to catch a thief:
Think of this when eating beef.
All that glitters is not gold:
Think of this when that beef 's cold.
Harm is done by too much zeal:
Think of this when eating veal.
Life 's a jest, and all things show it:
Think of this when drinking Mead.
Happiness flies Court for garret:
Think of this when drinking claret.
Gold may oft be bought too dear:
Think of this when drinking beer.
Many lillies make a rickie:
Think of this when eating pickle.
Silent fools may pass for wise:
Think of this when eating rice.
Unto Rome conduct all roads:
Think of this when eating tad'.
Flog first fault: *principia obsta*.
Think of this when eating lobster.
While grass grows the horse may starve:
Think of this when asked to carve.
Shake the tree when fruit is ripe:
Think of this when eating tripe.
Fools build houses, wise men buy:
Think of this when eating pie.
Pause, ere leaping in the dark:
Think of this when eating lark.
Punctual pay gets willing loan:
Think of this when drinking Beauno.
Wisdom asks fruits, but Folly flowers:
Think o' this when eating cauliflowers.
Birds of a feather flock together:
Think of this when the idiot of a cook
has boiled the oysters in the sauce, and
made them as tough as leather.

1	S	Advent B.
2	M	Sa 7h.47m
3	Tu	Brabant h
4	W	Sa 3h.51m
5	Th	Moort d.
6	F	Sa 7h.47m
7	S	Nicholas
8	S	Pisman d.
9	S	Sa 7h.47m

17	Tu	Osaf. M. T. a.
18	W	Ember Wk.
19	Th	T. Frisco h.
20	F	Sa 7h.47m
21	S	Nicholas
22	S	Pisman d.
23	S	Sa 7h.47m
24	Tu	Osaf. M. T. a.



DECEMBER XXXI DAYS.

1	M	Vendyked.
2	Tu	Chalmers d.
3	W	Jan Day d.
4	Th	C. Gibber d.
5	F	Sa 7h.47m
6	S	P. Alford.
7	S	Sa 7h.47m
8	Tu	Osaf. M. T. a.

25	W	Christ. Day
26	Th	Sa 7h.47m
27	F	Sa 7h.47m
28	S	Innocent
29	S	Sa 7h.47m
30	Tu	Osaf. M. T. a.
31	Tu	Osaf. M. T. a.

DECEMBER.

20th. *Happy Thought*.—Make arrangements to be away for Christmas week.
25th. *Happy Thought*.—Merry Christmas.
26th. *Boxing-day. Happy Thought*.—Not at home to anyone. Servants don't know when you'll be back. Perhaps not till next July.

QUESTION FOR ZADKIEL.—Suppose the Planets are inhabited. What sort of influence, good or bad, does this Planet exert on people in the others?

SENTIMENT FOR DECEMBER.—May the Christmas B.ills drown the Christmas Bills!

A LADY IN WAITING.—A Spinster aged thirty-five.

GOLDEN EPISTOLARY RULE.—Never send off to man, woman, or child, a letter which you would not like to read in a newspaper some morning at breakfast.

MISPRINTED MORAL.—Resent small injuries, and you will feel great ones the less.

Is the "Angel of Islington" a good or bad Angel?



COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

TOMKINS'S FIRST LESSON IN THE ART OF "JUMPING."

CHARLIE WAS CHARMED TO SHOW CLARA CLAPPERTON THE SHORT CUT HOME, BUT IT QUITS FRIGHTENED HIM, FOR LONG AFTER, TO RECOLLECT HOW NARROWLY HE ESCAPED PROPOSING TO HER IN THE LANE!



A HUNTING TRAGEDY.

WHEN ELLEN with her father dwelt,
She'd everything a girl could need,
And could across the county pelt
On her high-bred and gentle steed.
But she exchanged the marriage yow
With thriftless, handsome, idle
JIM,
And all poor ELLEN's hunting now,
Is hunting money up for him.

MISFORTUNED MORAL.—To think
before you speak is to show cowardly
fear of censure.

WONDERFUL WANT OF INSTINCT.—
October 1. Pheasant shooting com-
menced; and cock pheasants begin
to crow. They very soon find out
their mist k-i. MR. O'BALLAGHAN
says that Cock Pheasants are Geese.



Doubtful Blessings

PLANTER IS POPULAR WITH THE LADIES, BECAUSE HE OFTEN KINDLY GIVES THEM
A "LEAD"—UNTIL HE LOSES THE RUN OF THE SEASON, BY FLOTING
MIS SCRAMBLE OVER, AND FROM UNDER, SOME STIFFISH LUSTS AND RAILS.



L'ENVOY.

CHRISTMAS again! Hear the bells
chime!
Some one come out with a Bedlamite
rhyme!
Bingary, bangary, bangary, boo—
Smart, Miss, and Sesequedalian too.
Some one eliminate Somebody's nose,
Some one approximate Somebody's
toes.
Let's be perfunctory, let's be all
myths,
Not jolly Robinsons, Joneses, and
Smittus.
Let's live in watersheds, let's hang
King Legs.
Let's have Pragmatical Sanction for
prog.
The Sun takes a moment of fun while
he dips
His rosy old visage behind an eclipse:
And seeing this Bottle's the sun of
our table,
Let's send off American news by the
cable,
Let's—
[Here the Police enter.]



DOUBTFUL BLESSINGS.

TOM LIGHTFOOT BROKE HIS ARM AT THE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON, WHILST STAY-
ING AT OLD BUNASHIRE, THE BARKER'S.
ALTHOUGH HE HAD EVERY ATTENTION AND CAREFUL NURSING, HIS RECOVERY
IS SO SLOW, THAT HIS FRIENDS FEAR HE IS HARDER HIT IN A TENDERER PART!



HEATSIDE IS NOT A "LADIES' MAN," BUT BEGINS TO THINK MISS MAOPIE "AN AWFULLY JOOLY GIRL"—
UNTIL—BY HER INCESSANT CHATTERING, SHE CAUSES HIM TO LOSE HIS USUALLY GOOD START.

MR. BRAGGETT ALWAYS CARRIES WONDERFUL BROWN SHERRY IN HIS FLASK, AND HAS OFFERED SOME TO MISS
SAYLEAWAY, WHO LOOKS QUITE EXHAUSTED AFTER THE RUN—BUT—"BY JOVE, SHE HAS FINISHED IT!"

January xxxi Days. February xxviii Days.

1 W. R. 8h 5m	17 F. Franklin b.	14 S. 7h 40m	15 M. Lewis
2 T. 8h 41m	18 S. Prince	16 S. 4h 50m	16 S. 8h 5m
3 W. 8h 41m	19 S. 2h 50m	17 S. 8h 5m	17 S. 8h 5m
4 T. 8h 41m	20 S. 2h 50m	18 T. 8h 5m	18 T. 8h 5m
5 W. 8h 41m	21 S. 2h 50m	19 W. 8h 5m	19 W. 8h 5m
6 T. 8h 41m	22 S. 2h 50m	20 T. 8h 5m	20 T. 8h 5m
7 W. 8h 41m	23 S. 2h 50m	21 W. 8h 5m	21 W. 8h 5m
8 T. 8h 41m	24 S. 2h 50m	22 T. 8h 5m	22 T. 8h 5m
9 W. 8h 41m	25 S. 2h 50m	23 W. 8h 5m	23 W. 8h 5m
10 T. 8h 41m	26 S. 2h 50m	24 T. 8h 5m	24 T. 8h 5m
11 W. 8h 41m	27 S. 2h 50m	25 W. 8h 5m	25 W. 8h 5m
12 T. 8h 41m	28 S. 2h 50m	26 T. 8h 5m	26 T. 8h 5m
13 W. 8h 41m	29 S. 2h 50m	27 W. 8h 5m	27 W. 8h 5m
14 T. 8h 41m	30 S. 2h 50m	28 T. 8h 5m	28 T. 8h 5m
15 W. 8h 41m	31 S. 2h 50m	29 W. 8h 5m	29 W. 8h 5m
16 T. 8h 41m		30 T. 8h 5m	30 T. 8h 5m

March xxxi Days.

1 W. 8h 41m	17 M. St. Patrick
2 T. 8h 41m	18 S. St. Patrick
3 W. 8h 41m	19 S. St. Patrick
4 T. 8h 41m	20 S. St. Patrick
5 W. 8h 41m	21 S. St. Patrick
6 T. 8h 41m	22 S. St. Patrick
7 W. 8h 41m	23 S. St. Patrick
8 T. 8h 41m	24 S. St. Patrick
9 W. 8h 41m	25 S. St. Patrick
10 T. 8h 41m	26 S. St. Patrick
11 W. 8h 41m	27 S. St. Patrick
12 T. 8h 41m	28 S. St. Patrick
13 W. 8h 41m	29 S. St. Patrick
14 T. 8h 41m	30 S. St. Patrick
15 W. 8h 41m	31 S. St. Patrick

CALENDAR

April xxx Days.

1 T. 8h 41m	16 W. 8h 41m
2 W. 8h 41m	17 T. 8h 41m
3 T. 8h 41m	18 W. 8h 41m
4 W. 8h 41m	19 T. 8h 41m
5 T. 8h 41m	20 W. 8h 41m
6 W. 8h 41m	21 T. 8h 41m
7 T. 8h 41m	22 W. 8h 41m
8 W. 8h 41m	23 T. 8h 41m
9 T. 8h 41m	24 W. 8h 41m
10 W. 8h 41m	25 T. 8h 41m
11 T. 8h 41m	26 W. 8h 41m
12 W. 8h 41m	27 T. 8h 41m
13 T. 8h 41m	28 W. 8h 41m
14 W. 8h 41m	29 T. 8h 41m
15 T. 8h 41m	30 W. 8h 41m

May xxxi Days.

1 T. 8h 41m	16 W. 8h 41m
2 W. 8h 41m	17 T. 8h 41m
3 T. 8h 41m	18 W. 8h 41m
4 W. 8h 41m	19 T. 8h 41m
5 T. 8h 41m	20 W. 8h 41m
6 W. 8h 41m	21 T. 8h 41m
7 T. 8h 41m	22 W. 8h 41m
8 W. 8h 41m	23 T. 8h 41m
9 T. 8h 41m	24 W. 8h 41m
10 W. 8h 41m	25 T. 8h 41m
11 T. 8h 41m	26 W. 8h 41m
12 W. 8h 41m	27 T. 8h 41m
13 T. 8h 41m	28 W. 8h 41m
14 W. 8h 41m	29 T. 8h 41m
15 T. 8h 41m	30 W. 8h 41m

June xxx Days.

1 S. Whit Sun.	18 M. Wesley h.
2 M. Whit Sun.	19 T. St. John
3 T. 8h 41m	20 W. St. John
4 W. 8h 41m	21 T. St. John
5 T. 8h 41m	22 W. St. John
6 W. 8h 41m	23 T. St. John
7 T. 8h 41m	24 W. St. John
8 W. 8h 41m	25 T. St. John
9 T. 8h 41m	26 W. St. John
10 W. 8h 41m	27 T. St. John
11 T. 8h 41m	28 W. St. John
12 W. 8h 41m	29 T. St. John
13 T. 8h 41m	30 W. St. John
14 W. 8h 41m	31 T. St. John

July xxxi Days.

1 T. 8h 41m	17 W. 8h 41m
2 W. 8h 41m	18 T. 8h 41m
3 T. 8h 41m	19 W. 8h 41m
4 W. 8h 41m	20 T. 8h 41m
5 T. 8h 41m	21 W. 8h 41m
6 W. 8h 41m	22 T. 8h 41m
7 T. 8h 41m	23 W. 8h 41m
8 W. 8h 41m	24 T. 8h 41m
9 T. 8h 41m	25 W. 8h 41m
10 W. 8h 41m	26 T. 8h 41m
11 T. 8h 41m	27 W. 8h 41m
12 W. 8h 41m	28 T. 8h 41m
13 T. 8h 41m	29 W. 8h 41m
14 W. 8h 41m	30 T. 8h 41m
15 T. 8h 41m	31 W. 8h 41m

August xxxi Days.

1 T. 8h 41m	17 W. 8h 41m
2 W. 8h 41m	18 T. 8h 41m
3 T. 8h 41m	19 W. 8h 41m
4 W. 8h 41m	20 T. 8h 41m
5 T. 8h 41m	21 W. 8h 41m
6 W. 8h 41m	22 T. 8h 41m
7 T. 8h 41m	23 W. 8h 41m
8 W. 8h 41m	24 T. 8h 41m
9 T. 8h 41m	25 W. 8h 41m
10 W. 8h 41m	26 T. 8h 41m
11 T. 8h 41m	27 W. 8h 41m
12 W. 8h 41m	28 T. 8h 41m
13 T. 8h 41m	29 W. 8h 41m
14 W. 8h 41m	30 T. 8h 41m
15 T. 8h 41m	31 W. 8h 41m

September xxx Days.

1 M. 8h 41m	16 T. 8h 41m
2 T. 8h 41m	17 W. 8h 41m
3 W. 8h 41m	18 T. 8h 41m
4 T. 8h 41m	19 W. 8h 41m
5 W. 8h 41m	20 T. 8h 41m
6 T. 8h 41m	21 W. 8h 41m
7 W. 8h 41m	22 T. 8h 41m
8 T. 8h 41m	23 W. 8h 41m
9 W. 8h 41m	24 T. 8h 41m
10 T. 8h 41m	25 W. 8h 41m
11 W. 8h 41m	26 T. 8h 41m
12 T. 8h 41m	27 W. 8h 41m
13 W. 8h 41m	28 T. 8h 41m
14 T. 8h 41m	29 W. 8h 41m
15 W. 8h 41m	30 T. 8h 41m

November xxx Days.

1 S. All Saints	16 T. 8h 41m
2 T. 8h 41m	17 W. 8h 41m
3 W. 8h 41m	18 T. 8h 41m
4 T. 8h 41m	19 W. 8h 41m
5 W. 8h 41m	20 T. 8h 41m
6 T. 8h 41m	21 W. 8h 41m
7 W. 8h 41m	22 T. 8h 41m
8 T. 8h 41m	23 W. 8h 41m
9 W. 8h 41m	24 T. 8h 41m
10 T. 8h 41m	25 W. 8h 41m
11 W. 8h 41m	26 T. 8h 41m
12 T. 8h 41m	27 W. 8h 41m
13 W. 8h 41m	28 T. 8h 41m
14 T. 8h 41m	29 W. 8h 41m
15 W. 8h 41m	30 T. 8h 41m

December xxxi Days.

1 M. 8h 41m	16 T. 8h 41m
2 T. 8h 41m	17 W. 8h 41m
3 W. 8h 41m	18 T. 8h 41m
4 T. 8h 41m	19 W. 8h 41m
5 W. 8h 41m	20 T. 8h 41m
6 T. 8h 41m	21 W. 8h 41m
7 W. 8h 41m	22 T. 8h 41m
8 T. 8h 41m	23 W. 8h 41m
9 W. 8h 41m	24 T. 8h 41m
10 T. 8h 41m	25 W. 8h 41m
11 W. 8h 41m	26 T. 8h 41m
12 T. 8h 41m	27 W. 8h 41m
13 W. 8h 41m	28 T. 8h 41m
14 T. 8h 41m	29 W. 8h 41m
15 W. 8h 41m	30 T. 8h 41m





HIGH LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Doctor. "I AM PLEASED TO SAY, MRS. FITZBROWNE, THAT I SHALL BE ABLE TO VACCINATE YOUR BABY FROM A VERY HEALTHY CHILD OF YOUR NEIGHBOUR, MRS. JONES——"
Mrs. Fitzbrowne. "OH DEAR, DOCTOR! I COULD NOT PERMIT THAT. WE DO NOT CARE TO BE MIXED UP WITH THE JONESES IN ANY WAY."

LINES TO MY LADY-LOVE.

(By a Common-place Person.)

To thee, were I a humble bee,
I'd hourly wing my honeyed flight;
To thee, were I a ship at sea,
I'd sail, tho' land were in my sight:
To thee, were I a pussy cat,
I'd spring, as tho' 'twere on a rat!
To thee, were I a stickleback.
I'd swim as fast as fins could move;
To thee, were I a hunter's hack,
I'd gallop on the hoofs of love:
But as I'm but a simple man,
I'll come by train, love—if I can!

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

A.D. 1001. Invention of the riddle,
"When is a door not a door?"
A.D. 1220. First asking of the question,
"Where was Moses when the candle went out?"
A.D. 1349. Discovery of the conundrum,
"Why does a miller wear a white hat?"
A.D. 1508. A tongue is cut at supper,
and for the first time a joke is cut upon it.
A.D. 1650. Introduction of the pleasant saying,
"Who stole the Donkey?"
A.D. 1708. Jones helps Smith to trifle,
and has the happiness of making the first pun ever made upon it.

THERE WAS A Rich Merchant of Bristol,
Who shot at a cat with a pistol:
The cat's living still,
And the merchant by will
Enriched an Old Cat down at Bristol.

WHAT'S the distinction between Winter
and Summer?
One's the Double Vest time, and the
other's the Harf-vest time.

ORNITHOLOGY AT SCHOOL.—Our old
English ancestors called the Song Thrush or
Throstle the Mavis. The Mavis eats
slugs and snails. Here are a slug and a
snail. *Utrum horum, Mavis, accipe.*

FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Is
there any connection between the Whisper
and the Sound?



"HA, HA! YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE ME."
Vide "The Bottle Imp."

PRIZE CHARADE.

(To be asked in January and answer to be
looked for in December.)

WITHOUT my first Chance wouldn't stand
a chance,
My first can make you jump and look
askance.
The House of Commons dearly loves my
first,
Without it, too, some folks would be
athirst.
My second is what certain snobs admire,
And far more useful than a coal for fire.
My whole is what my whole must have
to be
Of use to Sweeper, Sailor, or M.P.
I'm from the deep, or from the richest
mine.
Or from the forest. On the railway-line
I'm carried, and the shivering soldier
thinks
His lucky stars that gave me to the ranks.
I'm blessed by saints, though often
cursed by sinners,
Whom I have kept away from festive
dinners.
Take me to China and you'll find that tea
is nothing when a Mandarin sees me.
So think me over, meditate, and guess,
And if you're right, depend on't, I'll
say "Yes."

A SUGGESTION.

"FROZEN over is the pond, love.
Dearest KATE,
Let us therefore, O my fond love,
Go and skate."
"But the ice is so thin,
We might both tumble in.
Tra la la!"
"Well; but if a drag we borrow,
What do you say about to-morrow?"
"Ask Mamma."

ADVICE TO SPONSORS.—Never name the
boy to whom you stand godfather, JOHN
EDWARD. The diminutive of JOHN is
JACK; that of EDWARD is NEDDY. The
latter diminutive is bad enough by itself,
but the former, prefixed to it, makes
it twice as bad. Plain Donkey, an appellation
sufficiently opprobrious, becomes
doubly objectionable when expanded
into Jackass.



"THE LAST (CO-OPERATIVE) FEATHER."

'My Lady.' "JUST TAKE AND TIE UP A COUPLE OF THOSE SACKS BEHIND THE CARRIAGE, JAMES. THERE 'LL BE ROOM, IF ONE OF YOU RIDES ON THE BOX!!"

ZODIACAL ZANYISMS.

ARIES, the RAM, harbours need for defence.
TAURUS, JOHN BULL, w'll be put to expense.
GEMINI, TWINS, make their Sires doubly blest.
CANCER, the CRAB, is oft hard to digest.
LEO the LION, as BYRON hath said,
Will turn tail and flee before VIRGO the MAID.
LIBRA, the BALANCE, at Banks is the thing
SCORPIO, the SCORPION, can both pinch and sting.
CAPRICORNUS, the BILLY-GOAT, TAFFY knows well.
SAGITTARIUS, the ARCHER, they called WILLIAM TELL.
AQUARIUS, the WATERMAN, carries two pails.
PISCES, the FISHERS, have true fins and scales.
My dears, but you always confound them with whales.

THERE was an old "salt" down at Barmouth,
Who married a widow at Yarmouth,
A second at Goolse,
And another at Poole,
Yet lived to be ninety at Barmouth.

THE BIRDS' BETROTHAL.

"My Snowdrop," the cock blackbird quoth
Unto his Valentine.
"My Crocus," said the hen, "in troth,
With that yellow beak of thine!"

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—HAROLD has proposed for CONSTANCE. She thinks him delightfully eligible in every point of view; but the higher powers are not equally enthusiastic. A family meeting is held consisting of Papa, Mamma, Uncle CHRISTOPHER, and Aunt EMILY. Two people anxiously await the decision of this COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

CUTTING AND MAIMING.—When you see a man mangling a goose or a hare at the dinner-table, you may safely predict of him that he will never carve his way to distinction.

THE FESTIVE BORED.—At a Public Dinner.



A RARA MONGRELLIS.

Tourist. "YOUR DOG APPEARS TO BE DEAF, AS HE PAYS NO ATTENTION TO ME."
Shepherd. "NA, NA, SIR. SHE'S A YARRA WISE DOG, FOR ALL TAT. BUT SHE ONLY SPEAKS GAELIC."

CASUALTIES OF THE PAST YEAR.

A CONGREGATION was carried away.
A meeting was set by the cars.
A man was buried in thought.
A great many persons drowned their sorrows.
Others were overwhelmed with thanks.
Others were smothered with kisses.
Others cut their own throats.
Others split their sides.
Many people lost their heads.
Others ran them against a stone wall.
Others fell between two stools.
Others stuck to their posts.
Others were riveted to the spot.
Others cut off their nose to spite their face.

There was a flood of light literature.
The Registrar-General's Reports show about an average number of cases of blind sides, deaf ears, cold shoulders, noses put out of joint, wry faces, turned heads, people without a leg to stand on, and people falling over head and ears in love.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

"Tis the twenty-ninth of May;
Deck with oak-apples your hair."
"O yes! We'll keep any day
When there's anything to wear."

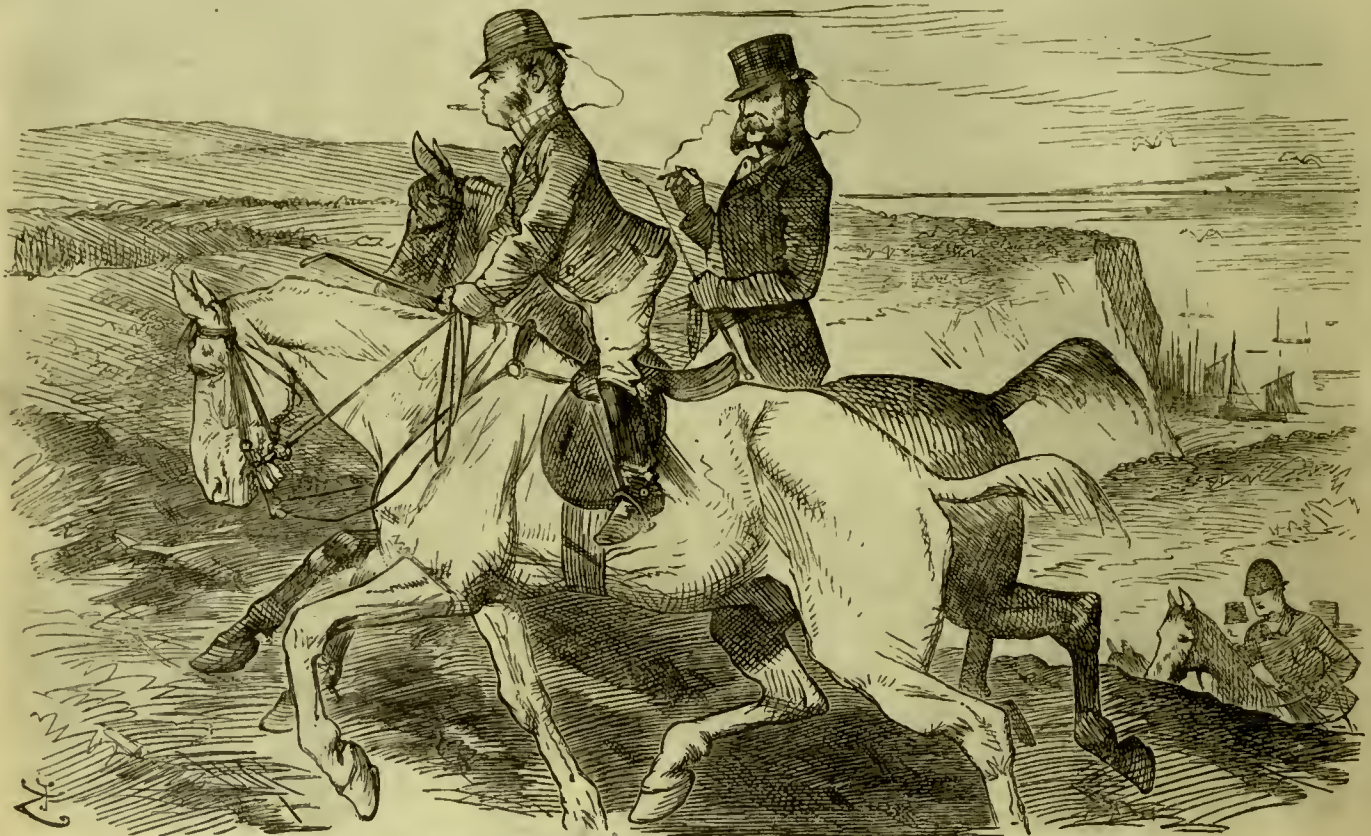
THERE was a Young Lady of fixed
With whom a gay Flirter had trifled,
Till she snatched up a pen,
Crying, "Write the day When,
Or I'll strangle you till you are stifled."

NOTION IN NOMENCLATURE.—Our Saxon ancestors called the months by names of their own. If the members of their Wittenagemote, when it had broken up, had been accustomed to stump their constituents, and there had been learned Associations went at the same time to hold their annual Congresses and palaver, they would perhaps have conferred the title of Mouth-Monath on September.

WHAT a host of learned women there would be, if all those of the sex who sometimes "look blue" had any pretensions to be considered literary characters!

FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Is a molecule a little mole?

OLD ENGLISH FARE.—By a stage-coach.



A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS. LITTLE NIMROD'S NEW HUNTER.

Little N. "CARRIES ME SPLENDIDLY!—PLENTY OF POWER, YOU SEE!"
Charles (his friend). "HA!—QUITE SO. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE BATHING MACHINE?"

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Mr. BROWN begins to light his fire according to the almanack, instead of the thermometer.

Mr. JONES dare not praise a picture until he knows who painted it.

Mr. ROBINSON once journeyed to Jerusalem, and cannot inset you for five minutes without saying he has done so.

Mr. FLUKER never plays a game of billiards with a friend without alleging that he has not touched a cue for upwards of a twelvemonth.

Mr. GROWLER never misses any chance, when the Tories are in power, of proclaiming his opinion of the decadence of England.

Mr. TOMKINS can't enjoy a play of marionettes, because he won't restrain himself from looking at the wires.

Mrs. FUSSELL keeps an album, puts a pug dog, and collects old postage-stamps.

Mr. GRABBS is always ready to borrow a cigar of you, but never volunteers to lend you one.

Miss SIMPSON can't travel half-a-dozen miles without a lady's-maid and half-a-dozen band-boxes.

Mr. HURRY hires a Hansom to take him to an omnibus.

Mr. MONEYBAGGE aspires to be a member of the School Board, although he calls intelligence "reliable," and peculiar, "pecolier."

Miss DAWDLTON can crochet, knit, and tat, but, except in great emergencies, cannot sew a button on.

Mr. HUNKS prefers, he says, to travel second-class, because the first-class is so stuffy.

Mr. DUFFER gives to beggars, and avoids a poor-box.

THERE WAS A YOUNG PERSON in Poland,
Who bought some Macassar of Rowland:
His hair grew so thick,
It was propped by a stick—
A thing which had happened in no land.

FOR THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—When a man is a Cipher can he take care of Number one, and is everybody at liberty to set him at naught?

A COMPLETE SUIT.—Bob wig, billycock hat, dicky, jean coat and waistcoat, jack-boots, and nankeen trousers.



NEATLY TURNED.

Gallant Paddy. "SHURE, THEY'RE ILLIGANT CREASTS, DARLIN. BUT CHOOSE YER OWN BUNCBES. SOME IV 'EM'S LIKE YOURSELF—BETTER LOOKING THAN OTHERS!"

MEDITATIONS UPON MATRIMONY.

(By a Married Man.)

LIFE is beset with dangerous temptations. When you take your wife down Regent Street, always leave your purse at home.

In connubial arithmetic, a husband must be reckoned as less than half a man when his better half is with him.

Pity the poor gentleman whose wife will have a latch-key!

Marriage would in many cases be a blissful state, if it were not for cold mutton.

When you detect a wife's unusual affection for her husband, you may expect to see her before long in a new bount.

Pleasant is the Derby Day with bachelor acquaintances; but a trip to a West End jeweller's is a costly price to pay for it.

If your wife says, "Dear Mamma is coming for a week or so," you may prepare your mind to receive her for a month or two.

Lovers sometimes rave about the sunshine that gilds a married life; but, when they come to bask in it, they find it is mere moonshine.

SONG ON ST. CUTHBERT'S DAY.

"Easy Shaving! Easy Shaving!"

Legend still above my door:

In the breeze whilst beards are waving:

Men get shaven now no more.

Cutting and shampooing only,

I with soaps and grease rub on.

But my little shop is lonely,

Now the Barber's Trade is gone!

THERE came a Queer Stranger to Dawlish,
High-shouldered, low-spirited, tallish:

He mooned on the beach,

And he spouted a speech,

Which sounded quite Exeter-Hall-ish.

ASTROLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY.—In the beginning of March, according to ZADKIEL, "Saturn steals on." Does he, the old thief? But we thought the Thief-god or god of Thieves was Mercury.

FOR THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—When was the last Fairy seen in England?



A PLEASANT PROSPECT!

English Tourist. "I say, LOOK HERE. HOW FAR IS IT TO THIS GLENSTARVIT? THEY TOLD US IT WAS ONLY——" Native. "ABOUT FOUR MILES."
 Tourist (aghast). "ALL BOG LIKE THIS?" Native. "EH—H—THIS IS JUST NAETHIN' TILL'T I!"

ECCLESIASTICAL PUNNING.—It is needless to repeat the joke made by POPE GREGORY on the English youth, whose countrymen he sent St. Augustine to convert. Was a similar pun intended by the Pontiff who appointed the 28th of August for St. Augustine's Day?

HAGIOLOGY.—June 5. Festival of St. Boniface. In the Army of Martyrs a host in himself. St. Boniface is the Patron of the Licensed Victuallers.

MALAPROPIANA.

Mrs. MALAPROP has been very much interested in a description of the Honeycombs at Rome.

Mrs. MALAPROP possesses a Shakespeare with Margaret notes.

Mrs. MALAPROP recommends the consecrated milk.

Mrs. MALAPROP hates your chymical people.

Mrs. MALAPROP is looking out for the Christmas Novices.

NOTE ON OLD ENGLISH FARE.—Christmas plum-pudding is quite as indigestible as wedding-cake, but the latter has consequences which, happily, do not follow eating the former. They are carved alike—in wedges. Beware the thin end of the wedge; still more the thick.

STICKING TO THEM.—Beards are not so much worn as they were, but the Oysters, always tenacious, have made no change.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PAST YEAR.

BEATING about the bush.
 Drawing the long bow.
 Fishing in troubled waters.
 Catching Tartars.
 Hooking husbands.
 Flying in the face of Society.
 Harping on one string.
 House-hunting.
 Killing two birds with one stone.
 Outrunning the constable.
 Ringing the changes.
 Sailing close to the wind.
 Shooting folly flying.
 Tuft hunting.
 Walking over the course.
 Going on a wild-geese chase.

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS.

THE storm-cock on the leafless tree-top flies
 I've twinges in the shoulder and the knee.
 And my corns shoot, and so do my own wife's.
 We shall have rain before or after tea.

GREAT BABES IN THE WOOD.

LINEN together, heart and soul,
 In September let us stroll.
 Then the mushrooms we can cull,
 If we find each other dull.
 Otherwise, our lips we'll stain
 With the blackberries in yon lane.

THERE was a bold sailor of Cardiff,
 Who said to himself, "It is hard if
 I can't have a stir made
 About a young mermaid
 I'll bring the Museum at Cardiff."

A REGULAR FEAST DAY.—
 May 29. Restoration of CHARLES
 THE SECOND. The restaurant,
 MONK'S.



THE CHANNEL QUESTION SOLVED;
 OR, EVERY ONE HIS OWN BESSEMER!

OFFENCES OF THE PAST YEAR.

KNOCKING people down with a feather.
 Throwing dust in their eyes.
 Blowing them up.
 Stealing kisses.
 "Taking silk."
 Murdering tunes.
 Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
 Setting fire to the Thames.
 Roasting friends.
 Cutting up authors.
 Quarrelling with bread and butter.

THERE was an eccentric at Chester,
 Who walked about in a sou'-wester,
 And stood on his head
 When he got into bed,
 Which was only a second-hand tester.

THE INNOCENT TO HIS MATE.

COME where the redbreast warbles;
 Come where the beetles crawl:
 There will we play at marbles,
 Under the garden wall.

AN APRIL FOLLY.

"Good morrow, 'tis St. Simpleton's Day.
 All in the morning cool,
 And I'm not up at your window
 To be your April Fool."

IMPOLITE THING.—To grumble at the high price of coals when you are dining with a colliery owner.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Noise. A Creature of Impulse.—Football.

December 17, 1872.]



SWAINSC

POLO PO





ON THE HILLS.

Deer Stalker (Old Hand, and fond of it). "ISN'T IT EXCITING!! KEEP COOL!"

[Jones isn't used to it, and, not having moved for the last half-hour, his excitement has worn off. He's wet through, and sinking fast in the Boggy Ground, and speechless with Cold. So he doesn't answer.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

BUTTERFLIES were broken on wheels.
Cats looked at kings.
Cricketers made ducks' eggs.
Little birds whispered in the ear.
A good many mares' nests were discovered.

People smelt a rat.
Others were still as a mouse.
Others plucked crows.
Others took "rooks."
Birds of a feather flocked together.
Puppies and dull dogs were as numerous as ever.

Cucumbers maintained their usual coolness.

Unsuccessful attempts were again made to put salt on birds' tails, to catch weasels asleep, and to introduce pigeons' milk.
The British Lion had a strong dose of "Geneva" administered to him.

THE ANGLER'S CATCH.

THE fly is on the water,
The fish are in the creel.
For caught by whipping trout are,
But you can't so catch an eel.

THERE was a Young Lady of Norwood,
Who chattered just like a macaw would,
Her Ma said, "In vain
Do I try to stop JANE;
Praps a husband who kept her in awe,
would."

A SCIENTIFIC WANT.—We have static and hydrostatics, pneumatics and rheumatics; but none of these exactly represent the feelings of young ladies, when they see a new bonnet or a new baby, or hear of another ball or a fresh party—this is Ecstasies!

MORAL FOR THE MONTH.—Midsummer is apt to be attended with thunderstorms. The highest points are those which most attract the electric fluid. The bolt which strikes the palace spares the pigstye. Hrumnk!

RUDE THING.—To take out your watch during the sermon.

RUDER THING.—To take yourself out during that discourse.



THE ARCHERY MEETING.

Curate (to Fair Stranger). "I PERCEIVE YOU ARE NOT A TOXOPHILITE!"
Fair Stranger (promptly). "OH DEAR NO! 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' I ASSURE YOU!"

WORK OF THE PAST YEAR.

Arring French.
Building castles in the air.
Chopping logic.
Cracking jokes.
Cleansing Angean etables.
Cutting and drying.
Fencing questions.
Hodging bets.
Imprinting kisses.
Knitting brows.
Nursing omnibuses.
Putting shoulders to wheels.
Scouring the country.
Skinning flints.
Sowing wild oats.
Reaping the consequences.
Splitting hairs.
Ventilating grievances.
Wading through books.
Wool gathering.
Spinning yarns.
Cheese-paring.
Trimming.

GARDENING NOTES.

A TINY sort of a Tree is a Spruce Fir.
Grass that can't be expected to grow straight is evidently Rye-Grass.

THERE was a Young Lady called ETHEL,
Who, lisping, to CECIL said, "TETHIL!
In rain, hail, or freeze,
I'm for Church, if you please,
But I cannot abide Little Bethel."

OCTOBER 2.—Pheasant-eating begins.
NOVEMBER 2.—St. Cecilia's Day. A Monster Concert is given by the Amalgamated Organ-Grinders, Scotch Bagpipers, Street Balled Singers, and Nigger Minstrels of London.

THERE was a stout Bishop of Venice,
Who, when he had finished at tennis,
In pontificalibus
Ran out to bail a bus—
Then a new feature at Venice.

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—Our friend, WYLDE FLOWERS, is an enthusiastic naturalist. His wife has lately presented him with twin daughters. He has called them FLORA and FAUNA.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

"OH, PAPA! WHAT DO YOU THINK? FOUR OUT OF OUR TWELVE BOXES ARE MISSING."
 "HURRAH! BY GEORGE! THAT'S THE BEST PIECE OF NEWS I'VE HAD FOR A LONG TIME."

EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

Educational.—Large attendances at the School for Scandal.
Chemical.—Drugs in the market.
Botanical.—Turning over a new leaf.
Military.—March of intellect.
Naval.—Blowing great guns.
Meteorological.—Showers of circulars.
Surgical.—An infusion of new blood.
Agricultural.—CORNBY GRAIN very amusing.
Commercial.—Number of far-fetched jokes, according to the import returns, slightly in excess of the year 1871.
Philanthropic.—Advice freely given.
Scientific.—Aquariums going on swimmingly.
Forming.—Ploughing in Oxfordshire.
Grazing.—Scraping your shine.

THE DOUBLE DAY IN NOVEMBER.

PHOEBUS, with unclouded ray,
 Evermore for London shino
 On November's twice third day;
 Heed the number of thy Nine.

With the Crown that never falls
 Hymn we then the Civic Chair.
 Then was born the PRINCE OF WALES;
 Then comes in the NEW LORD MAYOR.

Phoebe, being not elsewhere
 Absent, shed thy light serene
 Though in every thoroughfare
 Stars of gaslight mock thy sheen;

While the People rend the air
 Shouting, o'er their grogs and ales,
 Glory to the new LORD MAYOR:
 Ditto to the PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE was a Young Lady called LILY,
 Say, was she or was she not silly?
 She rejected a hand
 Bringing riches and land,
 Because she disliked the name "BILLY."

SYMPATHY.—Things wore a serious aspect when the Bakers threatened to strike. The bread itself looked "and."

ODD THING.—To encore a song, and to be quite satisfied when another is sung in its stead.

MEAN THING.—To ask for discount when you buy the wedding-ring.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY TASK.—Cram, without examination.



"DISTANCE LENDS," &c.

Wiry Keeper. "THAT'S OUR GROUND, SIR, JUST ROUND THAT FURTHEST HILL"
 [Brown (from London), who had understood his floor was within easy distance from the Railway Station, and has been walking for the last Two Hours, and hasn't "a Dry Thread," Cares In.]

A SONG WITHOUT SENSE.

(Adapted for Slow and Sentimental Music.)

O who will o'er the moon so free,
 O who will gaily ride
 Upon a rocking-horse with me,
 That carries twelve inside?
 I promised her a slice of cake,
 Made by a kangaroo:
 Alas! my brittle heart will break,
 For all in vain I woo.

How fondly I recall the time,
 When, sitting on the stile,
 We heard the beetle's drow-y chime,
 And saw the cuckoo smile!
 But now no more the beetle sings,
 The birds are silent too,
 For tho' I've bought four wedding-rings,
 'Tis all in vain I woo.

MONEY AND MATRIMONY.

For thy meteors, me!st November, oft
 I've watched till late at night.
 O that in my little garden there would
 fall an aërolite,
 Having withinside a diamond which
 would for a million sell!
 No man now upon less money could
 afford to marry well.

DOMESTIC PETS.

EVERY dog must have his day;
 And every cat her night.
 This is the sort of thing men say
 When they have gotten tight.

THERE was a Young Lady called FLOXY,
 In goodness she placed all her glory,
 And boxed both her sisters'
 Four ears into blisters,
 Because they had told her a story.

DECEMBER ANSWER TO JANUARY'S PRIZE CHARADE.—But-ten.

THE man who is equal to himself is generally a match for others.

HOW TO ROLL IN WEALTH.—Marry a rich carriage-maker's daughter.

UNSEASONABLE THING.—To say "Good morning" on a very foggy day.

A COURT CIRCULAR.—From a Royal Tradesman.

A "YOUNG SHAVER."—A barber's baby.

A LARGE FAMILY PARTY.—All of us!



THE TWO MOTHERS. A VISIT OF SYMPATHY. NOV. 10, 1872.

Queen Lionesa. "AND HOW IS THE DARLING, MY DEAR MADAME HIPPO?"
Madame Hippo. "OH, HIM BERRY WELL, MAJESTY, THANK YOU, M'AM. BLESS MY HEART! 'SPECTS ALL THE WORLD' COMIN' TO SEE DIS BABY, BY 'M BY! YEAH, YEAH!!!"

EDUCATION—A CHRISTY 'UN.

Ques. What's the best food for Niggers?

Ans. Thyme.

Ques. And why?

Ans. Because Thyme was made for slaves. Yah! Now,

Massa Bones!

FOR THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—When a man is

himself again, who was he in the interval?

TO POOR PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Take your honey-moon trip in the folds of Solly.

ETYMOLOGY.—"Give the meaning of apathy," asked the

Examiner. The Candidate answered, "Not caring a

penny."

SYMPATHY IN DISTRESS.—"What an idiot I have been!"

cried a betting man, who had lost a fortune on a horse.

"Where shall I seek an asylum?" "At Earlwood," replied

his friend.

A NOTE AND QUERY.

Now the Swallow seeks her dwelling
In the chimney. Very well.

Tell us, if there's any telling.

Where she did, ere chimneys, dwell?

After a battle.—The arguments a Cabman uses for

overcharging you are sometimes so ingenious and subtle,

that they may fairly be called Cabalistical.

NO MORE LITIGATION.—We should have no need to clamour for legal reforms, and a great saving would be effected in the Estimates under the head of Courts of Law and Judicature, if people would only judge for themselves.

MORAL ANTIMONY.—A Barrister receives instructions from an Attorney. He discovers his client to be a rogue, and throws up his brief.

HERALDRY FOR SIGN-BOARDS.—The Pawnbrokers' Arms

—Poppuna.

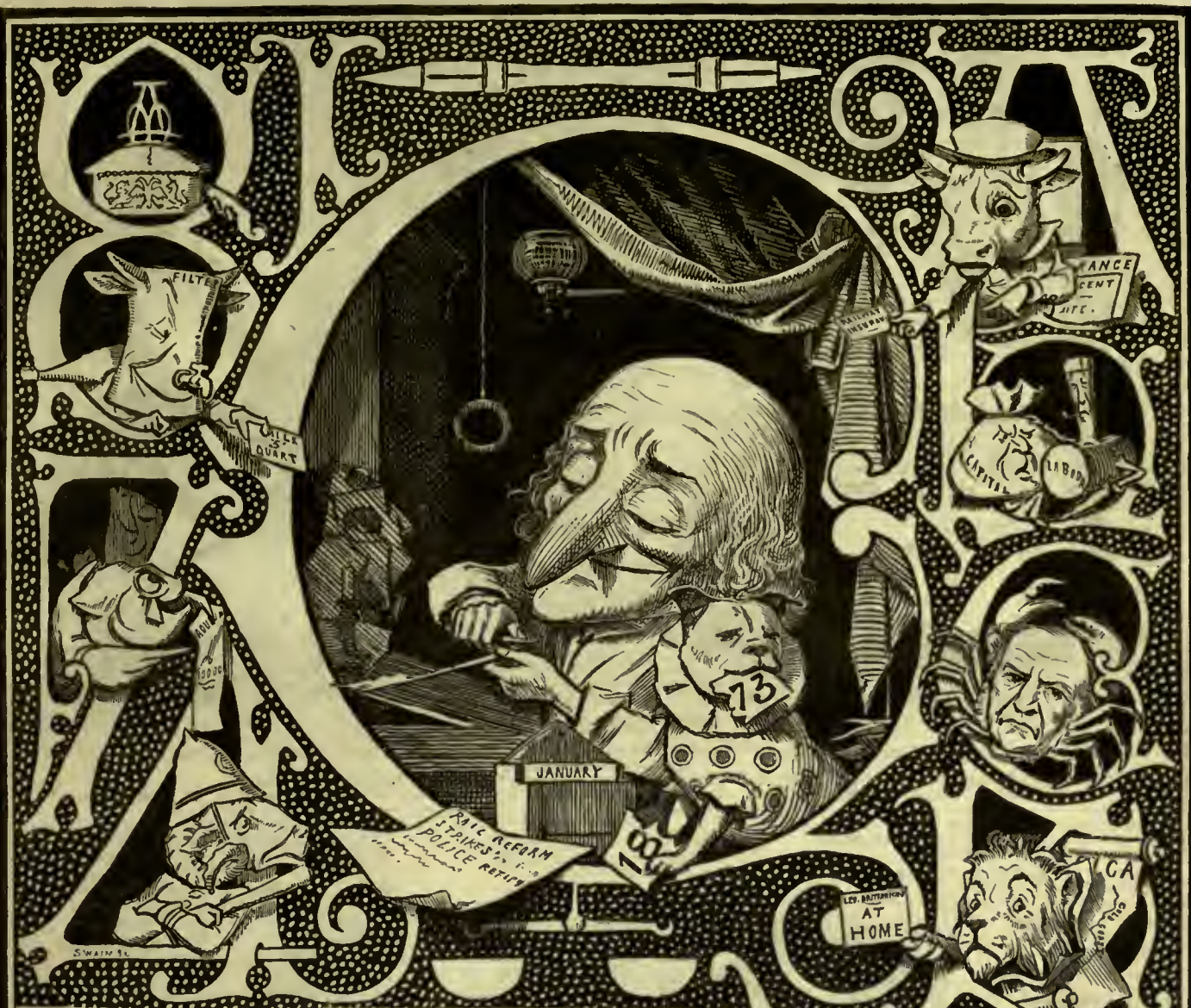
"SWEET GIRL-GRADUATES" . . . AFTERNOON TEA VERSUS WINE.





HUNTING LADIES.

OLD BULFINCH ESCORTS THE TWO MISS SCRAMBLETONS OUT HUNTING, AND WITH DIFFICULTY KEEPS THEM IN SIGHT. THEY CAME TO A STONE WALL, WHICH B. NEVER DREAMS OF. ELDER MISS S. "O, MR. BULFINCH, PAPA ALWAYS GOES FIRST!"



January xxxi Days.			April xxx Days.			July xxxi Days.			October xxxi Days.					
1	Th S. r. Shder	1719	Franklin h.	1	W S. r. 3h. 35m	17	Th Buffon d.	1	W J. 3h. 45.19m	17	F Panch h.	1	Th Cam. M. T.	1719
2	F. S. r. Shder	1720	Ed. R. S. J. p	2	W S. r. 3h. 35m	17	F. S. Calcedo	2	W S. 3h. 45.19m	17	S. Vienna	2	F. S. r. 3h. 35m	1720
3	Th S. r. Shder	1721	Ed. R. S. J. p	3	W S. r. 3h. 35m	17	F. S. Calcedo	3	W S. 3h. 45.19m	17	S. Vienna	3	F. S. r. 3h. 35m	1721
4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21
5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22
6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23
7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24
8	Th S. r. Shder	25	Th Fabie	8	Th S. r. Shder	25	Th Fabie	8	Th S. r. Shder	25	Th Fabie	8	Th S. r. Shder	25
9	Th S. r. Shder	26	Th Fabie	9	Th S. r. Shder	26	Th Fabie	9	Th S. r. Shder	26	Th Fabie	9	Th S. r. Shder	26
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16	Th S. r. Shder	33	Th Fabie	16	Th S. r. Shder	33	Th Fabie	16	Th S. r. Shder	33	Th Fabie	16	Th S. r. Shder	33
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27	Th S. r. Shder	44	Th Fabie	27	Th S. r. Shder	44	Th Fabie	27	Th S. r. Shder	44	Th Fabie	27	Th S. r. Shder	44
28	Th S. r. Shder	45	Th Fabie	28	Th S. r. Shder	45	Th Fabie	28	Th S. r. Shder	45	Th Fabie	28	Th S. r. Shder	45
29	Th S. r. Shder	46	Th Fabie	29	Th S. r. Shder	46	Th Fabie	29	Th S. r. Shder	46	Th Fabie	29	Th S. r. Shder	46
30	Th S			30	Th S			30	Th S			30	Th S	
31	Th S			31	Th S			31	Th S			31	Th S	

February xxviii Days.			May xxxi Days.			August xxxi Days.			November xxx Days.					
1	Th S. r. Shder	1019	Th S. r. Shder	1	W S. r. 3h. 35m	17	S. S. r. of Chr.	1	W S. 3h. 45.19m	17	F Panch h.	1	Th Cam. M. T.	1719
2	F. S. r. Shder	1020	Ed. R. S. J. p	2	W S. r. 3h. 35m	17	F. S. Calcedo	2	W S. 3h. 45.19m	17	S. Vienna	2	F. S. r. 3h. 35m	1720
3	Th S. r. Shder	1021	Ed. R. S. J. p	3	W S. r. 3h. 35m	17	F. S. Calcedo	3	W S. 3h. 45.19m	17	S. Vienna	3	F. S. r. 3h. 35m	1721
4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21
5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22
6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23
7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24
8	Th S. r. Shder	25	Th Fabie	8	Th S. r. Shder	25	Th Fabie	8	Th S. r. Shder	25	Th Fabie	8	Th S. r. Shder	25
9	Th S. r. Shder	26	Th Fabie	9	Th S. r. Shder	26	Th Fabie	9	Th S. r. Shder	26	Th Fabie	9	Th S. r. Shder	26
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31	Th S			31	Th S			31	Th S			31	Th S	

March xxviii Days.			June xxxi Days.			September xxxi Days.			December xxx Days.					
1	Th S. r. Shder	1019	Th S. r. Shder	1	W S. r. 3h. 35m	17	S. S. r. of Chr.	1	W S. 3h. 45.19m	17	F Panch h.	1	Th Cam. M. T.	1719
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3	Th S. r. Shder	1021	Ed. R. S. J. p	3	W S. r. 3h. 35m	17	F. S. Calcedo	3	W S. 3h. 45.19m	17	S. Vienna	3	F. S. r. 3h. 35m	1721
4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21	Th Fabie	4	S. S. r. of Chr.	21
5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22	Th Fabie	5	S. S. r. of Chr.	22
6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23	Th Fabie	6	S. S. r. of Chr.	23
7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24	Th Fabie	7	W. F. 3h. 45m	24
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19	Th S. r. Shder	36	Th Fabie	19	Th S. r. Shder	36	Th Fabie	19	Th S. r. Shder	36	Th Fabie	19	Th S. r. Shder	36
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THE COMING RACE.

While Mesdames Wilkins and Perkins are discussing grave School-Board matters and Parliamentary business, their respective Husbands are engaged on a topic more genial to their softer natures and weaker intellects.

"ISN'T SHE A DARLING PET, FRED! AND JUST FANCY—TWO FRONT TEETH, AND ONLY FOUR MONTHS LAST TUESDAY WEEK!"

"WELL, I NEVER!! WHY, MY DARLING ICICLE TOTTY HASN'T CUT A SINGLE TOOTH, AND HE'S SIX MONTHS TO-MORROW! HOW DO YOU FEED HER, TOM?"

NOT IN THE DICTIONARIES.—Language is always susceptible of improvement. Thus a coterie of Ladies might with perfect propriety be termed a potticoterie.

WHEN IS A LUNATIC like a pretty flower?
When he is a little dazey.

SHABBY EVASION.

THOU hast no birthday, Dear, to call
For any gift this year thereon,
As thy nativity doth fall
On Sunday—which is dies non.

RUS IN URBE.—In October, November, and even December and January, violets which peep out of little beds of moss, with wicker frames, may be seen blooming all about the banks of Lombard Street.

WHAT PRINCES SMOKE.—Regalias.

NEW EDITION OF WALKER.

The Baker rolls.
The Butcher shambles.
The Banker balances himself well.
The Cook has a mincing gait.
The Livery-stable Keeper has a "moving gait."
The Excursionist trips along.
The Fishmonger flounders on.
The Foulterer waddles like a duck.
The Gardener does not allow the grass to grow under his feet.
The Grocer treads gingerly.
The India-rubber Manufacturer has an elastic step.
The Rogie shuffles, and
The Doctor's pace is killing.

THE GOLDEN HAIR REVIVER.—It is a well-known fact that sudden grief will have the effect of whitening the hair. There was once a poor author whose hair anxiety had turned prematurely grey. Now for a fact not generally known. News came that an Aunt, whom he had never seen, had died and left him a fortune. His hair immediately turned brown again. N.B. The Plain Truth.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—Some girls like all dresses, others prefer jewellery. That sensible little creature MISSIE WESSITT, who is marrying on four hundred and fifty, told "Uncle ANGELO" that a few tons of Silks and Satins would be the most acceptable thing he could give her.

THE PATRON SAINT OF CABINET-MAKERS.—St. Andrew by the Wardrobe.

THE CAT'S PARADISE.—Lapland.



"WHO GOES THERE?"

Young Sentry (on the Gold Coast). "HULLO! SHALL I SHOOT FIRST, AND CHALLENGE AFTERWARDS? STOP A BIT, THOUGH; PERHAPS IT'S ONE OF OUR FANTEE ALLIES!"

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"BRIDE-CAKE OF Westminster Abbey!"

"See, my Son, how easily the world is humbugged."

"Above all, no veil."

"After me, the Income-tax."

"Save me from my duns."

"Rome was not built in twenty-four hours."

"Property has its taxes as well as its rates."

THE BITTER DAOP.—One who had the reputation of being a great philosopher, an experienced thinker, and an acute observer with a deep insight into human nature, has left on record the expression of his firm conviction, that no man, however rich, however gifted, however fortunate in his domestic relations, however successful in his public undertakings, can be pronounced happy—whose trousers bag at the knees.

PROFESSIONAL ENTHUSIASM.—A gentleman of the long robe was so proud of it that, having been, just after he had been called to the bar, invited to a picnic, he went there in his wig and gown. But why not? The ladies present wore not only their gowns but also their chignons.

CHRISTMAS GENIALITIES.—Respectable Solicitor, deck your office with the evergreens of the season. Registrar, be especially careful to hang up a great bunch of mistletoe.

GARDENING AMUSEMENT FOR COLWELL-HATCHNEY.—Spinning Turnip Tops.

EXTRACT.

"You cannot taste in the dark," said a Lecturer. "Nature has intended us to see our food."

"Then," inquired a forward pupil, "how about a blind man at dinner?"

"Nature, Sir," answered the Professor, "has provided him with Eye teeth."

PAIRS.—How admirably well certain persons and things go together! How invariably we associate in our minds bricks and mortar, and BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, and CHAPLIN and HORNE, and ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, and supply and demand, and Sherry and butters, and tere and trot, and abstract and concrete, and oysters and Chablis!

THE SNAKES AND THE SHAM-ROCK.—According to Tradition, the aboriginal races of Ireland included the O'Phidians. St. Patrick drove the whole tribe of them into the bogs.

ADVICE TO YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.—Put your washing out, if you do not wish your husband to be put out.

PROPOSED EXCAVATION IN THE CITY OF LONDON.—Dig for the Municipal Body in Aldermanbury.

THERE'S ONE TREE that ought to be well off for bark—the Dog-rose Tree.

NOTE FOR MARTINMAS.—In a Man's Life there is no St. Martin's Summer.

MY LADY'S EPIGRAM.—Male is only Mule spelt wrongly.

THE TITMOUSE AND TRUNCHEON.—The Small Birds Protection Act has constituted our Police the special guardians of our feathered vocalists. Bobby protects Dicky.

LOVE AND LAW.—Love is mightier than Law, but Law often kills Love. [This is from Our Anti-Connubial Correspondent.]



SHOCKING!

Dr. Jolliboy (who had been called away from a social Meeting at his Club). "THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN, FIFTEEN—Two, FIFTEEN-FOUR, FIFTEEN-SIX—PAIR EIGHT—NOB'SH NINE—" (Drops off.) ["We drank a Vile," &c., &c.]

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

SAID A Calf unto an Ass,
"Did you ever eat the hay
Which was made of sparrow-grass?"
Edward burst into a bray.

BLACK AND WHITE.—Much harmless satire has been expended on Gentlemen's Evening Dress, but after all what can be more suitable for a dinner-party than a swallow-tail coat?

TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.—University Men "sport their Oak."

QUEER QUERIES.

CAN a Bill of Exchange drawn payable at sight be legally presented at an Irish Blind Asylum? Is it known in good society how many British Cattle-owners reside in Cattleownia?

Do men of Iron Constitution ever get a little rusty in damp weather?

If a Mad Dog won the Derby, would it be correct to term the feat a "rabid net of horsemanship?"

May young ladies be asked if they can wear a ship, when the sails are "blown to ribbons?"

ADVICE GRATIS.—You wish to give CLEMENTINA a New Year's present. You have thought of a Toy Terrier. You want to know where you can procure it. Go into a toy-shop, and ask for one. You will be sure to get it.

BOTANY AND ACOUSTICS.—Cotton, being a light substance, is not therefore called *Gossypium*, because *gossypium* is not Latin for "gossip." Note, also, that gossip is, on the contrary, excluded by cotton in the ears.

ETHNOLOGY.—The Pignoles were not altogether a fabulous race; the Boshmen may be so called because they are no bush. Thus it is by no means true that your only pignoles are little pigs.

AXIOM FOR THE KITCHEN.—Things rubbed against a grater become less.

CHAMPAGNE to be drunk on a Lawn—"Mow-it;" and when you've finished one bottle, call for some more.



STANCH!

Complaisant Uncle (who has remembered his Nephew in his Will, and is up to his Ankles in Water). "I SAY, JOHN, DO YOU KNOW YOUR BOAT LEAKS?" Nephew (high and dry on the Thwarts). "LIKE OLD BOOTS!" Uncle. "BUT I— WHAT'S TO BE DONE?" Nephew. "WAIT TILL SHE FILLS, AND THEN PUT ON A SPURT FOR THE SHORE!"



HUNTING LADIES AGAIN.

Flora (who has been riding down her dearest friend all the morning). "AH! WON'T THOSE BRAMBLES SCRATCH YOUR FACE NICELY FOR THE BALL TO-NIGHT, MISS ETHEL!"

S.B.



PROXY.

"AS YOU'RE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MAUD, PLEASE MENTION I'M SO DREADFULLY TIRED I CAN'T SAY MINE TO-NIGHT, BUT I'LL BE SURE TO REMEMBER TO-MORROW!"



'ARRY ON 'ORSEBACK.

'Arry. "WILL YER-BE S' GOOD'S TO RING THAT BELL FOR US, MISTER?"
'Aughty Swell. "HAW-THE 'SERVANTS' BELL,' OF COURSE!"



The parting clouds
As, followed by th
The godlike Press
Dash madly onwa



ul a Spangled Hop,
s, and months, and years,
d the winged steeds
ugh astounded Space.—*Porphyrius Nolanus, iv. 265.*



INTANGIBILITY.

Severe Scotch Schoolmistress (visiting some English Friends). "SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IS IT? AH! VARA PRETTY! AND CHERUBS DO VARA WEE! IN A PICTURE; BUT I DINNA CARE FOR BAIRNIES WHOSE FEELINGS I CAN'T APPEAL TO!"

A FEW QUERIES.

Do you envy the Critic who has to read the new novels of the week?
Do you envy the Official who has to go through all the comedies, tragedies, farces, melodramas, pantomimes, and vaudevilles, which are brought out on the stage in the course of the year?
Do you envy the Householder who has to put up with the right of him, dogs to the left of him, a street much favoured by postmen to the rear of him, and a piano with a musical family opposite to him?
Do you envy your neighbour DINNING, with his four boys all at home for the Christmas holidays, and two young friends with them?
Do you envy Princes, Policemen, Prime Ministers, Postmen, Editors, Head Masters, and Omnibus Conductors?

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

As the days are getting in,
There are people who grow thin;
Whilst the days are getting out,
Other people then grow stout.

A REAL HERO.—Think for a moment of that man's perils and adventures! The African traveller cannot approach them; the Arctic Explorer cannot hope to equal them. He had sat upon thorns, stood on the verge of a precipice, fallen between two stools, been riveted to the spot, gone through fire and water, flung himself into the breach, raised a storm in a teacup, bearded a lion in his den, taken a hull by the horns, gone on wildgoose chases, played with edged-tools, cut off his nose to spite his face, burnt his fingers, stood between two fires, paved the way, broken the ice, strained every nerve to raise the sinews of war, and left no stone unturned to gain the summit of his ambition. The last time we heard of him, after running the gauntlet and escaping from the horns of a dilemma, he had been on tenter-hooks, and was then preparing to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire.

A YOUTHFUL ATTACHMENT.—Our green-grocer and head-waiter, who is an old bachelor, confesses that he was once in love—in his salad days.



"HARMLESS."

Cockney Sporting Gent. "BUT I THINK IT'S A 'EN'!"
Sandy (his Keeper). "SHOOT, MAN, SHOOT! SHE'LL BE NO MUCKLEF THE WAUR O' YE!!!"

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

FROM the KIMMERIDGES, with an invitation to dinner, which the experience of many winters tells you will be formal, heavy, and tedious, mild in its menu, and mysterious in its wiles.

FROM the DE BOYARDS, to an "At Home," where you will meet with no one you know, and from which you will make your escape with relief.

FROM the long-established and only genuine and authentic Waits of the parish of St. Maximus, soliciting you for some small pecuniary compliment in return for their musical services during the past month.

FROM your Cousin in Norfolk (a post-card), announcing that in consequence of a mysterious disease which has made great ravages amongst his Turkeys, he will not be able to send you one this Christmas.

FROM Aunt UGGATHORNE—the relict of your Uncle JAMES—(likewise a post-card) to say that she intends coming over from Dalston to spend the day and stay all night on Thursday, when you expect the GRAYSON PALMERS and ten other people to dinner.

FROM the Incumbent of the Parish of Grathorpe, in Northumberland, asking your kind assistance towards the restoration of an ancient Campanile, the only known example of the Arabesque period of architecture.

TEMPERANCE NURSERY RHYME.

CHARLEY loves g od milk and tea;
CHARLEY loves good coffee;
CHARLEY loves a pretty girl
As sweet as Everton Toffee.

DOMESTIC DISCORD.—The clocks differed and were at sixes and sevens, the fire-irons fell out—the tongs being particularly noisy—the bellows came to blows, one table groaned and another was in a roar, the doors were quite unbunged, the kettle boiled over, and the jams and preserves jared with each other.

UNCOMMON LUSUS NATURE.—An elephant with two trunks arrives at the Zoological Gardens.

ANECDOTES OF THE GREAT.

ZIMMERMANN disliked being left alone. He was the life and soul of every party he entered, and sang a capital comic song.

COPELAND'S favourite dish for supper was toasted cheese. He invariably wore a sunflower in his button-hole.

BURKE composed *The Sublime and Beautiful* partly in the Jamaica Coffee-house, and partly when he was lodging over a hair-dresser's in Wigmore Street. The pen with which he wrote the last sentence was long preserved by the hair-dresser's descendants; but, after the fall of the wig, and before the rise of the chignon, they became embarrassed in their circumstances, and parted with this heirloom to the agent of an American Museum.

FREDERICK THE GREAT played the flute very nicely, and had an agreeable tenor voice.

BEETHOVEN composed his celebrated Metaphysical Symphony in a flowered dressing gown and embroidered smoking-cap, with a bouquet of fresh Dahlias on the harpsichord, a hedgehog in a basket by the fire, and a man-servant in livery in the antechamber.

GRIPON was remarkably superstitious, and always carried a charm about with him in his hat-box. What its nature was it would be useless to conjecture, as he threw it into the Tiber on the eve of his second marriage.

The finest collection of Autographs ever formed was that belonging to DR. SOUTH. At his sale it was bought by LORD NORTH, and, subsequently, it came into the possession of BENJAMIN WEST. It is now the property of a well-known collector in the east of England. Amongst the most precious rarities are a holograph letter from MRS. GRUNDY—she usually employed an amanuensis—all about her neighbours' affairs; the signature of MR. JOHN (familiarily known as "JACK") ROBINSON, appended to an order for a gallon of palm oil; a cast in plaster of FRIAR'S mark on the sand; the MS. of MRS. GLASSE'S celebrated receipt—"First catch your hare;" and a letter written by WILLIAM PITT, when a boy at school, to his father (the Great EARL of CHATHAM), begging that he would send him a plum-cake and some sausage-rolls.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S favourite ear-



THE BLACK DIAMOND.

Ethel. "WHAT BEAUTIFUL STUDBS AND BUTTONS YOU HAVE, COUSIN CHARLES. IS IT REAL COAL?"
Cousin Charles. "O YAS! BEST WALLSEND."

Ethel. "YOU EXPENSIVE CREATURE! WHY, PAPA ONLY ALLOWS US TO WEAR SILKSTONE!"

trumpet has not been heard of for many years; but, not long ago, a packet of snuff was found in a cupboard in what used to be his painting-room, in the house he occupied in Red Lion Square, then the most fashionable quarter of Town. Unfortunately, the Royal Academy let the opportunity slip of acquiring the snuff, which got dispersed, and is now irretrievably lost.

It is always interesting to trace a familiar phrase to its source. Thus in SIR THOMAS BROWN'S studious habits we clearly see the origin of a "brown study."

THOUGHT FOR THE TOILET.

PAINT, fair Creature, on the face,
Speaks the injudicious flirt,
Being matter in wrong place—
PALMERSTON'S account of dirt.

In false colours a mistake
They commit the face who rig;
For its pigment doth partake
Of the nature of a pig.

Daub of crimson is a grace,
On fair cheek, to mental eye,
Such as to a nigger's face
DAY AND MARTIN would supply.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD.—There was a great stir in our garden the other day. The Potatoes were ready to jump out of their skins. The Beet turned red to its very roots. The Celery lost their heads, and the Cabbages their hearts. The Peas split their pods with excitement. The Asparagus could with difficulty be kept in its bed. The Parsley curled itself up in a corner. The Cucumber alone maintained his habitual coolness. The cause of all this commotion was the presence of a noted Vegetarian. The Potatoes never took their eyes off him.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.—We are acquainted with a Ritualistic young Lady, who is fond of collecting seals, stamps, monograms, devices, &c. She is very proud of her latest acquisition—a fine impression from the Seal of Confession.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—The Society Islands are in the Pacific Ocean; the Good Society Islands are much nearer home.

AN IMPOSSIBLE REQUEST.—To ask any one to "stop a minute."



"WITH A DIFFERENCE."

Clara (a good Sailor). I THINK THE MOON IS SO MUCH MORE CHARMING ON THE WATER THAN ON SHORE. DON'T YOU, DEAR?



AN ADONIS.

Mrs. Lovelace. "IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE THING TO BE TRIED BY A STRANGE JURY! LOVELACE, DARLING, IF YOU WERE ARRAIGNED FOR CONSPIRACY OR TREASON, OR SOMETHING IN SOME FOREIGN LAND, HOW WOULD YOU ELECT TO BE TRIED?"

Mr. Lovelace. "ER—BY A JURY OF MY COUNTRY-WOMEN, MY LOVE!"



THROWN OUT.

Master of Hounds (to the Doctor, who rides a noted "Roarer"). "IF YOU'D MOVE A LITTLE FURTHER OFF WITH THAT BRASS BAND O' YOURS, SQUILLS, WE MIGHT HEAR WHERE THE HOUNDS ARE!"

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE GLEE.
 MYNHEER VAN DUNK never used to get drunk;
 He drank toast-and water gaily;
 And he quonched his thirst, when it came to the worst,
 With sherbet in the summer daily.
 Soging, "Sober a Dutchman's draught should be,
 Though deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee."
 Water, well mingled with sugar, good store,
 No Hollander dreams of scornin';
 But of spirits or beer he drinks no more
 Than mine host supplies
 Wh. n a cabman cries
 For his purl of a Sunday morning.
 For a Dutchman's draught should be sober be,
 Though deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee.

GUIDANCE IN GALLANTRY.—Never attend any lady, to whom you think of making yourself agreeable, to any play, opera, or other performance, that you want to hear. You cannot attend to both it and her. The same remark applies to your plate before you on the dinner-table and the attraction at your side. Moreover, whenever you take the object of your affections anywhere, in the hope of seeing or listening to anything with enjoyment enhanced by her society, be always prepared for the probability of her being taken with an interesting indisposition.

CLEANLY AND CANNIBALS.—We shudder at the feasts of savages who devour missionaries, but do not consider perhaps so seriously as we might with what disgust we ourselves may be regarded by some of our neighbours, who, acquainted by report only with our insular manners and customs, are informed that the natives of this island eat Bishops' Thumbs, Parsons' Noes, and Popes' Eyes.

WRONG COLOURS.—Black books, black looks, blacklegs, blue devils, blue ruin, red noses, red taps, grey mares, white lies, white feathers, white squalls, greenbacks, greenhorns, and the green-eyed monster.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH.—Embrodery, bouquets, and Ritualists' stoles, copes, and petticoats.



THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

Paddy. "BE JABERS! THE FOREST THOIME I IVER SAW RID HIRRINS SWIMMIN' ABOUT ALOVE BEFORE!"

ASHABLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

MANY happy New Years
 Do you wish me, my dears?
 New Years happy not only, but many,
 Not few?
 Don't care when you come in
 For the old Foggy's tin?
 Eh? I'm sure that is very unselfish of you.

THE VOICE OF THE STARS.—Those born on the first three days of February, as well as on all other days in any month of the year, will be liable to colds, if they sit a long time in draughts of air or in damp clothes. Let them shun dealings with patent-medicine vendors, mesmerists, mediums, fortune-tellers, astrologers, and old humbugs.

TO POACH EGGS.—Put on a suit of black, a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of spectacles; sling a wallet at your back, take a walking-cane in your hand, go into the woods, botanise, put into your wallet all the plants you pick, and all the pheasants' and partridges' eggs you find in your way into your pockets.

A SEASONABLE QUOTATION.—All the Editors of GRAY have most unaccountably failed to perceive that in the line where he speaks of "the weights, that play below," the true reading must be "Waits."

PLECKY ANSWER.—*Examiner*—What was ARCHIMEDES'S SCREW? *Candidate*—An unsound, broken-down horse, wanting whip and spur to make him go, that ARCHIMEDES was flat enough to buy.

METRICAL IDEALISM.—On the birthday of ALEXANDRA, Princess of Wales, the Poet Laureate will perhaps compose an Ode in Alexandrine versos.

PRISON THOUGHT.—"When's a Christian," said a Poacher in gaol to himself, "served the same as a hare?—When he's juggled, like I be."

SENTIMENT FOR WINTER.—The Old Woman about this time may be expected to Pick her Goose; may the fall of snow be unaccompanied by a rise in coal.

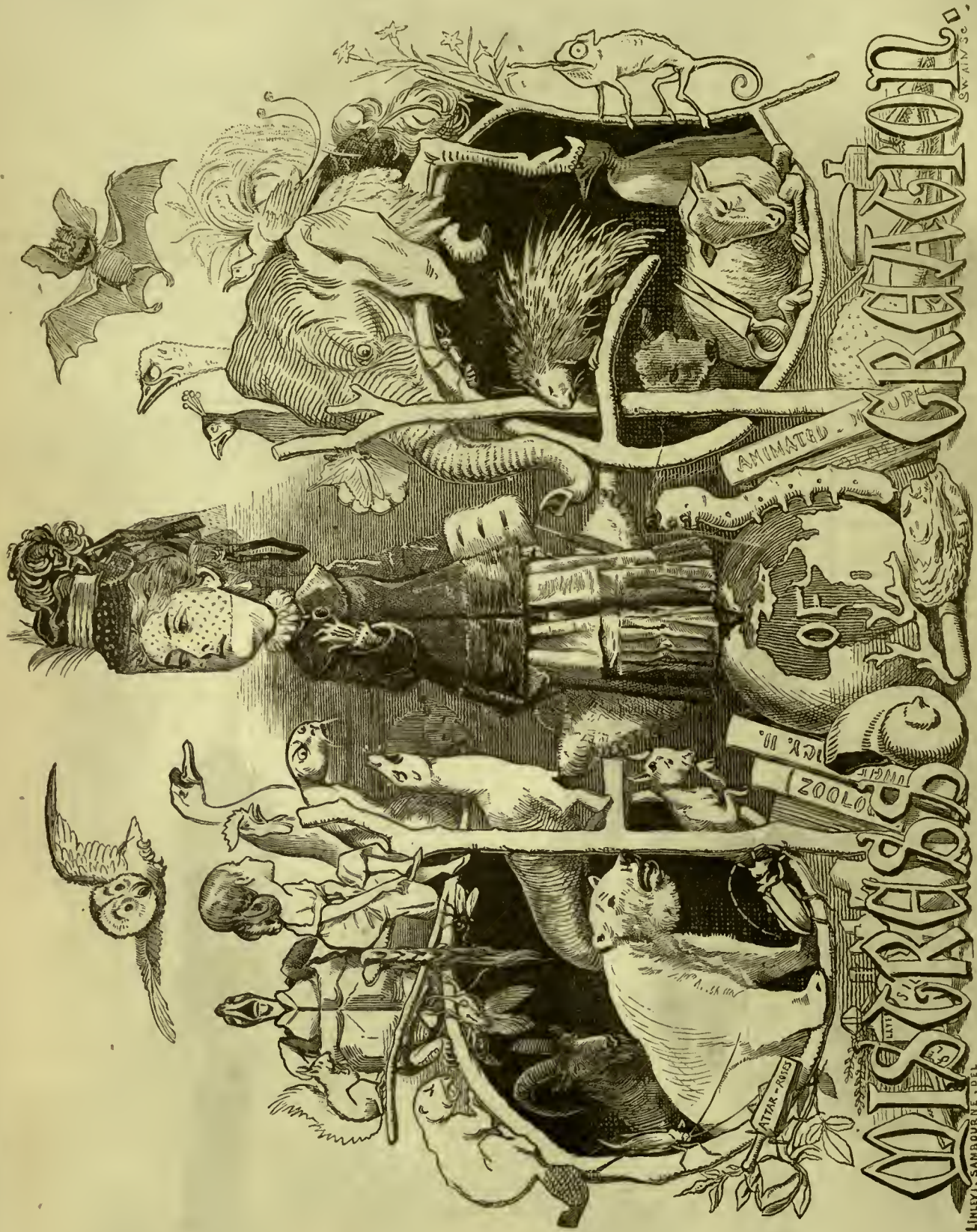
VERB.—"To Live" has but one tense—the Imperfect.

THE BEST SMELLING BOTTLES.—Old Port Wine.



TOO SHOCKING TO THINK OF.

Mrs. Howard Talbot Percy de Ponsonby Jones. "WHAT!!! MY DEAR LORD VOLAUVENT! 'BEAUTY WITHOUT BIRTH OR BREEDING!' WHY, THE THING'S IMPOSSIBLE!!!"



SHE is Monarch of all she surveys,
Her right there is none to dispute,
On her altar submissively lays
Its choicest, each fowl and each brute.

Behold her surrounded by those
Whose homage is lavishly done,
The world at the tip of her toes,
And its denizens crouching—save one.

Look proud, pretty Queen, from thy shrine,
And thy vassals so loftily scan—
But tell them their labour, and thine,
Is to make thee seen fair to—a Man.

AFFECTION'S OFFERING.

FROM our Uncles and Aunts
we indulge expectations;
They must, sooner or later,
leave money behind
Many happy new years to
our rich old relations :
Though we hope in their
wills that they've borne
us in mind.

THEIR NATURAL PROTECTIONS. — Whatever changes may be made in the Municipal Government of London, it is well understood that the Commissioners of Sewers will continue to look after the interests of those industrious persons who depend upon Sewing Machines for their support.

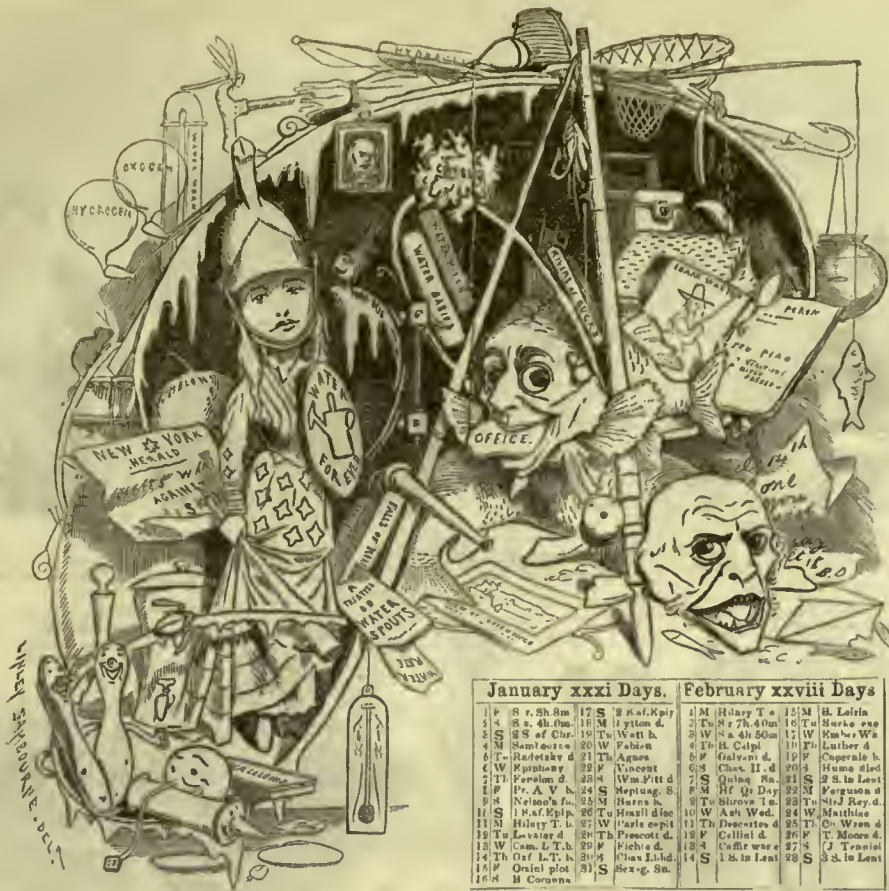
ADVICE TO GIRLS.—If you wish to appear to advantage, make a speech at the Social Science Congress on behalf of Women's Rights. Everybody admires the Cheek of Beauty.

NURSERY RHYMES FOR
THE TIMES.

WHEN Education
Has so improved the Nation
That every child is rather
More wise than its father.

BABY'S ALPHABET.

A B C Baby learns at Three
weeks ;
D E F at Six, when he speaks
G H I at a Month, when he
talks ;
J K L at Two, when he walks ;
M N O at Four, when he runs ;
P Q R at Six, when he puns ;
S T U at Eight, when he
teaches ;
V W X at Ten, when he
preaches ;
Y Z at Twelve, when the scope
of his knowledge is
As wide as the whole wide
round of the Ologies.



SOOTHSAYING FOR SAILORS.

ARGURY from fowls of air
 Back to Tuscan grainary
 dates.
 Birds in February pair :
 Now then, Skippers, choose
 your Mates.

INFALLIBLE PREDICTION.—St. Valentine's Day in 1871 falling on a Sunday, St. Valentine will consequently have two days; one day for the recipients of Valentine in the Country on Sunday morning, and another on the following Monday for those who will get them in Town. Extra work for Postmen in the rural districts on Sunday, and great outcry among the Sabbatarians.

A GREAT WILL CASE.—Speaking about the Will of a gentleman recently dead, a Lawyer asked an Irish Gardener, "if he knew the latest tater?" PAT thought for a few seconds, and then replied, "Sure, Sorr, the earliest tater is the Rose tater, but the last I planted 't'other day was the *latest tater*." He evidently understood the subject.

NURSERY RHYME FOR
THE TIME.

BYE, BABY BUNTINO,
Daddy's gone a-hunting
On the Stock Exchange, to
catch
Some one who is not his
match;

If he has luck,
As well as pluck,
A coach he'll very likely win
To ride his BABY BUNTING in.

A SAFE PRECAUTION.—No boating party should be without a Lawyer. In case of accident, he is the man for ba(i)ling out the water.

January xxxxi Days.			February xxviii Days.		
1	P	Sh Shm	1	M	Hilary T
2	S	Sh d, d, d	2	M	Sh T Addm
3	S	Sh d, d, d	3	M	Sh T Addm
4	S	Sh d, d, d	4	M	Sh T Addm
5	S	Sh d, d, d	5	M	Sh T Addm
6	S	Sh d, d, d	6	M	Sh T Addm
7	S	Sh d, d, d	7	M	Sh T Addm
8	S	Sh d, d, d	8	M	Sh T Addm
9	S	Sh d, d, d	9	M	Sh T Addm
10	S	Sh d, d, d	10	M	Sh T Addm
11	S	Sh d, d, d	11	M	Sh T Addm
12	S	Sh d, d, d	12	M	Sh T Addm
13	S	Sh d, d, d	13	M	Sh T Addm
14	S	Sh d, d, d	14	M	Sh T Addm
15	S	Sh d, d, d	15	M	Sh T Addm
16	S	Sh d, d, d	16	M	Sh T Addm
17	S	Sh d, d, d	17	M	Sh T Addm
18	S	Sh d, d, d	18	M	Sh T Addm
19	S	Sh d, d, d	19	M	Sh T Addm
20	S	Sh d, d, d	20	M	Sh T Addm
21	S	Sh d, d, d	21	M	Sh T Addm
22	S	Sh d, d, d	22	M	Sh T Addm
23	S	Sh d, d, d	23	M	Sh T Addm
24	S	Sh d, d, d	24	M	Sh T Addm
25	S	Sh d, d, d	25	M	Sh T Addm
26	S	Sh d, d, d	26	M	Sh T Addm
27	S	Sh d, d, d	27	M	Sh T Addm
28	S	Sh d, d, d	28	M	Sh T Addm
29	S	Sh d, d, d	29	M	Sh T Addm
30	S	Sh d, d, d	30	M	Sh T Addm
31	S	Sh d, d, d	31	M	Sh T Addm

AQUARIUS

PISCES.



THE RAILWAY CLASSES.

First Passenger (affable Parson, who always travels Third Class). "O yes, I've noticed lately a GREAT MANY RESPECTABLE PEOPLE IN THESE CARRIAGES"
Second Passenger. "YES, SIR; SO MANY PEOPLE YER SEE, SIR, WHOSE POSITION IN SOCIETY AIN'T SO WELL DEFINED AS YOURS AN' MINE ARE, CAN'T AFFORD TO TRAVEL THIRD CLASS WITHOUT LOSS O' RESPECTABILITY!"



Our American Cousin



EUROPE



SWAINSC



WARNING TO THE NEWLY-MARRIED.

"WHOSE PLUMP 'ICKLE PARTRIDGE IS 'OO?"

"OORS!—HUBBY'S!!"

[Our Bachelor Friend in the Ulster coat, who overhears this fragment of dialogue as he awakes from his slumbers, is much interested to learn the kind of talk new-married folk indulge in when they think themselves unheard.]



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"IT'S A LOVELY DOLL, DEAR GRANDPA AND GRANOMA—BUT—BUT—I'D BEEN HOPING IT WOULD BE TWINS!"

PROGNOSTICS OF SPRING.

In March the Violet's dark blue
Suggests the chance of Oxford's crew.
And he who casts aloft his eye
Reids that of Cambridge in the sky;
Provided always that is clear,
So that its azure dorch appear.

TWO THINGS AT ONCE.—
The Barber who shaves a
Friend may be said at the
same time to be scraping an
acquaintance.

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE TIME.

BAH! bah! Blacksheep,
What are you about?
Bringing scandal on your
kind
By being found out!

Dressed in a white fleece,
All you had to do
Was to mind your black fleece
Did not show through.

Folks that get found out,
Prove thereby they're bête;
Bah! bah! Blacksheep,
You deserve your fate.

Signs of the Season.—
Towards the end of April
the Swallow and Cuckoo
make their appearance, and,
according to the old song,
simultaneously with the song
of the latter bird the Deer
"verteth." It may or may
not be that other bucks will
"vert also.

£1 is.—Of all men Doctors
and Lawyers ought to take
the most interest in the Fairy
Queen—*La Reine des Fées*.

THE GOURMAND'S MONTHLY MÈNU.

JANUARY.

Now are in season all the game
That haunted Noah's Ark:
The fragrant truffle for the same,
And—sweet, if small—the lark!

FEBRUARY

No matter upon what one dines
In such a month as this is,
Whose bill of fare (St. Valentine's)
Is bread and cheese and kisses.

MARCH.

This is the month when bares grow mad
For no apparent reason:
But yet the gourmand may be glad,
There's sparrow-grass in season.

APRIL.

Lamb, mint, green peas, fine tastes to win,
This month's mènù purvey.
Its first should bring the white-bait in,
As its last brings in May.

MAY.

Now come the trout, the quails, the
flowers,
And all the world's bucolic:
O may there come no lingering showers
To spoil our Derby frolic!

JUNE.

O joyous June! thou month so mee,
We'll see the emerald grass cu'.
And tempt red lips with strawberry ice,
Upon the lawns of Ascot.

JULY.

'Neath greenest trees PUNCH seeks to shun
His friend Apollo's anger,
While Judy tees Badminton
To cheer him in his languor.

AUGUST.

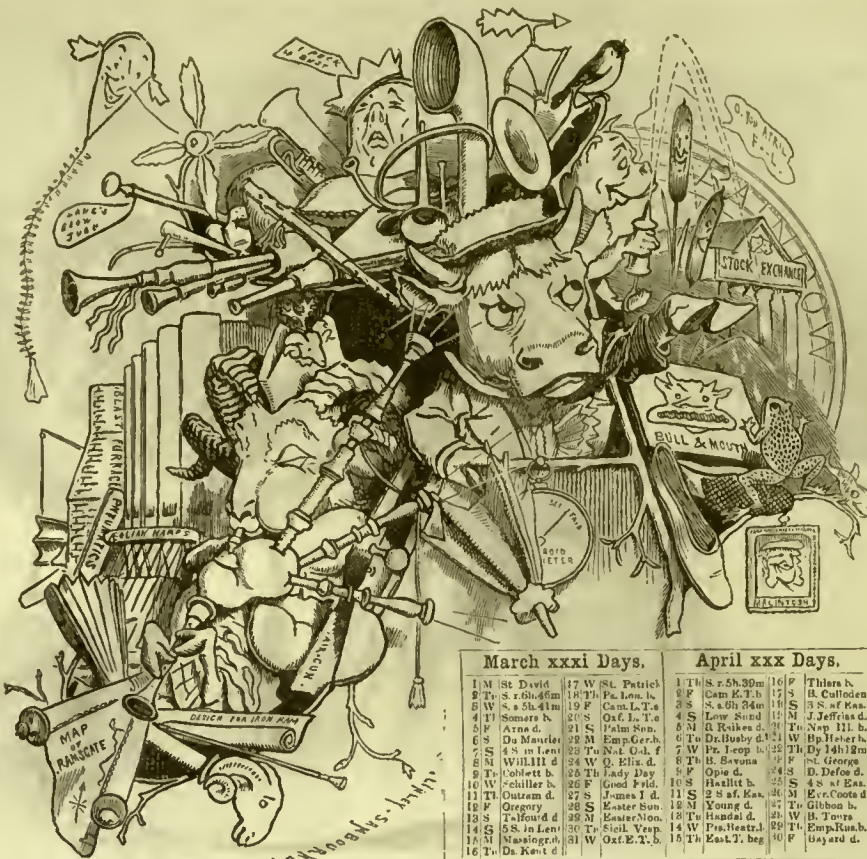
Hail to the grouse! The season ends;
'Tis gammon all, and spinach.
What day will Dizzy treat his friends,
To large white-bait at Greenwich?

SEPTEMBER.

Even as the partridge reaches us,
The weather oft grows moister:
But wherefore grieve that "this is thus"
While the month brings the oyster?

OCTOBER.

O russet month of bright decay!
If fine, thou'rt not unpleasant:
Too oft thy skies are misty-grey
But thou bring'st "cock" and pleasant.



March xxxi Days.

1 M St David	17 W St Patrick
2 Tu S r. Oldham	18 Th Pa. Low. b.
3 W s. a. Sh. 41m	19 F Corn. L. T. a.
4 Th Somers b.	20 S. Q. L. T. a.
5 F Arne d.	21 S Palm Son.
6 Sa De Maurier	22 M Emp. Corb.
7 S 48 in Leni	23 Tu N. L. O. L. f.
8 M WILLI d.	24 W O. Eliz. d.
9 Tu Collett b.	25 Th Lady Day
10 W Sciller b.	26 F Good Frid.
11 Th Outram d.	27 S James I. d.
12 F Gregory	28 S Easter Son.
13 S Telford d.	29 M Easter Mon.
14 S. S. in Leni	30 Tu St. Hil. Vesp.
15 M Nasselogh	31 W O. E. T. b.
16 Tu De Kent d.	

April xxx Days.

1 Th S. r. Sh. 30m	16 F Thiers b.
2 F Gam E. T. b.	17 S B. Coluden
3 S s. a. Sh. 34m	18 S S. of Kras
4 S Low Sund	19 M J. Jeffries d.
5 M B. Rakes d.	20 Tu Nap. III. b.
6 Tu De. Busby d.	21 W Hip. Hoser b.
7 W Pr. L. eep b.	22 Th Dy. 14h 12m
8 Th B. Savona	23 F St. George
9 F Ope d.	24 S D. Defoe d.
10 S Hazlett b.	25 S 48 in Leni
11 S 28 in Leni	26 M Eve. Coote d.
12 M Young d.	27 Tu Gibbon b.
13 Tu Handal d.	28 W B. Toms
14 W Psa. Heatr. d.	29 Th Emp. Rus. b.
15 Th East. T. beg	30 F Bayard d.

ARIES.

TAURUS.

NOVEMBER.

Reynard for hounds oft proves a match,
The sly brown-coated sinner!
Ride straight, one thing you're sure to
catch—
An appetite for dinner.

DECEMBER.

King Christmas comes, too well we know
His true bills, and sham laughter;
Turkey, plum-duff, mince-pies—and, O!
The indigestion after!

CLAIRVOYANT CHRONOLOGY.

1875. Act passed for the benefit of
brutes who beat their wives.

1876. A marked decrease is noted in
the noble sport of Wife-beating, owing to
the civilising influence of the Cat.

1880. Startling discovery of a foot-
warmer, furnished gratis by the Com-
pany, in an English Third-class Carriage.

1882. Painting of our new Law Courts,
and costly whitewashing of the façade of
our noble National Gallery.

1883. Consequent increase of a penny
in our Income Tax.

1885. Amendment of the Education
Act, and general establishment of good
Free Schools of Cookery.

1890. Temple Bar tumbles down, and
is then put up to auction, and purchased
for addition to the Waxwork Show in
Baker Street.

1893. The decoration of St. Paul's is
perfected, and grumbled at.

1900. Mr. Punch delights the world
with the Sixtieth of his Almanacks.

TENDERNESS FOR THE BRUTE CREATION.

—A good old English squire and M.F.H.,
having happened to read COLERIDGE'S
Ancient Mariner, said if anyone got bur-
dened with a guilty conscience by only
shooting an Albatross, what remorse
must perpetually prey upon the man who
has shot a Fox!

ABERRATION OF INTELLECT.—A Member
of the Anti-Tobacco Association, who is
also a Good Templar, making a speech,
said, in an exacerbation of insanity, that
Tobacco might begin with T, but was it
not, in almost all cases, accompanied
with intoxicating liquor!

RIDDLE FOR THE SICK-ROOM.—When is
a cake like an invalid?
When it is Seedy.

THE SWELL'S STORY.
Little Hornblow (of the W. X. T. Y. C., who had been to Norway in his Yacht), "IT BLEW A
HURRICANE, LADIES, FROM THE SOUTH-WEST! SEA MOUNTAINS HIGH! BUT, LASHED TO THE
MAST, I SEIZED THE HELM, AND BROACHED HER TO BEAUTIFULLY, AND AWAY SHE FLEW
BEFORE THE WIND DOWN THE NORTH SEA, AND BROUGHT UP HERE LAST NIGHT AT SIX
BELLS ALL STANDING!"

POETRY OF THE PLANETS.

VOICES of the Stars for May
Things of EMPEROR WILLIAM
say,
Austria's Kaiser, and the
POPE;
But speak neither fear nor
hope
As to the predestined horse
That's to win the Derby
corno:
Sad—to guide Turf fears and
hopes,
Horses have no horoscopes!

MERRY MAY MEETINGS.—
The various Temperance So-
cieties meet in Exeter Hall,
and St. James's. They re-
solve upon the adoption of
a new form of Pledge—to
abstain from all manner of
Beer and Spirits, and to
drink none whatever except
dry Whies.

NURSEHY RHYME FOR THE TIME.

DICKORY DICKORY DOCK
Of old ships had a stock,
With rotten beams
And ill-corked seams,
Had DICKORY DICKORY DOCK.

DICKORY DICKORY DOCK
Selected from his stock
The worst that he
Could send to sea
Insured, did DICKORY DOCK.

DICKORY DICKORY DOCK
Felt quite a pleasant shock
When ships and men
Were lost, for then
He gained, did DICKORY DOCK.

DICKORY DICKORY DOCK
Throve vastly on his stock,
Till, one fine day,
In its sharp way,
The Law tackled DICKORY DOCK.



May xxxi Days												June xxx Days											
1 M	2 T	3 W	4 Th	5 F	6 S	7 M	8 T	9 W	10 Th	11 F	12 S	13 M	14 T	15 W	16 Th	17 F	18 S	19 M	20 T	21 W	22 Th	23 F	24 S
19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	1	2	3	4	5	6

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS FOR NAVAL CADETS.

Q. What should be done with a ship's centre of gravity?
A. Coll it like an ordinary rope and stow it away in the hold. (See REED, C.B., M.P.)
Q. Where is the best position for the compass?
A. Near the heaviest anchor. (See FARADAY.)
Q. How do you ascertain the number of knots run over the "measured mile"?
A. Tie as many knots as you can in a tape yard measure, and multiply by 1760. (See COCKER and COLEMAN.)
Q. When the Captain makes it "Eight Bells," what is the proper course to take?
A. Ring a triple hob major. (See any treatise on Cannonology.)
Q. What are the proper and most improving acquaintances for the cad who disgraces the name of cadet?
A. The gunner's daughter and the boatswain's cat. (See CAPTAIN MARRYAT, *passim*.)

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE TIME.

NEEDLES and Pins! Needles and Pins!—
A Man must not marry for Needles and Pins!
What can a Wife who's at least a B.A.
Know about Sewing or Buttons to-day?
How can a Wife who Six Languages knows
Be expected to know how to darn her
own hose?
Needles and Pins! Needles and Pins!—
When a Man marries Learning, his know-
ledge begins.

A HINT FROM THE GENTLEMEN.—Should Ladies continue to wear long evening dresses, it will become absolutely necessary to copy the plan adopted on railways, and display this notice, in conspicuous letters, in our ball-rooms and drawing-rooms—"Beware of the Trains!"

WHEN La Fille de Madame Angot went to Spain and assumed the costume and manners of the country, what was her favourite dance?
Evidently the Fan d'Angot.
A PROHIBITIONIST Island.—Uhsnt.



THE SAILOR'S VERSION.

Old Sailing Master. "URRICANE!! WE'D A LIGHT AIR O' WIND OFF YARMOUTH. 'LASHED TO THE MAST'! WELL, ALL I KNOW IS, WHEN I WENT BELOW TO ASK FOR THE BRANDY BOTTLE, THE GUY'OR HE ONLY PINTED!"

SWEETS OF SUMMER.
O STRAWBERRIES and Cream
Of the sweetest and richest
quality,
Is my Midsummer Night's
dream,
My Midsummer Day's reality!

LOCAL PECULIARITIES.

At Bilston they always bit the right nail on the head.
At Bolton it is impossible for those who run up lick to bolt off.
At Broadstairs the accom-
modation for stout visitors is
unrivalled.
At Colchester they are all
"natives."
At Coventry, strange to
say, they can furnish no sta-
tistics of the number of per-
sons who have been sent
there.
At Kidderminster there is
certain to be something fresh
on the tapis.
At Liverpool they are ex-
travagantly orthodox.
If you write to Newcastle
(Staffordshire) take care to
under Lync the address.
At Newmarket they take
particular interest in the
question of races.
At Portsmouth everything
is ship-shape.
At Rye you will meet none
but Rye faces.
At Sheffield you will al-
ways find a knife and fork
laid for you.

GARDENING IN JUNE.—You
are told to "propagate
Heart's-ease and Wallflowers
by cuttings." But surely
Wallflowers have been cut
enough already, and cuttings
propagate not heart's-ease
but heartburnings.

A NICE SUMMER RESORT.—
The Basque country.

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE TIME.

Hush-a-hye, Baby, and leave all to me;
That you're well cared for your Mamma
will see;
Sleep then, my darling, in peace, for 's
sure
You shall never be married to one who is
poor.
Carriages, diamonds for bosom and ear,
Jointure—at least of three thousand
a-year—
All these shall be yours, my sweet Baby,
ne'er doubt;
Sleep, sleep, then, in peace, while dear
Mamma looks on!

NEW "ACT OF UNIFORMITY."

ALL Gentlemen to wear white Lais in
hot weather.
ALL Ladies to take lessons at the School
of Cookery.
All Champagne at dinner parties,
dances, wedding-breakfasts, &c., to be of
foreign growth.
All Speeches and Sermons to be distin-
guished for their brevity.
All Mayors and Corporations to abstain
from presenting addresses.
All Heads of Households to take their
wives and families to the sea-side some-
time between July and October.
All Umbrellas on loan to be faithfully
restored to their owners.
All Cabinon to be careful, civil, and
scrupulously correct in their charges.
All Haircutters to preserve silence
during the operation.
All the out-door statues in London to
be removed.
All Fees at Theatres to be abolished.
All street organs, street singers, street
tumbler, and street beggars, to be put
down.
All flirtations to be sternly discom-
menced.
All Domestic to remain at least one
year in these places, if required by their
Masters and Mistresses.
All Civil Servants to have their salaries
raised.
All Acts of Parliament to be worded
intelligibly.
All smoking by young men under four-
teen years of age to be strictly prohibi-
ted.
All Christmas Hampers to be prepaid.
All persons to buy Punch's Almanack.



THE TRANSIT OF V



DOGGEREL FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

EVERY Dog has his day;
Dogs rejoice in the light.
As the Mouse is her prey,
Every Cat has her night.

Heigho!—Whether she took an overdose by mistake, or committed suicide, it is impossible at this distance of time to say, and, strangely enough, the Classical Dictionary is altogether silent on the subject; but there cannot be a shadow of a doubt about it—to die of potassium.

TURNING THE TABLES.—Conjurors say they are no Spiritualists. Spiritualists protest that they are no Conjurors.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Parallel to Pearls before swine: Diamond-rings in Pigs' Noses.

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE TIME.

WILLIE boy, WILLIE boy,
where are you going?
I shall go with you. You need not say Nay.
I'm going to Lecture—Professor Miss GLOWING
On Morbid Anatomy lectures to-day.

WILLIE boy, WILLIE boy, that is delightful!
Let us make haste!—Now you need not look hipp'd:
The Girl who thinks Morbid Anatomy frightful
Deserves for her folly at least to be whipp'd.

WHAT EVERY OLD LIBRARY CONTAINS.—Plenty of dry "rot."



July xxxi Days.

1	Sa. 2h. 49m.	17	S	Punch 3/4
2	Sa. 3h. 18m.	18	S	3 Sa. af. Tr.
3	Sa. 3h. 47m.	19	M	Petrarch d.
4	Sa. 4h. 16m.	20	Tu	Margaret
5	Sa. 4h. 45m.	21	W	R. Burns d.
6	Sa. 5h. 14m.	22	Th	Selma d.
7	Sa. 5h. 43m.	23	F	Scotchay 1
8	Sa. 6h. 12m.	24	S	Shelley d.
9	Sa. 6h. 41m.	25	S	3 Sa. af. Tr.
10	Sa. 7h. 10m.	26	M	K. Ohio d.
11	Sa. 7h. 39m.	27	Tu	Talavera
12	Sa. 8h. 8m.	28	W	Cowley d.
13	Sa. 8h. 37m.	29	Th	R. Polak
14	Sa. 9h. 6m.	30	F	W. Penn d.
15	Sa. 9h. 35m.	31	S	1. Loyola d.
16	Sa. 10h. 4m.			16 M

August xxxi Days.

1	S	10 R. af. Tr.	17	Tu	Samson d.
2	M	Bk. Holiday	18	W	W. Russell b
3	Tu	Sa. 4h. 27m.	19	Th	R. Ononero
4	W	Sa. 4h. 56m.	20	F	Sargus
5	Th	Sa. 5h. 25m.	21	S	Bk. cks. b.
6	F	Sa. 5h. 54m.	22	S	13 s. af. Tr.
7	S	Sa. 6h. 23m.	23	M	Wallace bd
8	S	1 s. af. Tr.	24	Tu	S. Bartholo.
9	M	R. Silver	25	W	Faraday d.
10	Tu	C. Kena b.	26	Th	R. Cray
11	W	Half Quar.	27	F	6 Verses
12	Th	Grouse a. b.	28	S	R. Leipsic
13	F	O. Lammus	29	S	14 s. af. Tr.
14	S	R. Henry	30	M	R. Mouton
15	S	12 s. af. Tr.	31	Tu	Bunyan d.
16	M	B. Vionville			

LEO.

VIRGO.

ASPIRATIONS FOR AUGUST.

The Houses rise; the Session's o'er;
Now welcome the Recess.
May taxes not have been made more,
And liberty made less.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever know a sane person who liked having his hair cut?

Did you ever know a Man who was not delighted at being excused from serving on a Jury?

Did you ever hear of a Will which gave complete satisfaction?

Did you ever publish a little volume of Poems and find it turn out a profitable speculation?

Did you ever pay your Rates and Taxes with cheerful alacrity?

Did you ever "Spend a Happy Day?"

Did you ever experience the joy of an unexpected Legacy?

Did you ever hear a Bull-bul?

Aud, Ladies—Did you ever know a Dress-maker who could make you a dress, at the very earliest, before the week after next?

SMALL TALK FOR SOCIETY.—Sofas are said to have been invented by the Lollards. However, it appears that the Ottomans were beforehand with them.

"Do you Beat your Car-pets?" You do. Very good: if it eases your nasty temper, continue to beat them; it's better than beating your wife.



ACUTE CHINAMANIA.

May. "MAMMA! MAMMA! DON'T GO ON LIKE THIS, PRAY!!"
Mamma (who has smashed a favourite pot). "WHAT HAVE I GOT LEFT TO LIVE FOR?"
May. "HAVEN'T YOU GOT ME, MAMMA?"
Mamma. "YOU, CHILD! YOU'RE NOT UNIQUE!! THERE ARE SIX OF YOU—A COMPLETE SET!!"

AUTUMNAL ELOQUENCE.

Of long debates we've seen
the worst;
Now follows scientific pat-
ter.
Quary if we were better for
the first,
Or are like to be wiser for
the latter.

"Do you want Luxuriant
Hair and Whiskers?" You
do? Then unless Nature
works a miracle in your be-
half, you'll never get them
by using Doo's Kapillaroni-
can Productive Pomatum.
Sold everywhere.

NURSERY RHYME FOR
THE TIME.

SEE-SAW, MARGERY DAW,
Worked hard at College, and
then studied Law;
Called to the Bar, her inten-
tion's to be
First on a Circuit and, next,
a Q.C.;
In due course, a Judge: so
escaping the bother
Of the patty vocations of
Wife and of Mother.

PROFESSIONAL RECREATION.
—Our Dentist went to the
Alps this last summer on a
holiday tour, but he could
not leave business behind
him — he scaled several
mountains in the teeth too
of great difficulties.

ANECDOTE OF A SAINT.—St.
Olive had no children. The
wits of the period greatly
regretted this, as it deprived
them of the opportunity of
inquiring after the young
Olive branches.

A GOOD DIO.—If your Gar-
dener turns out dishonest,
call him the Knave of Spades.
An unsafe card.



September xxx Days.										October xxxi Days.									
1 W	2 T	3 W	4 T	5 F	6 S	7 S	8 M	9 T	10 W	11 T	12 W	13 T	14 F	15 S	16 S	17 M	18 T	19 W	20 T
11 W	12 T	13 W	14 T	15 F	16 S	17 S	18 M	19 T	20 W	21 T	22 W	23 T	24 F	25 S	26 S	27 M	28 T	29 W	30 T
29 W	30 T	31 W																	

THE BAGMAN'S BAG.
HARK how the Cockney
Sportsman drops
His sitches o'er the glades
and glens,
But, at hen pheasants though
he pops,
Your 'ARRY never drops
his n's.

PREHISTORIC LONDON.—
Some Archaeologists have
discovered an analogy be-
tween the Druidical worship
and a form of Semitic Idola-
try. It has been surmised
that the Old Bailey derives
its name from having been
the site of a temple of Baal.

POETRY OF NATURE.—In
the middle of Winter veg-
etation sometimes assumes a
more poetical aspect than it
ever presents in Spring.
During a severe white frost
the twigs of all the trees
sometimes appear entirely
covered with rime.

FORTUNATE MAN!—SNOR-
PING, whose domestic rela-
tions are not of the happiest
character, says he only un-
derstands the Porc for one reason—he
cannot have a Mother-in-law.

JUSTICE TO LADIES.—Of all
Woman's Rights the most
valuable is the right to prac-
tise as a Physician. What
patient could ever refuse a
lice to a female?

TRUE HISTORY OF WHIT-
TINGTON.—Ho was the first
Magistrate of London who
introduced the Cat for garot-
ters.

MYTHOLOGY AND FACT.—
The River Pactolus flowed
with gold. The River Plate
flows with gravy.

POPULAR ETYMOLOGY.—A
Son of a Gun. The Woolwich
Infant.



CHRONIC CHINAMANIA (INCURABLE).

Pale Enthusiast. "THIS IS THE CREAM OF MY COLLECTION, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. IT IS QUITE UNIQUE. IT WAS MADE BY THE FALLOWBROOK POTTERY THAT WAS STARTED
IN 1870. IT TOOK THEN THREE YEARS TO PRODUCE THIS PLATE, THEIR ONLY ONE, AND THEN—AND THEN—"
Ruddy Philistine. "AND THEN THEY SHUT UP, I SUPPOSE?"
Pale Enthusiast. "ER—YES!"
Ruddy Philistine. "AND I DON'T WONDER!"

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS.

MARS is the warlike Planet. It is odd, therefore, to find that "Mars is retrograde when in opposition," which implies that if a man were born under the influence of the Planet Mars, he would run away in battle.

Venus is the most beautiful of all the Planets, yet in her transit, in the full light of the Sun, she appears to be merely a black spot. The Moral for all Venuses is evident. *Verb. sup.*

Jupiter's Satellites revolve about him at different distances, and are subject to being occasionally eclipsed.

Jupiter is a noble Planet; but what a set of snobs his Satellites must be.

Saturn shines with a pale dead light. Compared with Jupiter, he is nowhere. Yet he has double the number of Satellites that Jupiter has. This is accounted for by the exclusiveness of the circle in which Jupiter moves. If Jupiter's Satellites are snobs, Saturn's are both snobs and idiots. His Royal Highness's Groom of the Backstairs has more toadies about him than has His Royal Highness himself.

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE TIME.

Sing a Song of Sixpence
Made into a Pound,
Any way,
Every day,
All the year round.

When your Pounds are many,
Make them make you more;
Do not stop,
Keep your shop
Going as before.

Never leave off making
Money while you can:
"I have most!"
Prouder boast
Can there be for man?

THE BEST LUBRICATOR FOR
RAILWAY CARRIAGE WHEELS.—
Train Oil.

ART CRITICISM.—In too many
pictures the colour is Medi-
ocre.

THE "MOTHERSANK."—The
Bank of England.

THE SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.

"Beer is King."

ARIES, the RAM, sells ALLSOP in
the Skies.

TAURUS, the BULL, the Gods with
BASS supplies.

GEMINI, TWINS, have Double X
on sale.

CANCER, the CRAB, keeps CROW-
LEY's Alton Ale.

LEO, the LION, offers London
Stout.

VIRGO, the VIRGIN, WATNEY &
Co. serves out.

LIBRA, the SCALES, to Stogumber
inclines.

SCORPIO, the SCORPION, most in
Stingo shines.

At CAPRICORN Llangollen is in
draught.

In SAGITTARIUS Scotch is chiefly
quaffed.

AQUARIUS is a Temperance Hotel.

PISCES in every kind of drinks
excel.

NEMS. BY A CHINAMANIANIC.

Mem.—The Man in the Moon
has telegraphed to say that he is
coming in the middle of next
week to see my Chelsea Shep-
herdess.

Mem.—Not to let her flirt with
him more than I can help.

Mem.—Old JAWKINS declares
that he can prove that the Great
Wall of China is not Oriental, but
was really baked at Lowestoft.

Mem.—Bet him that his proofs
will show he is half-baked.

Mem.—Not to let that dealer
in Old Worcester give me any
more of his Old Worcester Sauce.

Mem.—To find out somebody who will publish my Con-
fessions of a Crackle China Teacup.

Mem.—Mind I don't forget to finish the first chapter ere I
begin the next.

Mem.—The best cement for mending broken China is
composed of roasted snowballs, mixed with roes of Robin
Redbreasts and petticoats of Eels.

Mem.—Mind I go next week to CRUSTY's, and buy a lot of
Teapots at twenty pounds a-piece.

Mem.—When I've bought them, bring them home and
put them out of sight.

CREMATION QUERIES.

MIGHT not the sight of our friend's ashes grate on our
feelings?

Might not the preservation of the urns of cantankerous
relations perpetuate family jars?

Ought prodigal heirs to be allowed to disperse the
"dust" left behind by their ancestors?

Would not the ashes of a fine old crusty uncle be appro-
priately consigned to a bottle that once held Sandeman's
port?

FIRESIDE GAMES.

THE great want at Christmas is Fireside Games. One
very good one is to bring into the Drawing-room a quantity
of snow, and, sitting down before the fire, set to work to
make fire-proof snowballs.

Some little knowledge of Chemistry is required for this;
but perhaps the less the better.

The Trick Hat is funny too. Take a Visitor's hat, the
better the hat the better the trick. Place it on a chair.
Cover it with a cloth. If there are plenty of people playing

with you, you can ask one of
them to be King, and then let
him sit on the hat; or if you are
all alone, you will sit on it your-
self, and say, "Now I am King."
You can repeat this as often as
you like to. The finish of the
game is real fun, for in this, of
course, you will be joined by the
Visitor himself. This part of the
"Trick Hat Game" is most
amusing. The Visitor searches
for his hat everywhere, never
suspecting for a minute that it
is under the cloth on the chair.
When he gets warm, you will
try to divert his attention; but
when he gets absolutely hot (as
he is pretty sure to do) then it is
best to run away as quickly as
possible, and hide somewhere.

The Moral of this amusing and
instructive game is, "Hide or
you'll be Hidden."

Another capital Game is the
Egg in the Tail-coat Pocket.
This is a companion to the Sum-
mer Game of the Ripe Straw-
berry and the White Ducks.
This last is most simple. In-
duce someone to wear white
ducks, i.e., white trousers. Put
a Strawberry on a chair without
his having seen it. While engaged
in conversation with a third party
push the chair towards him, and
politely request him to sit down.
He will wonder what has hap-
pened; you won't.

The Stickler.—Take a good thick
stick, or a sharp switch, and hit
somebody till he laughs. When
he laughs, he loses the Game,
and you go in. This also is
simple. A cane will serve all the
purpose.

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE TIME.

THERE was a Man of Newington
And he was wondrous wise,—
He failed for Twenty Thousand
Pounds

To everyone's surprise.

But after that he did not do
As he had done before,—
He failed, as quickly as he could,
For Forty Thousand more.

MIXING UP THINGS.—It was a
very pardonable confusion of
ideas in a Lady, who gave up
much of her time and thoughts
to dress and novel-reading, to
say that she had been delighted
with "The Princess of Tulle."

SCIENCE MADE EASY.—Go to a
County hall, and mark how the
little people are all attracted by
the great people, if you wish to
understand what magnetism is.

REFLECTION ON A PLACARD.—
"Chops and steaks on the short-
est notice"—better still, on the
gridiron.

CHRISTMAS GAME FOR MR.
GLAISTONE.—Pope.

"SOCIAL PRESSURE."—Shaking
hands.

SPECIAL TRAINS.—Very long
dresses.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

Our Butcher will decorate his
prize beef and mutton with gor-
geous favours and rosettes.

Our distinguished military ac-
quaintance, LIET.-GENERAL SIR
SAMPOSON WINGFIELD, B.C.O.,

I.S.C.K., G.M.C.K., will decorate his martial breast with
his various stars and ribbons.

Our Cook and Housemaid will decorate the Kitchen with
Holly and—Mistletoe.

Our fantastic friend, MRS. DORRINGTON DOLLINGCOURT,
will decorate her cheeks with a little artificial colour.

Our eldest unmarried Daughter will assist the REV.
NAZANZENUS SNYLLAX in decorating his district Church.

Our youngest will be decorated with blue ribbons.

Our table will be decorated with *Punch's Pocket Book*
and *Punch's Almanack*.



AN ALARMING INTRUDER.

Little Boldwig (he had been dining with his Company, and had let himself in with his latchkey—to Gigantic
Stranger he finds in his hall). "COME ON. I'LL FIGHT YOU!" (Furiously.) "PUT YOUR STICK DOWN!!"
[But his imaginary foe was only the new Umbrella-Stand—a present from Mrs. B.]

A THOUGHT IN OXFORD STREET.—The Poet is not alone in
his use of "apt alliteration's artful aid." The spirited
Draper relies equally on its subtle influence when he allures
the public, by the medium of large placards, to his "Sum-
mer sale of surplus stock."

A DISTINCTION WITH AN IMMENSE DIFFERENCE.—The
Local Board is only to be found in some towns; the locally
bored in all.

MATERIA MUSICA.—A Lady being asked what was the best
wood for Pianos, replied, without hesitation—Broadwood.



BABY WORSHIP.

Military Adonis (to Clerical Apollo), "Haw! Strokes me wather forcibly that You and I had better hide our diminished heads, and wetire vanquished from the scene!"

MYSTERIES OF NOVEMBER.

Into the future dost thou dare,
Clairvoyant Medium, valdely pry?
Say, then, who 'll be this year's Lord Mayor,
And who 's to be the coming Guy.

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

NEVER do to-morrow what you can put off doing to-day. Excepting on a railroad, delays are rarely dangerous. Unpunctuality is the soul of method.

Where there's a Will there's a Way of upsetting it.

For want of a Cab the Train was lost, and for want of a Trainer the Race was lost.

'Tis the early Worm that gets walked into by the Blackbird.

Invention is the Daughter of Necessity, and the Parent of the Soap-bubble.

If you want a thing well done, pay somebody to do it. Silence is of gold, while speech is often brazen.

Needs must, when the Printer's Devil calls.

A FELLOW FEELING.—There is one Parliamentary measure, passed regu'arly every Session, which persons who are inclined to make free with their neighbours' property regard with considerable favour—the Appropriation Bill.

THE QUADRATURE OF THE CIRCLE.—Describe a Circle; and let it be a Ring of Swindlers. Squash your Ring.

SANS-CULOTTES CHERCHENT-ULOTTES.—Strong-minded Women of the "advanced" brigade.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.
O the good old times
Of the Christmas Chimes,
Which we hear as well to-day.
As the Bell chinks,
So the Fool thinks,
And will for ever and aye.

WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.
—Has the Charity Organisation Society ever investigated a greater cause of destitution than that of the lady who denied herself the common luxuries of life?

AT THE "MITRE."—A Bishop, who naturally thinks a good deal of himself, can hardly consider it a complimentary to be called "the Ordinary."

NURSERY RHYME FOR THE TIME.

I'll tell you a story
About Jack-a-Box,
Home for the Christmas Vacation:
When offered mince-pies,
He, indignant, replies,
"With Learning they're no correlation."

SUITABLE PREMISES.—A great Teetotal gathering is expected to take place next Summer in Kew Gardens, in the new "Temperate House."

SELF-EVIDENT.—It must have been a Cockney who said that St. Bees came from St. Ives.

WIT AND WISDOM.—In the midst of joke we are in earnest.

THE PATRON SAINT OF THE MONEY MARKET.—St. Simon Stock.

THE WORST OF SNARES.—Gin and Bitters.

November xxx Days.											
1 M	All Saints	16 T	Encke d	17 F	Wis. h	17 F	St. Martin	18 S	St. Andrew	18 S	St. Andrew
2 T	St. Andrew	17 W	St. Andrew	18 T	St. Andrew	18 T	St. Andrew	19 W	St. Andrew	19 W	St. Andrew
3 W	St. Andrew	18 T	St. Andrew	19 W	St. Andrew	19 W	St. Andrew	20 T	St. Andrew	20 T	St. Andrew
4 Th	St. Andrew	19 W	St. Andrew	20 T	St. Andrew	20 T	St. Andrew	21 W	St. Andrew	21 W	St. Andrew
5 F	St. Andrew	20 T	St. Andrew	21 W	St. Andrew	21 W	St. Andrew	22 T	St. Andrew	22 T	St. Andrew
6 S	St. Andrew	21 W	St. Andrew	22 T	St. Andrew	22 T	St. Andrew	23 W	St. Andrew	23 W	St. Andrew
7 S	St. Andrew	22 T	St. Andrew	23 W	St. Andrew	23 W	St. Andrew	24 T	St. Andrew	24 T	St. Andrew
8 M	St. Andrew	23 W	St. Andrew	24 T	St. Andrew	24 T	St. Andrew	25 F	St. Andrew	25 F	St. Andrew
9 T	St. Andrew	24 T	St. Andrew	25 F	St. Andrew	25 F	St. Andrew	26 S	St. Andrew	26 S	St. Andrew
10 W	St. Andrew	25 F	St. Andrew	26 S	St. Andrew	26 S	St. Andrew	27 T	St. Andrew	27 T	St. Andrew
11 Th	St. Andrew	26 S	St. Andrew	27 T	St. Andrew	27 T	St. Andrew	28 W	St. Andrew	28 W	St. Andrew
12 F	St. Andrew	27 T	St. Andrew	28 W	St. Andrew	28 W	St. Andrew	29 T	St. Andrew	29 T	St. Andrew
13 S	St. Andrew	28 W	St. Andrew	29 T	St. Andrew	29 T	St. Andrew	30 W	St. Andrew	30 W	St. Andrew
14 S	St. Andrew	29 T	St. Andrew	30 W	St. Andrew	30 W	St. Andrew				
15 M	St. Andrew	30 W	St. Andrew								

SAGITTARIUS.

CAPRICORNUS.



THE CHURCH EQUITANT.

Bishop (on choice Cob, has called to remonstrate with Sporting Purson, who keeps Racehorses). "I AM DEEPLY CONCERNED TO HEAR, MR. THAT YOU KEEP, AND EVEN TRAIN, RACEHORSES!"
Sporting Purson. "BLESS YOUR LORDSHIP! ONLY PLATERS! I'D BE GLAD TO CHOP ANYTHING IN MY STABLES FOR THAT COB OF YOURS!"



THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

JANUARY.

JANUARY brings its Bills.
So the year begins with ills.
If one's credit be precarious,
Hilary finds us not hilarious.
Frequent winds from S. and W.
Blow no good, but tease and trouble you.
Frosts to nip and wet to weary,
Nights all dark, and days all dreary,
Most things that may plague and pain us
Meet us with the Month of Janus.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY, short not sweet!
Noses nipped and chilly feet
Still in fashion. Salmon fishing
Now commences. Boobies wishing
That absurdest sport may try it;
When I fancy fish, I buy it.
Fools on things called "Pancakes" dine,
Others court St. Valentine.
Which is worst,—an open question,—
Mooncalf love or indigestion?
Leap Year! So more muffs will marry
In this present February.

MARCH.

MARCH brings with it loads of cares,
Makes one mad as its own hares.
Dust a bore, the weather boreal,
Polar winds or equatorial,
All alike in bringing bother
In its forms of slush or smother.
Lady Day! poor tenant's sorrow,
Lent, bad times for those who borrow.
Vernal equinox,—day and night
Equally without delight.
St. Patrick's Day,—its senseless wars,
For this blustering Month of Mars!

SPECIAL NOTE FOR 1876. — Leap year. Quadrennial celebration of birth-days all over the world. Great excitement in the hunting-field. Extraordinary feats at Athletic Sports. Grand International Leap-frog Competition at the Alexandra Palace. Paper read before the Statistical Society, giving the average number of persons who look before they leap, and quoting instances of people who have taken a leap in the dark during the last four years.

JANUARY 1.—Good-resolution-making begins.

Jan. xxxi Days.

1	S. 4. 3h 3m
2	S. 4. 4h 4m
3	Hunt b.
4	S. 4. 5h 5m
5	W. 4. 6h 6m
6	W. 4. 7h 7m
7	F. 4. 8h 8m
8	S. 4. 9h 9m
9	S. 4. 10h 10m
10	S. 4. 11h 11m
11	S. 4. 12h 12m
12	S. 4. 1h 1m
13	S. 4. 2h 2m
14	S. 4. 3h 3m
15	S. 4. 4h 4m
16	S. 4. 5h 5m
17	S. 4. 6h 6m
18	S. 4. 7h 7m
19	S. 4. 8h 8m
20	S. 4. 9h 9m
21	S. 4. 10h 10m
22	S. 4. 11h 11m
23	S. 4. 12h 12m
24	S. 4. 1h 1m
25	S. 4. 2h 2m
26	S. 4. 3h 3m
27	S. 4. 4h 4m
28	S. 4. 5h 5m
29	S. 4. 6h 6m
30	S. 4. 7h 7m
31	S. 4. 8h 8m

Mar. xxxi Days.

1	W. 4. 9h 9m
2	W. 4. 10h 10m
3	W. 4. 11h 11m
4	W. 4. 12h 12m
5	W. 4. 1h 1m
6	W. 4. 2h 2m
7	W. 4. 3h 3m
8	W. 4. 4h 4m
9	W. 4. 5h 5m
10	W. 4. 6h 6m
11	W. 4. 7h 7m
12	W. 4. 8h 8m
13	W. 4. 9h 9m
14	W. 4. 10h 10m
15	W. 4. 11h 11m
16	W. 4. 12h 12m
17	W. 4. 1h 1m
18	W. 4. 2h 2m
19	W. 4. 3h 3m
20	W. 4. 4h 4m
21	W. 4. 5h 5m
22	W. 4. 6h 6m
23	W. 4. 7h 7m
24	W. 4. 8h 8m
25	W. 4. 9h 9m
26	W. 4. 10h 10m
27	W. 4. 11h 11m
28	W. 4. 12h 12m
29	W. 4. 1h 1m
30	W. 4. 2h 2m
31	W. 4. 3h 3m

SIGHS TO THE SIGNS.

(By a British Hydrophobist.)

MERE watery sameness wearies, dear AQUARIUS,
Let New Year's weather, then, we pray, be various!

Remember mortals are not piscine, PISCES,
Even in such a pluvial isle as this is!

Wind, and not wet, we look for under ARIES,
Hydraulic RAM we hate—love RAM when fair he is!

If some few vernal showers should come with TAURUS,
'Tis well; but why with floods come Bull's-run o'er us?

Whelm not May's flowers with tears, O gentle GEMINI!
Or *Flores nunquam respondebunt semine!*

Regard the Roses, be not rabby, CANCER,
Shine when we ask—with showers do not answer!

Sprinkle no raindrops from your mane, great LEO,
But from St. Swithin's spell the forty free, O!

Swift Summer takes her flight with thee, and, *ergo*,
Be not all Niobe, O gentle VIRGO!

Spoil not our sports with daily deluge, LIBRA,
Not e'en hard cash can buy blue sky or bribe ray!

October Ale! good tipple, SCORPIO,
Blest bard, if to it his song's west and warp he owe!

November fogs attend thee, SAGITTARIUS,
Bid not hydraulics make us less hilarious!

A dry December grant, dear CAPRICORNUS,
So plead we round the Zodiac. Signs, don't scorn us!

DISTRESSING SPECTACLE.—A short-sighted person
looking into futurity.

MAD MATHEMATICS.

THE inventor of the following proof fancies it not
unworthy of the Mathematical Department of Colwell
Hatchney. To prove that 10 is an even number—

9 is IX
6 is SIX

∴ by subtraction 3 is - 8
But 7 is SEVEN

∴ by addition 10 is EVEN. Q.E.D.

FEBRUARY 2.—Candlemas. Gas discovered.
FEBRUARY 14.—Bishop Valentine took his seat in
the House of Lords. Cupid born. General Post Office
enlarged.

DEFINE the difference between a Musical-Box and a
Band-Box.

LINLEY SAMBOURNE, JUNY. ST. DEU



PISCATORIAL.

Miss Blanche (to the Old Coachman). "O JOHN, WILL YOU PUT THIS WORM ON THE HOOK FOR ME? I CAN'T BEAR TO DO IT!"
 Old John (dubiously). "WELL—I'M SURE SOME O' THE YOUNG GENTLEMEN WOULDN'T MIND, MISS,—BUT I'VE RATHER A DALICOT STOMACH MYSELF, MISS, AND I 'EAVE AT ANYTHING!!"

RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT MEN.

It is not generally known that the Poet Laureate is liable to painful attacks of doubt and hesitation. Not long ago he went into the shop of MESSRS. PIESSE AND LUNIN, and, after chatting with the two eminent Perfumers for some time, looked sadly at them, shook his head, and saying,

"I know not which is sweeter! No! not I!"

sighed, and left the shop.

Mr. BASS, as he one day escorted MRS. HEMANS over his brewery at Burton, expressed in warm terms his admiration of her poetry, and told her how much he coveted her power of giving pleasure to thousands. The Poetess laughed at his enthusiasm. "Your success is greater than mine," she said, "for

"Earth's noblest sons thy bitter cup have shared."

POPE was very much attached to LORD ELCHO, and was accustomed, in familiar conversation, to call him "Honest Instinct." Being asked by LORD RANELAGH to explain this singular appellation, POPE replied, "You would not ask such a question had you read my *Essay on Man*, but would remember

"How Honest Instinct comes, a Volunteer
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit."

SIR JOHN LUNNOCK was surprised one day at meeting THOMSON in Threadneedle Street, and asked him, in much astonishment, what had brought him into the City. The Poet of *The Seasons* pointed to a number of grey-headed old gentlemen, who were walking briskly in the same direction, and said, archly, "This is Dividend day, and

"I seek the Bank where flowery elders crowd."

The same Poet, hearing HERR DANNREUTHER praise the works of WAGNER the Composer, asked what WAGNER had written; and, on being told that his music was called "*The Music of the Future*," replied, "Yes, yes; I understand! We had such music in the *Castle of Indolence*. It was

"A certain music never known before."

BOSWELL one day told DR. JOHNSON that the REVEREND JOHN MACAULAY, in his *History of St. Kilda*, had stated as a well-authenticated fact that, whenever a stranger approaches that island, all the inhabitants take cold. "Why, Sir," replied the Doctor, "you are

not to suppose that there is anything singular in that: it only shows that the islanders prefer the stranger's rheum to his company."

During the recent severe frost, the RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON went into the office of the *Spectator*, in Wellington Street, and asked for a little brandy and a clothes' brush, giving as a reason for this singular request, that he had just had a severe fall on a slide. The Editor, who did not quite comprehend the exclamation, exclaimed hastily, "When did you fall?"—"O!" replied the great moralist, "it was

"When in the slippery paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran."

"How is it that you always get an invitation to the Guildhall dinner on the ninth of November?" said SIR JULES BENEDICT to MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN. "I don't exactly know," was the reply; "but I think that I must owe it to my connection with *Boosey's Annual*."

HORACE and MÆCENAS were walking down the Strand one day last Spring, just as a great crowd of ladies was pouring out of Exeter Hall. "What is all this about?" said MÆCENAS. "Don't you know?" said HORACE. "*Jam veris comites*. This is the time for May Meetings."

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE APOTHECARY.

January.—Came up to London in a Cheap Jack's cart, and established myself in lodgings in the East End.

February.—Thought out and perfected my Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health. Inserted advertisement in a newspaper asking for a capitalist.

March.—Met a capitalist, who entered into my scheme with enthusiasm. Arranged that he should find £10,000—I the invention. Explained, on leaving him, that I had eaten nothing for three days. He expressed his regret, but refused to allow his servants to give me any dinner.

April.—Appearance of the Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health. Immense success. Branches for the sale of the same established in all parts of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

May.—The price of soap (the principal ingredient of the Grand Tonic Pill of Everlasting Health) having risen, forced to take advantage of the laws of my country. Made the acquaintance of the Chief Judge of Bank-

ruptcy, and asked him to kindly accept the arrangement of my money matters.

June.—Became Consulting Chemist to a tavern-keeper, and, by scientific adulteration, increased the profits of his business largely.

July.—An inquest having proved to me that my connection with the tavern-keeper was a dangerous one, turned my attention to other branches of industry. Wrote the prospectus of the New National Hospital for the Cure of Baldness.

August.—At work all the month on the National Hospital. Obtained the names of several Dukes and many Marquises for the first list of Vice-Patrons. Vice-Patron's fee £5 5s.

September.—The National Hospital flourishing greatly. The list of Vice-Patrons (after the appearance of the names of the Dukes and the Marquises) increased a hundredfold. Foundation of the seaside branch of the Hospital laid at the close of the month.

October.—The National Hospital at the height of its popularity. A very crowded staff of officials and one patient. Grand dinner on Michaelmas Day. The Secretary (myself) in old English fashion called the goose.

November.—The New National Hospital for the Cure of Baldness taken up by the medical papers, and exposed.

December.—Went back into the country, and passed Christmas Day in the privacy of my Cheap Jack's cart.

SLIGHTED ATTENTION.

I TOOK A NARCISSUS
 Home unto my Missus
 On the morn of our blest wedding-day.
 She might have bethought her
 To put it in water;
 But she smelt it—and threw it away.

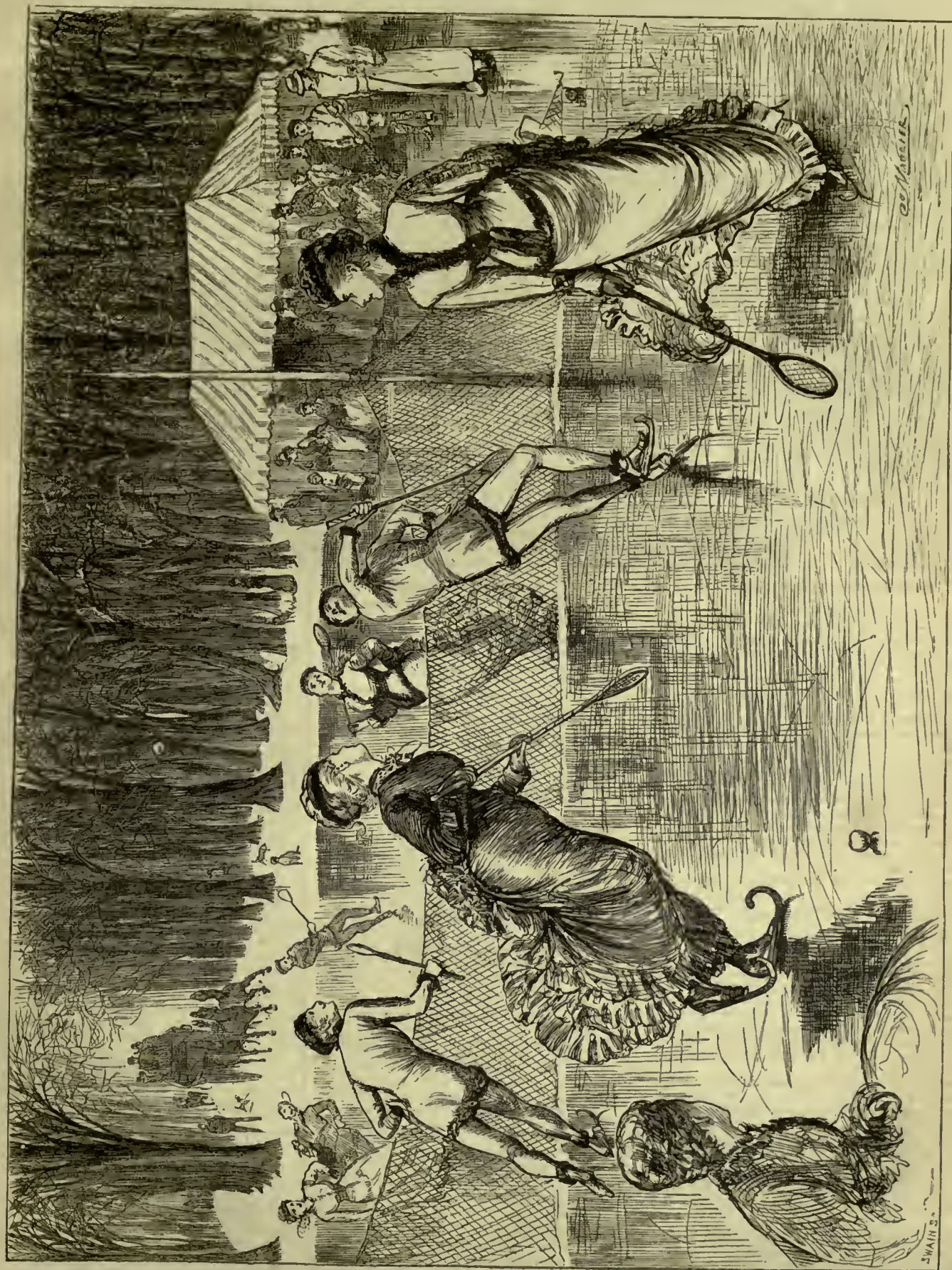
A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.—The reason why so many people go to sleep in church is, because they rest against the "poppy heads."

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—Natives at five shillings a dozen.

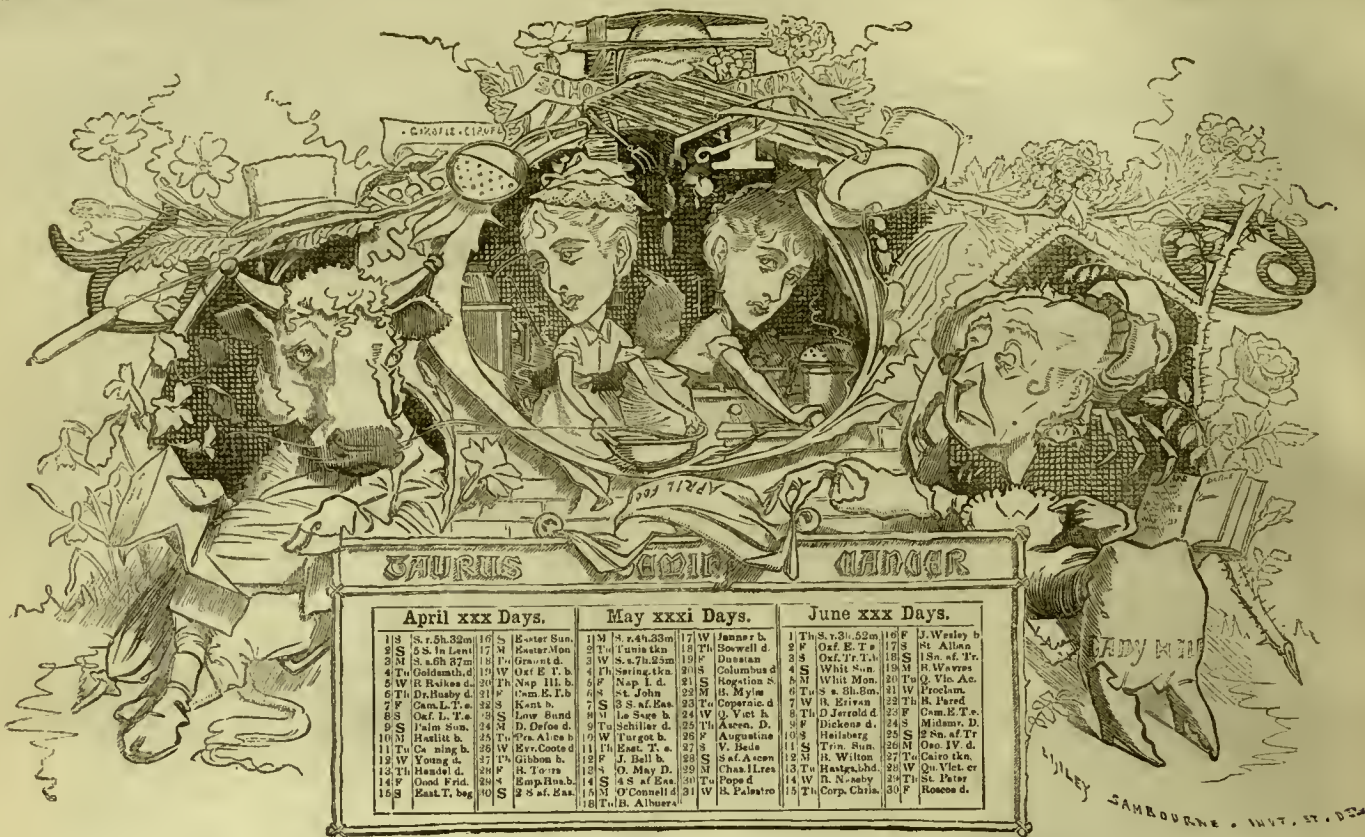
HOME MEASURES.—A tablespoonful three times a day.

SOME persons are thoroughly imperturbable. Nothing can shock them—not even an earthquake.

A TEMPERANCE PUBLIC-HOUSE.—A Slop-shop.



RINK-TENNIS.



April xxx Days.			May xxxi Days.			June xxx Days.		
18 S. r. 5h. 32m	16 S. Easter Sun.	13 M. r. 4h. 33m	17 W. January b.	14 Th. Sowdell d.	11 Th. s. 3h. 52m	16 F. J. Wesley b.	13 S. St. Allan	10 S. R. W. W. W.
19 S. s. 5h. 10m	17 M. Easter Mon.	18 Th. Tunisia	15 Th. Sowdell d.	12 Th. s. 3h. 52m	17 S. Oxf. E. T. p.	14 Th. s. 3h. 52m	11 Th. s. 3h. 52m	8 Th. s. 3h. 52m
20 S. s. 5h. 10m	18 Th. Easter Tue.	19 F. S. s. 5h. 10m	16 F. Augustus	13 F. Rogation s.	18 S. Whit Mon.	15 S. Whit Mon.	12 S. Whit Mon.	9 S. Whit Mon.
21 S. s. 5h. 10m	19 W. Oct. E. T. b.	20 S. Nap. I. d.	17 S. Rogation s.	14 S. Rogation s.	19 M. Whit Mon.	16 M. Whit Mon.	13 M. Whit Mon.	10 M. Whit Mon.
22 S. s. 5h. 10m	20 Th. Nap. I. d.	21 F. Nap. I. d.	18 Th. Rogation s.	15 Th. Rogation s.	20 T. Whit Mon.	17 T. Whit Mon.	14 T. Whit Mon.	11 T. Whit Mon.
23 S. s. 5h. 10m	21 F. Nap. I. d.	22 S. Nap. I. d.	19 F. Rogation s.	16 F. Rogation s.	21 W. Whit Mon.	18 W. Whit Mon.	15 W. Whit Mon.	12 W. Whit Mon.
24 S. s. 5h. 10m	22 S. Nap. I. d.	23 F. Nap. I. d.	20 S. Rogation s.	17 S. Rogation s.	22 Th. Whit Mon.	19 Th. Whit Mon.	16 Th. Whit Mon.	13 Th. Whit Mon.
25 S. s. 5h. 10m	23 F. Nap. I. d.	24 S. Nap. I. d.	21 F. Rogation s.	18 F. Rogation s.	23 F. Whit Mon.	20 F. Whit Mon.	17 F. Whit Mon.	14 F. Whit Mon.
26 S. s. 5h. 10m	24 S. Nap. I. d.	25 F. Nap. I. d.	22 S. Rogation s.	19 S. Rogation s.	24 S. Whit Mon.	21 S. Whit Mon.	18 S. Whit Mon.	15 S. Whit Mon.
27 S. s. 5h. 10m	25 F. Nap. I. d.	26 S. Nap. I. d.	23 F. Rogation s.	20 F. Rogation s.	25 S. Whit Mon.	22 S. Whit Mon.	19 S. Whit Mon.	16 S. Whit Mon.
28 S. s. 5h. 10m	26 S. Nap. I. d.	27 F. Nap. I. d.	24 S. Rogation s.	21 S. Rogation s.	26 F. Whit Mon.	23 F. Whit Mon.	20 F. Whit Mon.	17 F. Whit Mon.
29 S. s. 5h. 10m	27 F. Nap. I. d.	28 S. Nap. I. d.	25 S. Rogation s.	22 S. Rogation s.	27 S. Whit Mon.	24 S. Whit Mon.	21 S. Whit Mon.	18 S. Whit Mon.
30 S. s. 5h. 10m	28 S. Nap. I. d.	29 F. Nap. I. d.	26 F. Rogation s.	23 F. Rogation s.	28 F. Whit Mon.	25 F. Whit Mon.	22 F. Whit Mon.	19 F. Whit Mon.
31 S. s. 5h. 10m	29 F. Nap. I. d.	30 S. Nap. I. d.	27 S. Rogation s.	24 S. Rogation s.	29 S. Whit Mon.	26 S. Whit Mon.	23 S. Whit Mon.	20 S. Whit Mon.
	30 F. Nap. I. d.	31 S. Nap. I. d.	28 F. Rogation s.	25 F. Rogation s.	30 F. Whit Mon.	27 F. Whit Mon.	24 F. Whit Mon.	21 F. Whit Mon.
	31 S. Nap. I. d.		29 S. Rogation s.	26 S. Rogation s.		28 S. Whit Mon.	25 S. Whit Mon.	22 S. Whit Mon.
			30 F. Rogation s.	27 F. Rogation s.		29 F. Whit Mon.	26 F. Whit Mon.	23 F. Whit Mon.
			31 S. Rogation s.	28 S. Rogation s.		30 S. Whit Mon.	27 S. Whit Mon.	24 S. Whit Mon.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE SOLDIER.

January.—Entered the Service as a recruit, in spite of the protest of the Rector of my native village. Spent my bounty money in dissipation, and was passed over to the dépôt.

February.—Found myself in the Infantry. Immediately on receiving my kit, deserted, and came up to London.

March.—After a fortnight's pleasuring, shaved off my whiskers, and entered the Service again. The Magistrate who "swore me in" warned me that I was sacrificing my prospects in life by becoming a soldier.

April.—Found myself in the Cavalry. Took a distaste to "stables," and deserted.

May.—After living upon the proceeds of my "free kit" for a short time, determined to enter the Service again. Shaved off my moustache, and was duly sworn in. A Clergyman on the bench admonished me that I was throwing my future to the dogs by wearing Her Majesty's uniform.

June.—Found myself in the Artillery. Gun drill appeared to be hard work. After a fortnight at Woolwich, made up my mind to desert, and deserted.

July.—Thought I would try the Militia. Joined a Metropolitan regiment, and finding "position drill" a nuisance, deserted.

August.—My funds being low, made up my mind that I had not given the Militia a fair chance. Left London and joined a country Militia regiment.

September.—Early morning drill unpleasant. Deserted, and went to Scotland. True to my love for the Auxiliary Forces, joined a Highland Militia regiment.

October.—Requiring change of air, deserted to Ireland, and joined a Militia regiment in the Emerald Isle.

November.—All the trainings seem new ever; suddenly tired of the Militia. Came back to England, and, leaving my regiment (in my usual fashion), joined the Royal Engineers.

December.—Found I was expected to learn a trade. This did not suit me, so I "exchanged" (in my old style) into the Marines, purposing to take a little sea voyage to escape the kind inquiries of many military friends. Eat my Christmas dinner, and on the last day of the old year packed up my traps and—deserted!

GEOLOGY OF ERIN.—"Snakes," says an Irish Naturalist, "never existed in Ireland, where they became extinct entirely through the preaching of St. Patrick." Search the bog-formations, however, for the remains of the O'PHIDIANS.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

APRIL.

APRIL starts with All Fools' Day
(That runs all the year I say);
Poets call this month the *vernal*,
Weather commonly infernal!
Spring is on us—with a spring;
Blows and pours like anything!
April showers—in the form
Of a (frigid) tropic storm.
Bards sing Canticles—sheer cant!
Time for planting—all a "plant!"
Stick the Bards on dunce's stools,
They but make us—April Fools!

MAY.

MAY! pet month with every poet.
Flowers blow—and winds too, blow it!
Bards! On their own "lines" I'd string 'em
For their fibs. Top coat and gingham
Still essential. One fresh bore—
The R.A.'s throw wide their deer!
Table-talk is all of pictures,
Critic cant, and stupid strictures.
May in Nature is a sham,
May in Art gush, crush, and cram!
Pipe me no more ditties pray
On the "merry Month of May!"

JUNE.

JUNE! Again the Bards begin.
"Summer is yecomen in."
Yet without a Sangster stout
He's a fool who'll venture out.
Roses! pretty in a poem.
Did you ever try to grow 'em?
After toilsome eves and morns
Find a crop of—leaves and thorns?
Year attains another quarter,
Days, and tempers too, grow shorter.
Muse, your lyre is out of tune,
Leave "the leafy Month of June!"

RULE AND EXCEPTION.—"When things are at the worst they sometimes mend." Some things are too bad to mend any more. A saying true of things in general, if not *à propos de bottes*.

IN QUEST OF LODGINGS.—Recollect you can always obtain bed and board, without any additional payment for the latter, by sleeping on the floor.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE SAILOR.

January.—Found myself on board the *Lively Polly*. Could not account for my presence on deck. The last thing I remembered was the parlour of a riverside tavern.

February.—The *Lively Polly* quite safe in calm water, but being heavily insured was unlucky enough to sink in a storm.

March.—After ten days in an open boat, made the land. Kindly treated by the owner of a public-house.

April.—Found myself suddenly on board the *Copper Coffin*, with a cargo of cotton. The *Copper Coffin*, being manned with a crew of "choice spirits," caught fire.

May.—After an unpleasant journey on a bit of broken spar, made the land. Having acquired a temporary distaste for the sea, entered the lighter service.

June.—In charge of a lighter freighted with gunpowder and other innocent materials. Met an old friend, had a glass of ale, lighted a pipe, and blew up.

July.—Joined the Naval Reserve, and found out the secret of obtaining the maximum of pay for the minimum of work.

August.—Entered the Royal Navy, and was draughted into an Iron-clad.

September.—Went in the Iron-clad to the bottom of the sea.

October.—Having risen to the surface, made my way to London, and started "The Deceased Mariners' Aid Society." Lived sumptuously upon the subscriptions.

November.—The subscribers of "The Deceased Mariners' Aid Society" asking disagreeable questions, entered the Merchant Service—on this occasion with all my wits about me.

December.—Assisted in putting my Captain in irons, and kept Christmas merrily by breaking into the spirit cupboard and going to the bottom. Not being born to be drowned, picked up and brought to England. Ended the year in the parlour of a sea-side tavern, in a happy state of unconsciousness.

"RINKUM TENEATIS, AMICI."

OF TENTHES in merry May,
When the water nearly freezes,
Tender leaves on many a spray
Shrivelling droop in Eastern breezes.

Christmas come again you think.
Then, whilst genuine ice awaiting,
Go, glide o'er the mimic "Rink,"
And sing, "What a day for skating!"



WORDS AND WEIGHTS.

Angler. "DEUCED ODD, DONALD, I CAN'T GET A FISH OVER SEVEN POUNDS, WHEN THEY SAY MAJOR GRANT ABOVE US KILLED HALF A DOZEN LAST WEEK THAT TURNED TWENTY POUNDS APIECE!"

Donald. "AWEEL, SIR, IT'S NO THAT MECKLE ODDS I'TR' SAWMON,—BUT THAE FOWK UP THE WATTER IS BIGGER LEEARS THAN WE ARE DOON HERE!"

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE TINKER.

January.—Began the year as Private Secretary to a popular Member of Parliament.

February.—Prepared several speeches to be used at charity dinners by my Chief.

March.—The Session having commenced, armed myself for the coming campaign by reading the whole edition of the *Annual Register* and learning HAYDN'S *Dictionary of Dates* by heart. Bought a *Lemprière* to be used in the concoction of classical speeches.

April.—Very busy on the crations of my Chief. Added to my library a good Dictionary of Quotations.

May.—Went down to the borough of my Chief, and represented "popular enthusiasm" on his arrival.

June.—Wrote a pamphlet upon the Currency, and contributed (to two leading magazines) a couple of articles, headed "International Law" and "Persian Learning in the Middle Ages." The brochure and the papers appeared with my Chief's name attached to them.

July.—Attended Committee Meetings at the House of Commons, and suggested questions to be put by my Chief to the witnesses summoned before him.

August.—My Chief being away shooting in the Highlands, attended to the thousand and one claims of his five hundred and two constituents.

September.—Travelled down to the borough of my Chief, and got up his Testimonial Committee. Became Honorary Secretary to that not very distinguished body.

October.—Organised the rejoicing on the arrival of my Chief in the borough of his adoption. "Laughed" and "cheered" at the proper time during the presentation of the Testimonial Inkstand.

November.—My Chief, weary of politics, accepted the Stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and invited me to accept my dismissal.

December.—Out of work.

NEW LONDON STREET DIRECTORY.

Adam Street.—Antediluvian anecdotes and traditions still linger here.

Air Street.—Doctors send their patients to this locality for change.

Aldermanbury.—Visited by numbers of bereaved relatives.

Amoell Street.—Always healthy.

Barking Alley.—To be avoided in the Dog Days.

Boy Court.—Not far from Child's Place.

Camomile Street.—See Wormwood Street.

Coldbath Square.—Very bracing.

Distaff Lane.—Full of Spinsters.

Farm Street.—Highly sensitive to the fluctuations of the corn market.

Fashion Street.—Magnificent sight in the height of the Season.

First Street.—Of immense antiquity.

Friday Street.—Great jealousy felt by all the other days of the week.

Garlick Hill.—Make a little *détour*.

Glasshouse Street.—Heavily insured against hail-storms.

Godliman Street.—Irreproachable.

Great Smith Street.—Which of the Smiths is this?

Grundy Street.—Named after that famous historic character—MRS. GRUNDY.

Heracles Buildings.—Rich in traditions and stories of the "Labours" of the Founder.

Homer Street.—Literally classic ground. The house pointed out in connection with "the blind old bard" has long since disappeared.

Idol Lane.—Where are the Missionaries?

Iry Lane.—Tbis, and Lillypot Lane, and Woodpecker Lane, and Wheatheaf Yard, and White Thorn Street, all sweetly rural. It is difficult to make a selection.

Lamb's Conduit Street.—Touching description (by the oldest inhabitant) of the young lambs coming to drink at the conduit.

Liquorpond Street.—See Philpot Lane.

Love Lane.—What sort of love? The "love of the turtle."

Lupus Street. } Both dangerous.

Maddox Street. }

Milk Street.—Notice the number of pumps.

Mincing Lane.—Mincing is now mostly done elsewhere, by machinery.

Orchard Street.—The last apple was gathered here about the time that the last coursing match took place in Hare Court.

Paper Buildings.—Wonderfully substantial! Brief paper extensively used in these buildings.

Paradise Street. } Difficult to choose between the

Peerless Street. } two.

Poultry. } Crowded at Christmas.

Pudding Lane. }

Quality Court.—Most aristocratic.

Riches Court.—Not a hense to be had for love or money.

Shepherdess Walk.—Ought to be near Shepherds' Bush.

Trump Street.—Noted for whist.

Type Street.—Leaves a most favourable impression.

World's End Passage.—Finis.

LINES FOR THE NEW YEAR.

To-day the year begins,
To-day your task commence.

Pick up the casual pins,
And one short twelvemonth hence,
You'll be rewarded for your pains
With fourpence as your thrifty gains.

MYTHOLOGY AND MUSIC.—In the Grecian Sculpture Room at the British Museum, inquire of the attendant to see the portions of the walls of Thebes, said to have been originally built by Amphion at the sound of his lyre. That is a mistake; as you will find that the columns were fluted.

NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.—"Circumstances alter cases"—but never, not even in the greatest emergency, the nominative, genitive, dative, accusative, vocative, or ablative.

GOING INTO THE OTHER EXTREME.—Some men carry their aversion to what they call "gush" to such an extent, that they will not allow their feelings even to trickle.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.—BAXTOPP, the noted cricketer, speaking of the shape of his daughter's face, described it as a Kennington Oval.

HOW UNLIKE AN ALMANACK!—Assizes have no Saints in the Calendar.

WORDS OF WISDOM.—BOSWELL has nowhere recorded the saying, attributed to DOCTOR JOHNSON, "Sir, it is of no use for a nation to enlist sympathies unless it can also enlist soldiers."

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.—Do not attempt to feed Pigs on Grains of Paradise. A Calf is none the better for being reared on Asses' Milk.

COUNTY DISTINCTIONS.

Ayrshire.—Shares, with the Isle of Skye, the distinction of having inspired more jokes than any other district in Her Majesty's Dominions.

Beds.—Noted for its excellent sleeping accommodation.

Bucks.—From time immemorial the male population have been great dandies.

Ches(s)hire.—The head-quarters of this engrossing game.

Cork.—Convivial. Famous for its claret and whiskey.

Down.—Not always—up as well.

Dublin.—See Census returns of population.

Fife.—Musical.

Herts.—Does it? Where?

Hunts.—Foxes, packs of hounds, sportsmen in scarlet, and whippers-in everywhere during the Season.

Oxon.—One great Cattle Show.

Somerset.—The inhabitants are brought up from infancy to turn heels over head.

Stirling.—Of genuine worth.

Wicklow.—Of less consequence since gas has so largely taken the place of candles.

Wigtown.—The evening parties here are a great sight.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

LOVE, yonder Autumn leaves are gold,
Our locks turn silver when we're old.
But like the trees we need not fare,
A fluid can revive grey hair,
And when, as foliage, hair is shed,
Men, unlike trees, wear wigs instead.

HOW TO OBSERVE ALL SAINTS' DAY.—Devote yourself particularly to St. Jullien, St. Estephe, and St. Emilion.

CHANGE FOR AN ADAGE.—Half a loaf is better than no sugar.



FOR THE MOORS.

De Tumkyns (who is ordering a Shooting Suit). "I—AW—WANT SOME KIND OF—AW—STUFF—'COLOUR OF HEATHER, Y'KNOW,—SO THAT THE GWOUSE WON'T WECOGNISE ME, Y'KNOW!"

ANACHRONISMS.

The Lady who does not follow the fashion.

The Parson who does not go in for Ritual and Confessional.

The Tradesman who does not adulterate.

The Bishop who gives his reasons for doing wrong.

The Premier who does not let his subordinates make blunders.

The ex-Premier who does not use his hatchet upon everything.

The Poet who does not think himself greater than SHAKESPEARE.

The Novelist who is not of the female sex.

The First Lord of the Admiralty who is not an old woman.

The Critic who writes the truth of his enemy's book.

The Financier who pays his clients eighteen per cent., and is never a bankrupt.

The Publisher who cannot afford oyster-sauce with his rump-steak.

The Author who can.

The Stockbroker who makes less than twenty thousand a-year.

The Yachtsman who is never sea-sick.

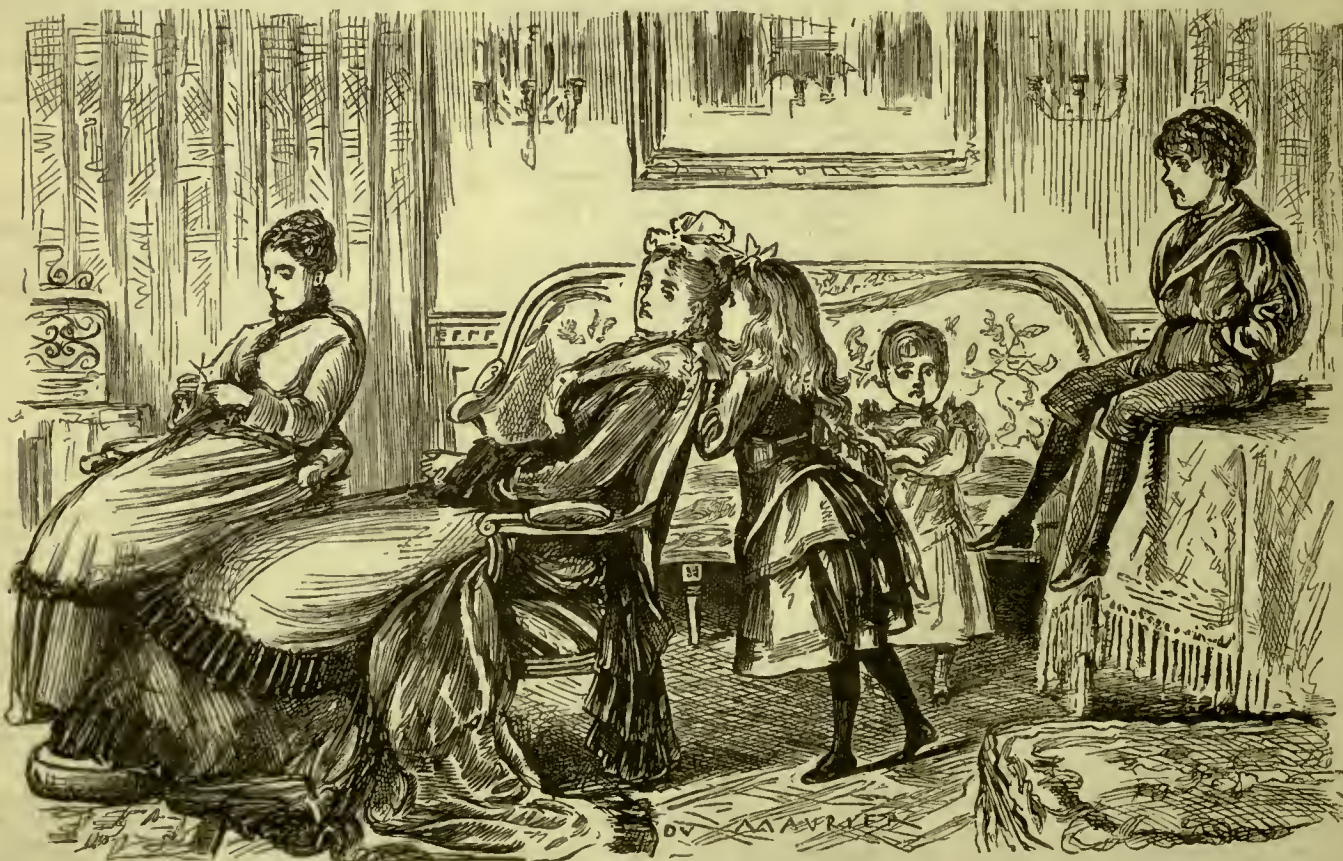
The Lady who "Winks" without fear of a tumble.

The Prince who has great fear of any adventure, however brilliant and perilous.

AT THE RINK.

Or what is the old man thinking
As he sits in his old arm-chair?
He's thinking that he'd be Rinking,
If try it he only dare.
He's thinking, that, when you're Rinking,
Unless you take lots of care,
You'll be on your back, like winking,
And stunned before you're aware.

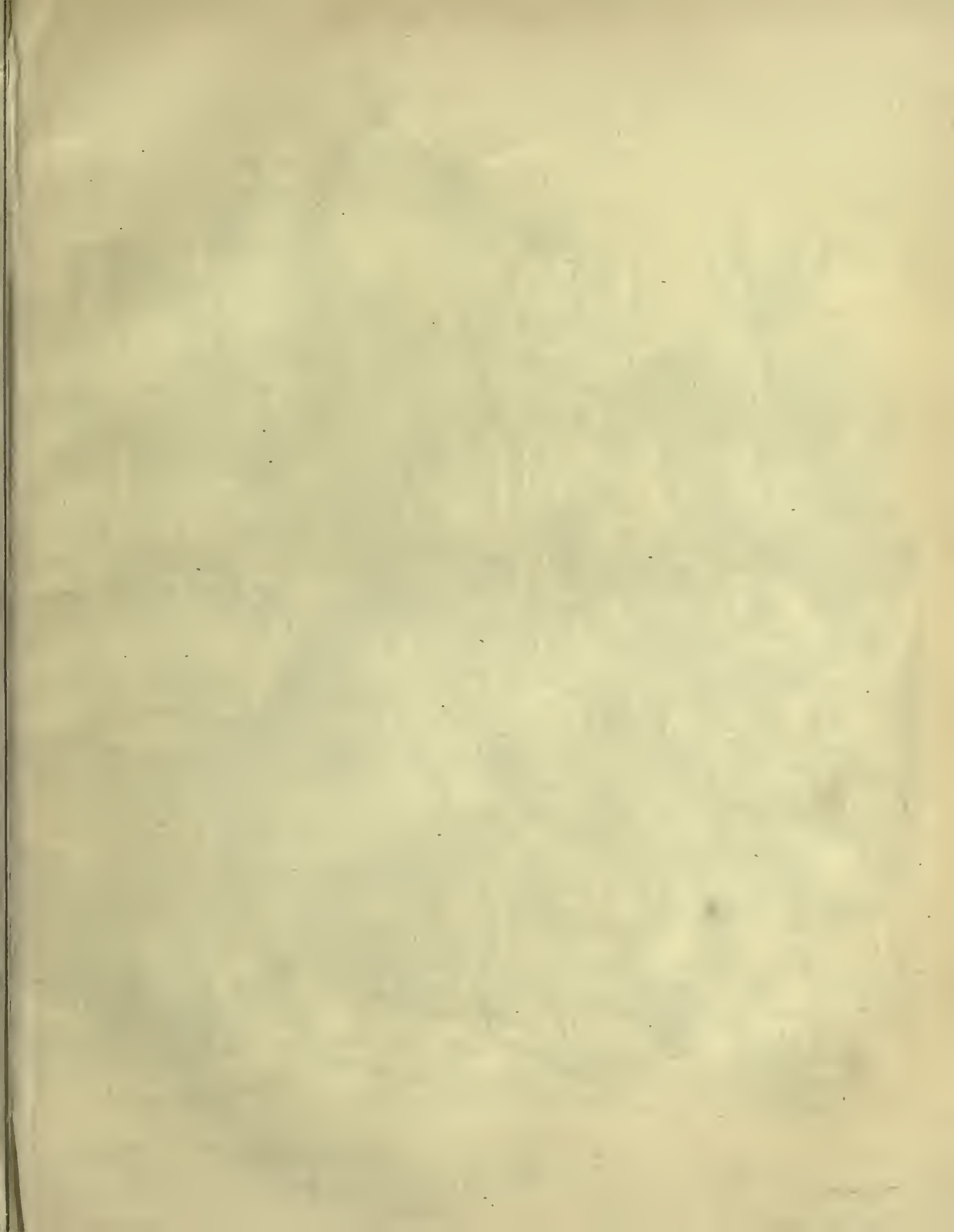
A TRUISM FOR ALL TIME.—No rooms like mushrooms.



A BELGRAVIAN MOTHER.

Ethelinda. "MOTHER! ISN'T IT WICKED TO SAY 'YOU BE BLOWED,' AS ALOY DOES?"

Mother. "IT'S WORSE THAN WICKED, MY DEAR—IT'S VULGAR!"





"He comes to view this wondrous world' of Ind,
The addition of our Empire, how it shows
In prospect from his throne—a gracious Prince,

Followed by accla
Symphonious of m
One voice of wel



mon, and the sound
of throats that raise

So the bright pomp moves onward, jubilant."

MILTON (*adapted*).

A WET DIARY.

January.—Buy a house in the Midland Counties. Put a Housekeeper in it to look after it.

February.—Housekeeper writes to say that, owing to the floods, the neighbourhood is very damp and unhealthy.

March.—Housekeeper writes to say that the garden is under water.

April.—Housekeeper writes to say that there is two foot of water in the drawing-room, and that the furniture is floating about.

May.—Housekeeper writes to say that eighty feet of the garden wall has been washed away.

June.—Housekeeper writes to say that the two horses, one cow, and four pigs are drowned.

July.—Go and stop in the house myself.

August.—Escape from the bedroom windows in a boat.

September.—In bed with rheumatic fever.

October.—Housekeeper writes to say that the floods are out worse than ever.

November.—Somebody writes to say that the Housekeeper has been drowned.

December.—Will try and sell house in the Midland Counties.

LOVES OF THE PLANTS.

WHEN I here saw Leander die,
"O, Leander!" she did cry;
And what the cruel ocean slew,
Into an "O-Leander" grew!

A MAIDEN ATTEMPT.—Said EDITH to MANEL, "Is not that a pretty tree?" She pointed to a handsome *Acer platanoides*. "A pretty tree!" answered MANEL. "I call that a plane tree." "O!" rejoined ETHEL.



"GENTLEMEN HELPS."

Comely Greengrocer (who Waits at Evening Parties, to Lady Customer). "SHALL I 'AVE THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOU THIS EVENING AT LADY FITZWIGGLES'S, MA'AM?"!!

VIATOR'S VADE MECUM.

(Or Compendious Weather-Guide for the British Tourist.)

WHEN the wind is in the North, Gingham take if you go forth.
If to Eastward veer the wind, Gingham do not leave behind.
If to West the wind should tend, Gingham is your surest friend.
If it seek the South, of course, Gingham is your sole resource.
Intermediate points demand Gingham constantly in hand.
If there be no wind at all, Gingham take, for rain will fall.
At all other times, no doubt, Gingham you may do without,
Yet 'e'en then an hour may bring 'em,—
Showers I mean,—so take your Gingham!

APRIL 1.—Full Moonshine. Poetical Licences taken out. Taxes invented. Mares' Nests discovered by the Horse Marines. The first street Organ heard in London. The last Phoenix shot in Dublin. A fine specimen of a Dog in a Manger (from Newfoundland) presented to the Zoological Gardens. "A sixth part every four hours" first prescribed. Paving with gold adopted for the streets of London. Fees at theatres instituted. Inauguration of Weddings with four officiating Clergymen and eight officiating Bridesmaids. Prizes offered for the best Bulls. The first taken by John Bull; the 2nd by an Irish Bull; the 3rd by a Bull in a China Shop; and the 4th by a Bull of the PORE'S.

ADVICE TO FARMERS.—June. In dry weather, give your crops water. Of course, some months ago, while you were grumbling at the rain, you took the opportunity of storing a supply.



TRUE POLITENESS; OR, THE CABMAN OF THE FUTURE.

Cabby. "FOUR-WHEELER, MA'AM?"

Old Lady. "No, thank you, I'm waiting for an 'ATLAS.'"

Cabby. "AH INDEED, MA'AM; BUT WON'T YOU STEP IN AND TAKE A SEAT IN OUR SHELTER TILL THE OMNIBUS COMES UP, MA'AM?"!!



LILLEY & SAMPSON, NEW YORK.

PARLIAMENTARY MOTTOES.

Buckinghamshire.—"Sphinx volueris penus."

AUSONIUS.

Greenwich.—"Continue in courses till those knowest what they are."

SHAKESPEARE.

Oxford.—"Non tam historico quam oratorio genere."

CICERO.

Cambridge.—"Spes est expectatio boni."

CICERO.

Guildford.—"Festina lente."

AUGUSTUS CÆSAR.

Finsbury.—"Sermo promptus et Isæo torrentior."

JUVENAL.

Salford.—"O Charley is my darling."

Cavalier Ballad.

Carlisle.—

"The nights are long in merry Carlisle,
The Knights drink deep, drink deep;
Quoth a wifful wight, the gay midnight
Never was meant for sleep."

MS. picked up near Aspatia.

London University.—"Lo, here am I!"

Maidstone.—

"How doth the little busy bee
Make honey golden sweet,
In that snug hive where bankers thrive,
Ye left ye Lombard Street!"

DR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME.

North Leicestershire.—"Manners makyth man."

Old Adage.

Leicester.—"Sartor Resartus."

CARLYLE.

Birmingham.—"Salmo a saltendo."

North Warwickshire.—

"I follow the fox, and worry the POPE,
And give an account of both, I hope!"

MS. found in Arlington Street.

Oxfordshire.—"Old perry wants water."

Oxford Adage.

Stoke-upon-Trent.—"Leo roris." (Free translation: "The lion roars.")

Elgin.—"Survey mankind from China to Peru."

JOHNSON.

Peterborough.—"Papam Ortonque cano."—VIRGIL
(slightly altered).

Radnor.—"Cavendo tutus."—DEPRETT.

East Worcestershire.—"Hail, all hail!"

East Staffordshire.—

Berkshire.—"O tempora! O mores!"

Derby.—"impie"

Non tangenda rates transilient vada.

HORACE.

Flintshire.—"Aquila captat muscas."

Bath.—"I like a good hater."—JOHNSON.

THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

JULY.

JULY! Now the days grow torrid,
Heat and thirst are something horrid.
Pass our days and nights in panting,
Do involuntary Banting.
School breaks up, Home-Rule breaks down.
Subtle hints of "out of town."
Papers full of Cricket Matches,
Gush about big hits and catches,
Then St. Swithin turns his main on,
Bringing his eternal rain on.
On the whole a perfect teaser
Is your Month, great JULIUS CÆSAR!

AUGUST.

AUGUST! Glass at something shocking,
Cockneys to the sea-side flocking;
Woman's wish to join the throng,
Daily theme and nightly song.
Horrid nuisance! Worst of sells,
Norfolk-Howards, shrimps, and smells!
Now begins the Oyster Season,
Prices range beyond all reason.
Crown of culinary woes
Fate piled on when molluscs rose.
Patience? Can her rule adjust us
To thy maddening Month, Augustus?

SEPTEMBER.

COMES September, and St. Partridge!
Catch me offering one cartridge
At his shrine! Swell Sumphs may fag
All to brag about a "bag."
Sport, indeed! No greater rot!
When I shoot may I be shot!
Sea-side getting full and fuller,
Morning papers daily duller.
Sheer discomfort's carnival,
Equinox brings shower and squall;
Spouts the wandering County Member.
ang! Bosh! Bother! That's September!

BY ADAM SMITH, JUN.—In India, as in most other countries, money is very unequally distributed. The few have a lac, the many a lack—of rupees.

FROM A MISOGAMIST.—Love is blind, and no oenlist has ever yet performed a successful operation. There is but one cure—Marriage.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE PLOUGH BOY.

January.—Began the year in the Workhouse.
February.—Got tired of "the House," and tried a little stone-breaking.
March.—Got employment on a farm. Spent a small portion of my time in work, and the remainder in drinking beer.
April.—Listened to the arguments of the strike organiser. Came to the conclusion that play was better than work.
May.—After consultation with my mates, struck for higher wages.
June.—On strike. Found doing nothing, save drinking beer and playing skittles, very pleasant employment. Somehow or another the wives and children of my mates did not seem to thrive upon it.
July.—Starvation. Went back into the Union, and resumed my old work.
August.—Came out of "the House," and went back to the farm on reduced wages.
September.—Travelled about in search of employment. Found the education provided by the School-Board of no great practical value.
October.—Got near the Black Country, and married a hard-working girl for the sake of her earnings.
November.—Alterations with my wife, in which my boots played an important part. Separation agreed upon. Brought before a Magistrate, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment for nearly killing my wife on the eve of her departure.
December.—Released from prison. Had no Christmas dinner, and ended the year (as I begun it) in the Workhouse.

OCCASIONAL RAINFALL.

It frequently rains cats and dogs;
Sometimes, we hear, too, fish and frogs.
To see that proof of Nature's powers,
Wait for the First of April's showers.

HINT FOR A NEW PEERAGE.—Of hereditary titles the most ancient is that of Earl. It has come down to us from the Earliest times.

APRIL 1, ALL FOOLS' DAY.—General Meeting of Foreign Bondholders.

APRIL 9, PALM SUNDAY.—Go and observe it among the Endogens at Kew Gardens.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO FOR OUR WELL-SHOD NIGHT FORCE.—"The very stones prate of my whereabouts."
—Macbeth.



DOCTORS (IN HYGEIA) DIFFER (FROM THOSE IN LONDON.)

Scene in Dr. Richardson's City of Health.—Chorus of Medical Practitioners. "WE HAVE NO WORK TO DO!"

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(Being a Leaf out of our Almanack for the Year 1976.)

For the instruction of posterity, and in order to preserve some record of the way in which we live now, we chronicle a few of the remarkable events which have occurred in the past twelvemonth:—

New Year's Day.—Opening of New London Bridge, built in order to relieve the growing traffic of the City, and extending in unbroken width from Westminster to Wapping.

St. Valentine's Day.—No fewer than five million four thousand and twenty-seven Valentines were received and delivered by the patent postal telegraphic lightning apparatus, within the radius of the Metropolis before six o'clock, A.M.

St. Patrick's Day.—Inauguration of the Submarine Railway from Holyhead to Kingstown. Grand breakfast in honour of the visit of the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, given by the Corporation, in the Phoenix Park, and banquet in the evening to the MAYOR OF DUBLIN, who returned with his Lordship by express train to the Mansion-House.

All Fools' Day.—A report gained credence at the Clubs, and thence was wafted to the Vatican by private wire from Westminster, that BISHOP BROADCHURCH had been preaching in Mr. STURGEON'S tabernacle, and thence returned to Lambeth Palace on the knifeboard of an omnibus.

Lady Day.—The House of Ladies was opened for the Session by the SPEAKER in person, who announced in her Speech that the stringent Act of Parliament which the House had passed last autumn, extending the rights of married women to the privilege of latch-keys, had been threatened with repeal by the Opposition in the House of Lords.

May Day.—Banquet given to the President and Members of the Royal Academy, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the making of the law which prohibits the R.A.'s from hanging their own pictures; a task which is performed now with far greater success by a Committee of outsiders.

Waterloo Day.—Great excitement was caused in certain fashionable circles by a letter in the *Times* from the COUNTESS OF COLNEY HATCH, complaining that her Cook, though paid a salary of £500 a-year, insisted upon having her own tea imported overland through Russia, and, besides receiving the usual bonnet-money and culinary perquisites, demanded to be found in turtle-soup for supper, with a pint of iced champagne.

Derby Day.—The annual contest of Aërial Velocipedes was down on the new course from Birmingham to Bayswater, and resulted in a dead heat between LORD HELTER SKELTER'S *Tearaway* and CAPTAIN STIRRUP'S *High Stepper*, the race occupying twenty-seven minutes three seconds and a half exactly.

Midsummer Day.—Fancy undress ball and breakfast given at the Guildhall, on the occasion of conferring the Freedom of the City upon GENERAL FITZ-BISMARCK, the President of Prussia.

Goose Day.—Under the provisions of the Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands, the Honourable MRS. GREY MAYOR was sentenced to six weeks' exclusion from the Opera, for having dragged her worse half on a round of morning calls.

Lord Mayor's Day.—Having been unanimously elected to the onerous as well as honourable office of Lord Mayor of this immense Metropolis (which now covers the whole country from Bedford to Brighton, and from Salisbury to Southend), Mr. *Punch* presided at the banquet, which, as usual, was held in the Guildhall, and was honoured by the presence of the Sovereigns of Europe, together with the British Governor of China, the KING OF CALIFORNIA, and the EMPRESS OF THE SOUTHERN DISUNITED STATES.

King's Birthday.—Grand review of our Steam Soldiers upon Canterbury Common, in honour of the visit of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRALIA. Upwards of a million of Mechanical Troops were mustered to march past, and the charge of the Steam Cavalry was described as something wonderful. When the Emperor left the field, a battery of "Woolwich Babies" (each a thirty thousand pounder) opened fire in a salute, which was distinctly heard at the Land's End and John o'Groat's House.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE TAILOR.

January.—Moved up to London from the country with my wife and children.

February.—Obtained employment in a West End establishment, and curried favour with my master's customers.

March.—Got access to the books of the firm, and made copious extracts therefrom.

April.—Became a widower, and married my master's daughter.

May.—Explained to my father-in-law that he was completely in my power. Proved my position by refer-

ring to the extracts I had made from the journal and the ledger. My father-in-law angry, but powerless. Became his partner.

June.—Very busy with legal proceedings against the less important customers of the firm. Constant communication kept up between our Solicitors and the official representatives of the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex.

July.—Enjoyed a tour on the Continent. Travelled strictly *incognito* under the *nomme de voyage* of "Le BARON DE SMITH, Grand Milor' Anglais."

August.—Back to business. Recommended legal proceedings, and called in all the debts of the firm. Ruined the establishment, and divided the profits. Father-in-law retired to Clapham.

September.—Started business on my own account in the premises lately occupied by my father-in-law and myself. Invented the Royal Khiva Overcoat. Got the garment made by the machine girls for next to nothing, and advertised it largely. Spent a great part of the month in shooting over my new preserves in Sussex.

October.—Explained to the important customers of the late firm that my then partner (my father-in-law) was responsible for commencing legal proceedings against any gentleman of higher rank than a baronet. Upon this, important customers returned to my books by the score, and unimportant customers (following the lead of their betters) by the thousand.

November.—Commenced to accommodate my customers. Lent money at eighty-five per cent. to those of them who could give me proper security. Found this venture even a better thing than the sale of "the Royal Khiva Overcoat, as advertised."

December.—Financial business flourishing famously. Half-a-dozen decoys bringing me customers (each with two good names) daily. Nothing could be better. Ended the year by eating my plum-pudding off silver plate, and marrying my daughter (by my first wife) to a parson!

A TREE OF WOE.—The common Yew (*Taxus baccata*), as an ornament of the churchyard, has acquired melancholy associations. No wonder, considering its botanical name, *Taxus*.

MODERN ILLUMINATION.—February 1. Candlemas. Haven't candles gone out? Isn't it time to re-christen the season?

DIALECTIC WUT.—Hoot awa', as the Scotchman said to the owl.



THE CYNIC'S CALENDAR.

(Melancholy Mems. on the Miseries of the Month.)

OCTOBER.

CHILL October, month unpleasant!
Now gun-maniacs pot the pheasant.
Leaves are falling, fields are damp,
Can't go out without a Gamp.
All the Cackle family out,
Primed to prose and prompt to spout.
Zeal at zenith, nous at zero,
Season to trot out a Hero.
Money spent and temper flown,
Think of coming back to town.
Silly season! Sense that's sober
Shuns the precincts of October.

NOVEMBER.

NEXT November. Eugh! its presence
Brings black misery in quintessence.
Sky a pall, and earth a bog,
Intermediate region—fog!
Egypt's darkness could be felt,
Ours is worse, it may be *smelt*!
Who to peace may make pretences,
Suffering through all his senses?
Fog, big feeds, Guys, rows, and rockets,
Plague ears, eyes, nose, stomach, pockets.
Fawkes I'd gratefully remember
Had he blown away—November!

DECEMBER.

DREAR December ends the dozen.
One day flooded, next one frozen!
Christmas, falsely called the jolly,
Saturnalia of folly.
Gush, dyspepsia, decoration,
Shillingsworth's of stale sensation,
Parcel-plague,—things known as "presents,"—
Vines none want, superfluous pheasants.
Exit old year! Crowning bother,
With next day begins another!
Bills, bad weather, bones,—remember
Don't depart with dead December!

LOOKING UP OUR HISTORY.—How few of those who
admire the roof of Westminster Hall remember that the
original Hall was built by WILLIAM RUFUS!

SEPTEMBER 29.—Michaelmas Day. Roman Capitol
saved by geese. English Capital lost by ditto.

NEW READING.—Necessity is the Mother of Cabmen.

DIARIES FOR THE YEAR.

THE THIEF.

January.—Having nothing better to do, started a Bank. Christened it the Royal English, Welsh, Irish, and Scottish Banking Association. Appointed agents in all the principal towns in the United Kingdom and the colonies. Agents' premium, £100.

February.—The Bank having failed, turned my attention to foreign countries. Got a concession to establish railways in the North Pole. Immense rush of poor curates and lone widows to invest their "little alls" in my speculation.

March.—North Pole Railway Scheme exploded. Started a journal with the aid of confiding papermakers and too trustful printers.

April.—Newspaper ceased to appear. Issued a prospectus of a Slate Mine. Rush of half-pay Captains and guardianless orphans to the "Temporary Offices" of the Company, in a back street in Bloomsbury.

May.—End of Slate Mine. Took a theatre. Engaged a company on credit, and "brought out" an actor with a very small stock of experience, but a very large banking account.

June.—Theatre closed prematurely. Hurried on to the Turf, and made several heavy books upon forthcoming events.

July.—Warned off Newmarket Heath. Purchased a Church, and engaged a popular preacher. Pew rents most lucrative.

August.—Church closed; the popular preacher having accepted a more advantageous appointment in America. Bought some ground on a swamp cheap, and ran up a "new neighbourhood" for invalids.

September.—Several fevers having broken out in the "new neighbourhood," house rents ceased to be productive of profit. Established a new Club upon a new principle.

October.—Paid in all the subscriptions and entrance fees of the new Club into my banking account, and closed the Club-house. Indignation meeting of ex-members. Bought a patent for substituting balloons for steamboats.

November.—Balloons having burst, became agent for a foreign loan.

December.—Foreign loan immensely productive. Received half-a-dozen foreign orders of unusual magnificence. Built several palaces in London, covered my wife with diamonds, and drove to church on Christmas Day in my own brougham!

THE CARD-PLAYER'S PARADISE.—"The Palace of Loo."

LINES ON LOVE.

(By a Postman on Valentine's Day.)

WHAT is this Love? I never felt his fetters,
I hope they're not so heavy as his letters.
Sure Lovers would be proof against his charms
Did their hearts ache as much as do my arms.
How sweetly soft so e'er Love-lines may be,
To have to carry them's hard lines for me.
Would Love could give (perhaps the loved would doubt
them),
"Proofs before letters," or at least *without* them.
Perhaps the passion pleasure brings to most men,
I'm sure it little brings but pains to Postmen.
Cupid quotha! If I could snatch his bow
He'd send no arrows through the G.P.O.

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

(A Drama in two Acts illustrative of the peculiarities of the British Idiom of End-dearment.)

ACT I.—Before the Event.

Adolphus. Won't it make its adored happy by naming the day then—a playful little puss!

Seraphina. Ah! I suppose it must have its own way—a sad young dog!

ACT II.—After the Event.

Seraphina (with emphasis). O! when Mamma comes you will not treat me so—you insolent puppy!

Adolphus (with decided emphasis). Ah! don't talk to me, you cat!!!

Curtain falls.

NOT QUITE THE TRUE RING.

THE DARRY JONESSES have been celebrating their Silver Wedding with great splendour. Ill-natured friends, recalling Mr. DARRY JONES's frequent moods and Mrs. DARRY JONES's constant tempers, hint that an electro-plated wedding would have been more like the genuine article.

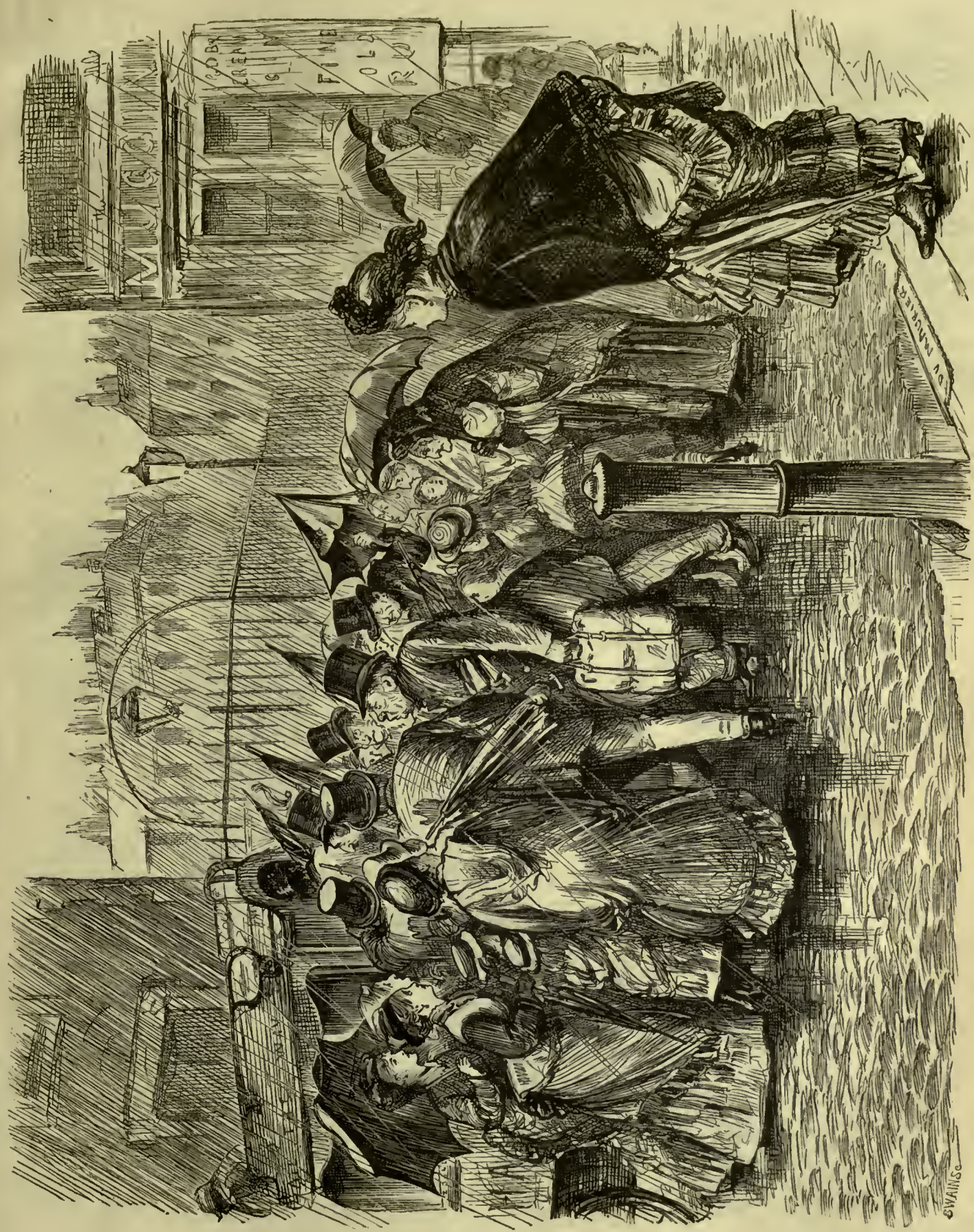
MAY 29, RESTORATION OF CHARLES II.—Make oak-apple pie. Enthusiastic loyalists would have eaten it.

TOLERABLE TEST OF SOBRIETY.—To pronounce correctly the word "Disinterestedness."

THE SERVANT'S "WONT."—Too often the reverse of the Master's Will.

FINE SPEAKING.—Calling a Water-cart a "Patent Hydrostatic Van"!

"THE LITERARY MACHINE."—The Penny-a-Liner.



CHIVALRY IN THE LONDON STREETS.

TO BE OBSERVED ON A RAINY DAY AT ANY OMNIBUS STATION.

SWANSON



SUGGESTION TO MASTERS OF HOUNDS.

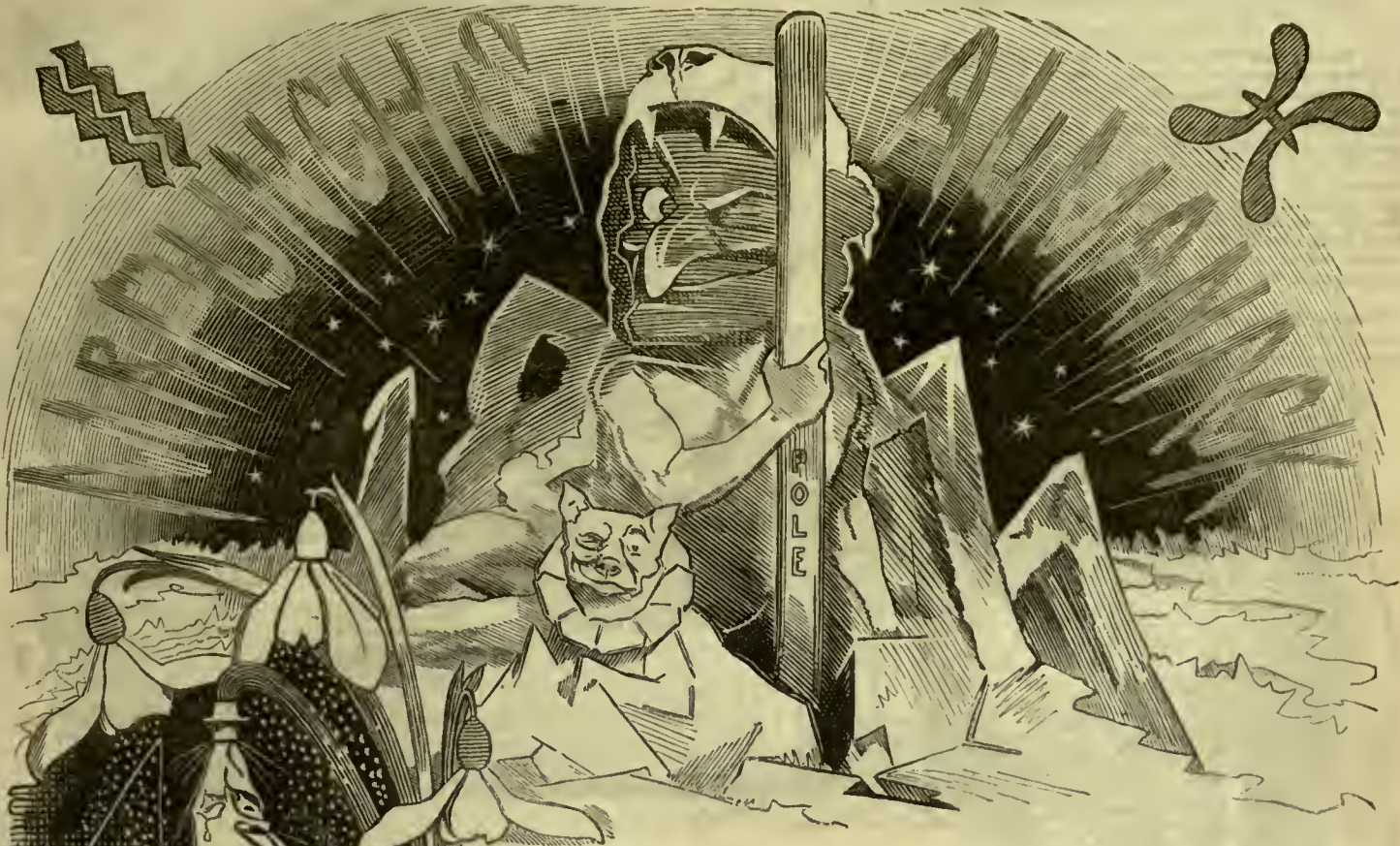
PUT ON EXTRA "WHIPS" DURING THE HOLIDAYS, TO PREVENT THE FIELD HEADING THE HOUNDS.

LAWYERS SAY, "YOU CANNOT PROVE A NEGATIVE."
 I DEXY this dictum *in toto*,
 And, for Lawyers' especial behoof,
 I assert that every photo
 Is a Negative's Positive proof.
 FULL DRESS FOR FISHERWOMEN.—Net.

ADVICE TO FARMERS FOR JANUARY.—Thresh corn. It won't hit you again. Nevertheless, "grist to the mill." Haul materials for building repairs, particularly if you want exercise. Supply live stock with plenty of litter; but keep their sheds tidy.
 THE WHOSE SAINT'S DAY.—January 21. Vaccination introduced, 1799. St. Anthony. Shouldn't it be St. Jenner?

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.—"The course of true love never did run smooth." SHAKESPEARE (for a miracle) omitted to add the cause—the floods of tears.
 MAY 1.—May Day. (For Can, Should, Would and Could Days, See *Old Moore, Zadkiel, Lindley Murray*, and other almanacks.)
 CUPID-ITY.—Marrying for love and—money.

NEW GEOGRAPHICAL DIVISION.—Turkey in Europe, Turkey in Asia, and Turkey in Leadenhall Market.
 NOVEMBER 9.—Lord Mayor's Day. Turtle discovered in the Calipcean Sea.
 HOMELY PROVERB FOR THE KITCHEN.—Wishes won't wash dishes.
 "LORD OF THE (A)ISLES."—The Parish Beadle.



THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

Monthly Memoranda by a Modern Momus.

' One season for hawke and another for houde,
But Foole hunting's a Sporte dureth all ye years rounde.'

JANUARY.

JANUARY! Month melancholy,—
Save to connoisseur in folly!
He finds food for gay reflection.
"Happy New Year?" Ha! Ha! Affection
Truly cuts most comic capers.
Happy indeed! Just watch the papers.
Were all happy? I, for one,
Could not be. There'd be no fun.
Feels won't fail though. Send me cards
Decked by daubers, rhymed by bards!
Grin and burn them. World won't vary.
Geeae abound in January.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JANUARY

Why does Papa look so angry when he opens his letters?
Why does he say that Mamma must retrench?
Why does he call the Milliner naughty names?
Why did he want to kill the Tax-collector?
Why does he abuse the Butcher?
Why does he call the Grocer a cheat?
Why does he scowl at Mamma's bonnet?
Why won't he take me to see the Pantomime?

HOW DID HE TAKE IT?

"Beauty skin-deep? An envious saw, shaped by some
dry old stick!"
Ogling himself, quoth PACHYDERM, a most conceited
elf.
"The Sage was right," his friend replied; "but then
your skin's so thick,
That no one yet could ever see the beauty—save
yourself!"

CANDLEMAS will this year be celebrated by many
Ritualist clergymen by burning candles in broad day-
light. N.B.—"Advanced Ritualist," a retrograde
Parson—a clerical Crab who gees backward.

CHARACTERS IN CONTRAST.—Young Freshmen and
Old Salts.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR FEBRUARY.

Why do FLORIE and EFFIE say that the 14th is such
a ridiculous day?
Why does FLORIE (who got such a lot of letters) say
she likes old customs?
Why does EFFIE (who was forgotten by the postman)
say she thinks Valentines rather vulgar?
Why does Papa call young MR. CURLYWIG "a
puppy"?
Why does EFFIE agree with him?
Why does FLORIE cry about it?
Why does Mamma kiss her?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

FEBRUARY.

FEBRUARY! Fools again,
Rampant, constant (like the rain).
kink,—look guys, court thumps and lumps!
Football,—ditto, bruises, bumps!
Sport? Aha! Send purchased flummery,
Crassest form of Cupid's mummery!
Frig gets venom'd Valentine,
Phiz delicious to divine!
Postman swears, of Love he's sceptic.
Muffs eat pancakes, get dyspeptic.
Sport to view each fresh vagary,
Lots of fun in February!

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Define the Earth.
A. A round, impudent, unprincipled, body.
Q. Why impudent?
A. Because it is a cool body travelling round the
sun,—which is about the coolest thing we ever heard
of.
Q. Why unprincipled?
A. Because it borrows what it cannot repay, and
makes light of it.

A VOICE FROM THE LANE.

Why should corn dealers prosper? Why, indeed!
Walk down Mark Lane and mark how all suck seed!

SPLENDIDE MENDAX.—Lying in state.

AQUARIUS

1 M	8. r. Sh. Sm.	18 F	Leicester d.	23 Tu	Phil'd. 1866
2 Tu	d. s. 4h. 1m.	19 S	Am. I. T. h.	24 W	For b 1749
3 W	Hunt b.	20 S	9 d. af. Kipp.	25 Th	Burns b.
4 Th	Samboise	21 M	9 d. af. I. T. h.	26 F	Brasil disc.
5 F	Radetsky d.	22 Tu	Obison d.	27 S	Paris capit.
6 S	Epiphany	23 W	Franklin b.	28 S	Septuag. S.
7 S	1. S. af. Kipp.	24 Th	Lytton d.	29 M	Fichte d.
8 M	Pr. A. V. b.	25 F	West b.	30 Tu	Chas Libd.
9 Tu	Virgine due	26 S	Fabian	31 W	Hilary T. s.
10 W	Linnaeus d.	27 S	38. af. Kipp.		
11 Th	Hilary T. b.	28 M	Vincent		

PISCES

1 Th	E. Cokes b.	18 M	Cellius d.	23 F	Sind. Rey. d.
2 F	S. r. 7h. 40m.	19 Tu	Revel. 1848	24 S	Matthias
3 S	S. r. 4h. 51m.	20 W	As. Wad.	25 S	P. S. in Lent
4 M	S. r. g. Sn.	21 Th	H. Leira	26 M	T. Moore d.
5 M	Gale-nid.	22 F	Burke esp.	27 Tu	Brylpa d.
6 Tu	Ch. s. H. d.	23 W	Grasham d.	28 W	J. Tensal
7 W	Q. of R. h.	24 Th	1. S. in Lent		
8 Th	Hil. Q. Day	25 F	Operatio b.		
9 F	Dennis m.	26 S	J. Home d.		
10 S	Q. Vis mar	27 M	Conrad d.		
11 S	Quinquag.	28 Tu	Perguson d.		

WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. You say that "The attractive power of Bodies is in proportion to the amount of matter they contain." Explain this.

A. Of course I didn't say anything of the sort, still I shall be happy to afford you any information in my power. Evidently a well-informed conversationalist is "company," and an attraction in himself, as is a good pianist, a first-rate songstress, and an agreeable, chatty, pretty woman. But the prettiest woman in the world loses all power of attraction if she has only her face to depend on. *She may always depend upon her face, but you cannot be always hanging on her lips.* A pin has a head, a cauliflower has a heart, a calf has brains; and a pretty woman may have the head of a pin, the brains of a calf, and the heart of a cauliflower. Beware in time!

WHEN actors complain that all they require is "parts," they generally tell the exact truth.



GAUROS

1 S	Water Sun.	16 Th	Young d.	31 M	St George
2 M	St. Holley	17 F	Handal d.	1 N	St. Alce
3 T	St. 34m	18 S	Pr. Beach	15 W	St. Almas
4 W	St. 1. b.	19 S	St. of East	16 Th	St. Coated
5 Th	St. 37m	20 M	Buffon d.	17 F	Gilbon b.
6 F	St. 1. b.	21 Tu	St. Colled	18 S	St. Tours
7 S	St. Leap	22 W	St. d.	19 Th	St. of East
8 S	Low Sund	23 Th	St. Jeffries	20 M	Capus th.
9 M	St. 1. b.	24 F	St. III. b.		
10 T	St. 1. b.	25 S	St. d.		
11 W	St. 1. b.	26 S	St. at East		

April.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR MARCH.

Why does EFFIE say she likes Lent?
Why does Mr. RUBRIC, the curate, agree with her?
Why does EFFIE eat so much lunch, and so little dinner?
Why does Mr. RUBRIC only take fish at dinner?
Why does EFFIE go to church twice a day?
Why is EFFIE working a pair of slippers?
When will EFFIE pay me the sixpence she promised me for not calling Mr. RUBRIC "Mr. REDNOSE?"

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

MARCH.

MARCH! Girls frights with cold red noses,
Funnier sight than ditto noses!
Swells down gutters chasing "tiles,"
Sight that makes me wreathe with smiles.
East wind up, and dust a-flying,
Folks in streets seem all a-crying.
Fun to read how bellicose Pats
Celebrate St. Patrick. Flats!
Here's to Mars! the pair with Cupid
(*Viz.*: at making mortals stupid).
Laugh till collar loses starch,
At fool's pranks in blustering March.

LONDON PRACTICAL JOKES

One Good Practical Joke.—The dust-earts, overloaded, collecting dust, and adding to it at the same time, in the hottest part of the most sultry day in July.

Another: The Water Carts.—Turning the water on suddenly at the corner of a street, and quite close to the kerb, where there are Ladies and Gentlemen waiting to cross. Real good fun this.

Another and a better Joke.—Maundering cabs, empty; going at a walk. Driver sees somebody in the middle of a crossing, helpless, and urges on his steed with a flick of the whip, suddenly. Foot Passengers' panic.

The Best Practical Joke in London is, perhaps, the environs of Covent Garden Market at any time, but specially from Friday night till Saturday midday. Impassable for cabs, and therefore generally chosen as a short cut to any railway station by a cabman who knows his fare is in a hurry. Covent Garden, however, is beyond a joke; it is simply a disgrace to the Metropolis.

THE BIGGEST MOTH IN CREATION.—A Mammoth.

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

APRIL.

APRIL! Dedicate to Folly;
Apemanthus might be jolly.
Cold! Don't care for the thermometer,
Favourite instrument Foolometer!
Ihish this month. Sunphs think it Spring,
Dress,—and shake—like anything.
Buds all a-blowing,—so bards sing 'em;
Fancy Flora with a Gingham!
Girls look gay, fal-lals and flowers,
Fun to see 'em caught in showers.
Rain that forms adown one's nape rill,
Type of fool's spring-fudge in April

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR APRIL.

Why do Mamma and the girls go to the Park?
Why does Papa say it is folly?
Why does FLORIE take me out?
Why does she send me to play by myself when we meet Mr. CURLYWIG?
Why does MR. CURLYWIG give me a shilling not to tell?
Why is FLORIE always asking for letters at the post-office?
Why does EFFIE say such disagreeable things about Mr. RUBRIC's engagement?
Why mayn't I smoke, like Papa?

FASHION AND TASTE.

DIFFERENT people have different opinions:
Some like ringlets and some like chignons.

MEMORANDUM FOR MARCH.—Biting North-easters.
Walk not in the teeth of the wind.

PREDICTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.—A broiling hot day and a cloudless sky all serene. Thunder and lightning, attended with a heavy shower of aërolites. An eruption of the long quiescent volcano, Primrose Hill. At the same time, a terrific cyclone, which unroofs the Houses of Parliament, whilst the Monument is overturned, and St. Paul's swallowed by an earthquake. Oysters (there being yet an "r" in the month) rise to a guinea apiece, and some fools buy them.

PLAGIARISM IN A POLICE-COURT.—At Bow Street, before the sitting Magistrate, MESSRS. BLANKTON, Music Publishers, have up MESSRS. DASHFORD, other Music Publishers, on a charge of stealing a March.

PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

(By M. F. J. FITZ-SOLOMON, Esq.)

"BIRDS of a feather flock together,"
Else would they freeze this wintry weather.

"Charity begins at home;"
Why send blankets to Africa, bibles to Rome?

"Fast bind, fast find:"
Unhappy nobleman, bear it in mind.

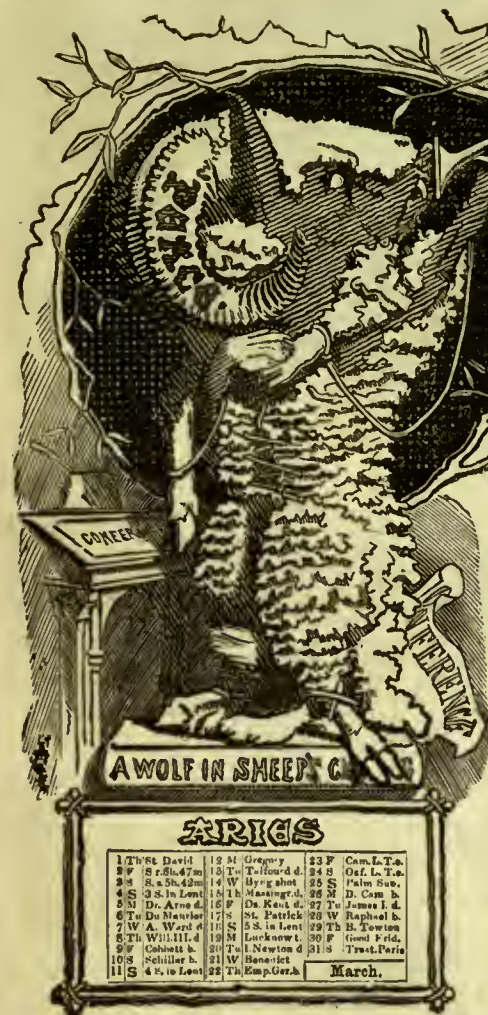
"Kissing always goes by favour:"
If it did not, who would like the flavour?

Sue a beggar, and catch a *****
Holders of Turks, exhibit your nous.

"Money makes the Mare to go:"
And a Stockbroker's spouse is a lovely show.

"Pound foolish and penny wise"
Is the man who a *millionaire* miser dies,
As his soul will know when it homeward flies.

"When the Cat's away the Mice will play,"
Means Parliament out of Session, they say.



A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

ARIES

1 Th	St. David	19 M	Gregory	23 F	Cam. L. T.
2 F	St. 47m	20 Tu	St. 1. b.	24 S	St. L. T.
3 S	St. 47m	21 W	St. 1. b.	25 Th	St. L. T.
4 Th	St. 1. b.	22 Th	St. 1. b.	26 F	St. L. T.
5 M	St. 1. b.	23 M	St. 1. b.	27 S	St. L. T.
6 Tu	St. 1. b.	24 Tu	St. 1. b.	28 Th	St. L. T.
7 W	St. 1. b.	25 W	St. 1. b.	29 F	St. L. T.
8 Th	St. 1. b.	26 Th	St. 1. b.	30 S	St. L. T.
9 F	St. 1. b.	31 F	St. 1. b.		
10 S	St. 1. b.				
11 W	St. 1. b.				

March.



LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR MAY.

Why do Mamma and the girls go to Court?
 Why does Papa say it's a perfectly disgraceful?
 Why does Mamma smuggle the Dressmaker up the back stairs?
 Why do the girls invite all their friends to come and see them start?
 Why do their friends call FLORIE and EFFIE "frights" when they think I am not listening?
 Why does EFFIE say that Papa ought to know that Mr. CURLYWIG would stand by the carriage in the Park?
 Why does FLORIE ask after Mrs. RUDRIC?
 Why does Mamma give me some sweeties not to say anything about the quarrel to Papa?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

MAY.

MAY! A merry month indeed
 To Diogenes! I feed
 Full on fooleries, phrenzied, frantic,
 Critic cant and cockney centric.
 Love to see R.A.'s array,
 Few can paint, but many pay.
 List to Gosling Green's remarks,
 Girls' warm gushes,—awful larks!
 Fair May buds? They're few; but rare
 Budding boobies in Mayfair.
 On the whole one should be gay
 Who hunts fools in town in May.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR ALL FOOLS.—An *opéra bouffe* singer, having lost his voice, advertises a reward for its recovery.

BIRDS OF SCIENCE.—Naturalists are puzzled to know why Swallows perch on the telegraph wires. The reason is perfectly plain—they are sending messages to say they are coming.

NEW CLASSICAL TRANSLATION.—"Qui fit Mæcenas?" Some commentators are of opinion that these words were, in the first instance, addressed to this eminent Roman by his tailor, and that they ought to be rendered, "How does it fit, MÆCENAS?"

A FOOL'S ERRAND.—In the heat of the dog-days a practical punster, very far gone, went to the Zoological Gardens, to cool himself at the pole in the vicinity of the Polar Bear. He complained of having found no pole near that bear; the only bears that had a pole being brown bears, and he saw them climb it, but didn't feel himself at all the cooler.

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

JUNE.

JUNE! Rose-month. The rose I scorn,
 Tickle me to trace the thorn.
 I, *sub-rosa*, scan society,
 Fools in ever fresh variety.
 Ruralizing now the go,
 Swells a cry "jolly," find it "slow."
 Slow! that acmé of the horrid
 Swell'dom's purgatory. Torrid
 Weather! Row then! Duffers do so
 Picnic,—comfortless as *Crusoe*.
 Folly frisks to merry tune,
 In the jocund month of June.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JUNE.

Why did Mr. CURLYWIG call upon Papa?
 Why did they remain talking for two hours?
 Why was Mamma sent for?
 Why did FLORIE cry her eyes out?
 Why did EFFIE say Papa was right to object?
 Why did FLORIE, after she had been down to Papa's study, return smiling?
 Why did EFFIE look so angry when she told FLORIE that she congratulated her?
 Why should that great lanky chap, CURLYWIG, be made my brother-in-law?

WHOM NOT TO MARRY:

Or, Diogenes the Younger.

The Lady with a Mission.—She will fill your house with parsons or professors, lecture you on her pet hobby when she can get no other audience (which will be pretty often), consider all your old friends frivolous, and treat you with supreme contempt if you venture to hint that you like your dinner punctually, and properly cooked.

The Lady of Fashion.—She will regard you as an appendage, a cheque-drawing animal, a useful purveyor of equipages and dresses and diamonds and lace, a person to be ignored as much as possible in Society.

The Millionaire's Daughter.—She will persistently make you aware that it is her house you live in, her carriage you drive, that the servants are *hers*, the dinners *hers*—that, in fact, she has bought you, and given for you much more than you are really worth.

The Pious-Parochial Lady.—She will devote all her time to the distribution of tracts, the inspection of cottages, the collection of gossip, and interviews with the Curate. Each Curate will be a more "blessed"

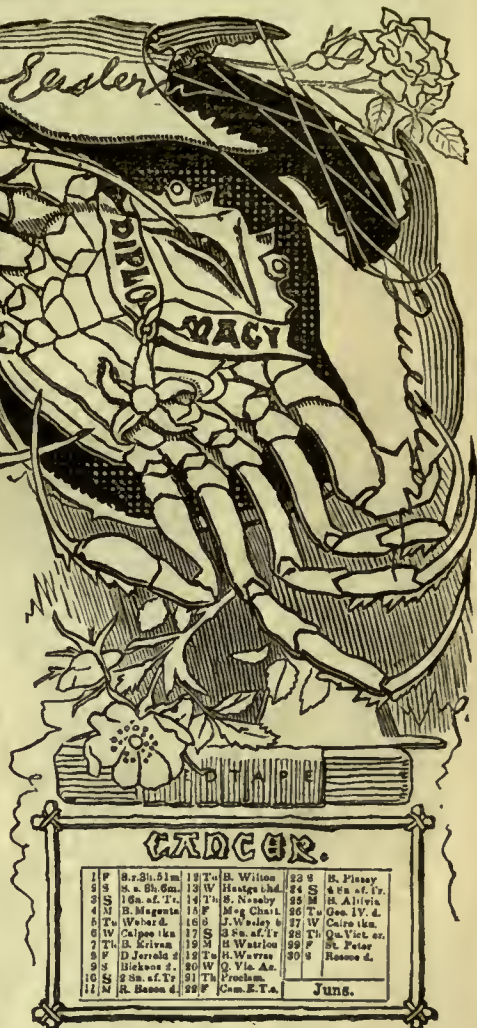
ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. "Gravity decreases with distance." Explain.

A. Quite true and just so. However stupendous an idiot a man may be, you cannot very well laugh at him to his face, especially if he be a remarkably muscular idiot. When he is gone, or when you have gone, or when his back is turned, then he is, as the French say, "*pour rire*" (which, according to English soundings, is a particularly happy phrase as applied to laughing behind any one's back), and when he is a hundred miles off, you can put off your gravity, which is an assumed habit, and go into perfect fits of laughter. Thus you see how "gravity decreases with distance." Go away, I want to laugh.

The Liberal party are sadly in want of a good cry. They should have patronised Jo.



LINLEY - JAMBOURNE - INVT. ET. DEL.

man than his predecessor, especially if he have the shifty eyes, aggressive teeth, narrow forehead, and shambling knees which modern Curatism has developed.

The Female Novelist.—She will sit up all night writing improprieties, and pass all day in town, worrying publishers, who are at present sad victims of the irrepressible petticoat.

The Horsey Woman.—She will laugh at you as a muf if you don't ride across country, buy "screws" from her particular friends that you will have to sell for as many tens as she gave hundreds, and cost you a fortune in doctors' bills by breaking her collar-bone at least once every season.

The Gushing Female.—She will devour you with kisses, to the injury of your shirt-front, or weep on your bosom, with much the same result. To her either is equally delightful.

The Widow.—DIOGENES pauses. The theme is too great for him. Vide Mr. Weller, Sen., in *Pickwick*, *passim*.

STICKING AT NOTHING.—Fighting shadows.

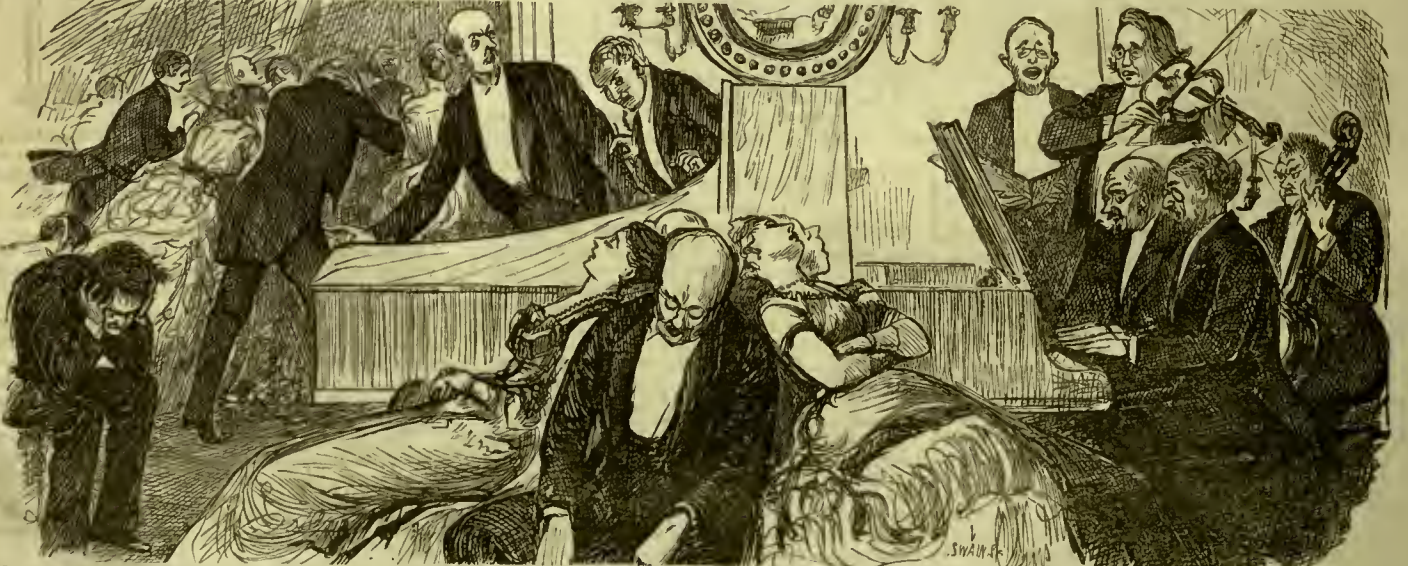
MUSIC AT HOME.



I.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE PAST—A MELODY BY MOZART.



II.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE PRESENT—A BRILLIANT FANTASIA FOR THE PIANO BY SIGNORE RUMBELSTOMSKINI.



III.—DRAWING-ROOM MUSIC OF THE FUTURE—TWENTY-FOUR CONSECUTIVE INTERDEPENDENT LOGARITHMIC STUDIES FOR VIOLIN AND VIOLONCELLO, WITH DOUBLE DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE PIANOFORTE, SUPPLEMENTED BY UNISONAL DESCRIPTIVE AND CORROBORATIVE VOCAL EXPOSITION IN FIVE MODERN LANGUAGES.



JOCUS RITUALISTICUS.

Ritualistic Curate (with a view to further innovations). "ANYTHING FRESH, SIR, FOR THE FEAST OF ST. MICHAEL?"
Facetious Vicar. "FEAST OF ST.—?, MICHAELMAS!—OF COURSE,—R-R-ROAST GOOSE AND APPLE SAUCE, MY BOY!!"



A "HOT CORNER." AUTUMN MANŒUVRES, 1876.

CURSORY RHYMES.

I.

THERE was a little Gnn
Weighing more than Eighty Ton,
Which made a great sensation, and a greater noise,
Every trial shot, they found,
Cost quite five-and-twenty pound,
But there's not another nation got it's equal, Boys!

II.

CAPTAIN O'PIP
Has lost his ship,
And can't tell how it founder'd.
Let it alone!
The salt sea foam
Will never let out who blunder'd.

III.

JACK MCGILL
With gout being ill,
Was ordered Vichy water:
But feeling down,
Poured out "Old Brown,"
And finished a tumbler after

IV.

POLLINARY,
Light and airy,
How does your fountain flow:
Cockles, squills,
And camomile pills,
To the dogs with the rest
may go.

V.

DICKY TANNHAUSER
Made such a noise, Sir,
Letting off fireworks yellow
an' green:
What to him might be
music,
Would nearly make you
sick;
O! sure such a Wag ne'er as
this has been seen.

VI.

HEY diddle, diddle!
A slate in the middle;
A message come down from
the moon.
The medium he laughed,
To see such sport,
And took in the too-credulous
spoon.

HOUSEHOLD PROVERBS.

First catch your hair, and
then hook him.
Scratch a millionaire, and
you'll find a snob.
When the chaperone comes
in at the door, the lover flies
out of the window.
Too many cooks spoil the
policeman.
The cook's nose, shows where
the money goes.
No savings, no sweetheart.
Borrow in haste and repay at
leisure.
You can't wear your lady's
gown and have it in the ward-
robe.
Marsala under any other
name will be as cheap.
There's no school like the
old school.
No Alp without a tourist.
Cook looks on many tourists,
the tourists see but one Cook.

A NUT FOR NORSEMEN.—The
Cupid of the Scandinavian mythology was Balder.
He is represented, however, with a head of natural
hair. Had he been simply bald, he would have worn a
wig.

ASTRONOMICAL.

BEAUTY, unwedded, seen at rout or ball,
Is like the noonday sun which shines on all.
When Hymen's ring o'er Beauty's finger slips,
That sun oft suffers—annular eclipse!

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Can you define Longitude?
A. Yes, if you allow me a certain Latitude.
Q. As this application cannot for a moment be enter-
tained, we will pass on to another subject. What do
you understand by "a question of Time?"
A. My asking you what o'clock it is.

LIMITED LIABILITY COMPANIES.

IT is proposed to form a Syndicate for the establish-
ment of Companies with strictly limited liabilities to
carry out various useful purposes. Now that nobody
cares to buy Turks and Egyptians, investors will doubt-
less be glad to hear of ventures whose shares will imme-
diately reach a high premium. Among them may be
mentioned—

A Company for the Suppression of Unsatisfactory but
Opulent Uncles and Aunts,
and the proper Distribution
of their Assets among their
younger Collaterals.

A Company (under the pre-
sidency of SIR WILFRID
LAWSON) for introducing Malt
and Hops into Ale, and eli-
minating Fusel Oil from
Whiskey.

A Company (under the pre-
sidency of SIR CHARLES
DILKE) for Improving the
quality of Modern Criticism.

A Company (under the presi-
dency of LORD SHAFTESBURY)
for the Vivisection of Scien-
tific Professors. Shorthand
writers will be engaged to re-
port their remarks during the
operation.

A Company [for Ostracising
Fishmongers who sell Oysters
out of Season.

A Company for Inoculating
Upholsterers with the First
Principles of Decorative Effect.

A Company for Quietly Re-
moving the Turks from Europe
into Asia, and keeping them
there.

A Company for Carrying
Honesty to the Stock Ex-
change, Honour to Tattersall's,
Gaiety to Buckingham Palace,
and Sea-water to London.

PRENUNTIA VERIS.

A TOKEN from the coming
Spring
Has greeted me to-day,
Which tears into my eyes can
bring,
And stop me on my way.

'Tis not that in the pathway
lies
A primrose heedless tost;
'Tis not the martyr bud which
dies
Before the lingering frost.

Nor yet the subtle whisper,
heard
Clear 'mid the blustering
wind,
That tells of flower, and bee,
and bird,
And April days behind.

No! 'twas that while with
eager pace
Heedless I hurried by,
A gnat, the firstling of the
race,
Flew straight into my eye!

POETA NASCITUR, NON FIT.
—We have changed all that.
There is now extensively ad-
vertised a "Singer Manufac-
turing Company."

THE PAY'S THE THING.
Recruits are in request. Let
them see a little more of the
colour of your money. That
is the flag to rally round.

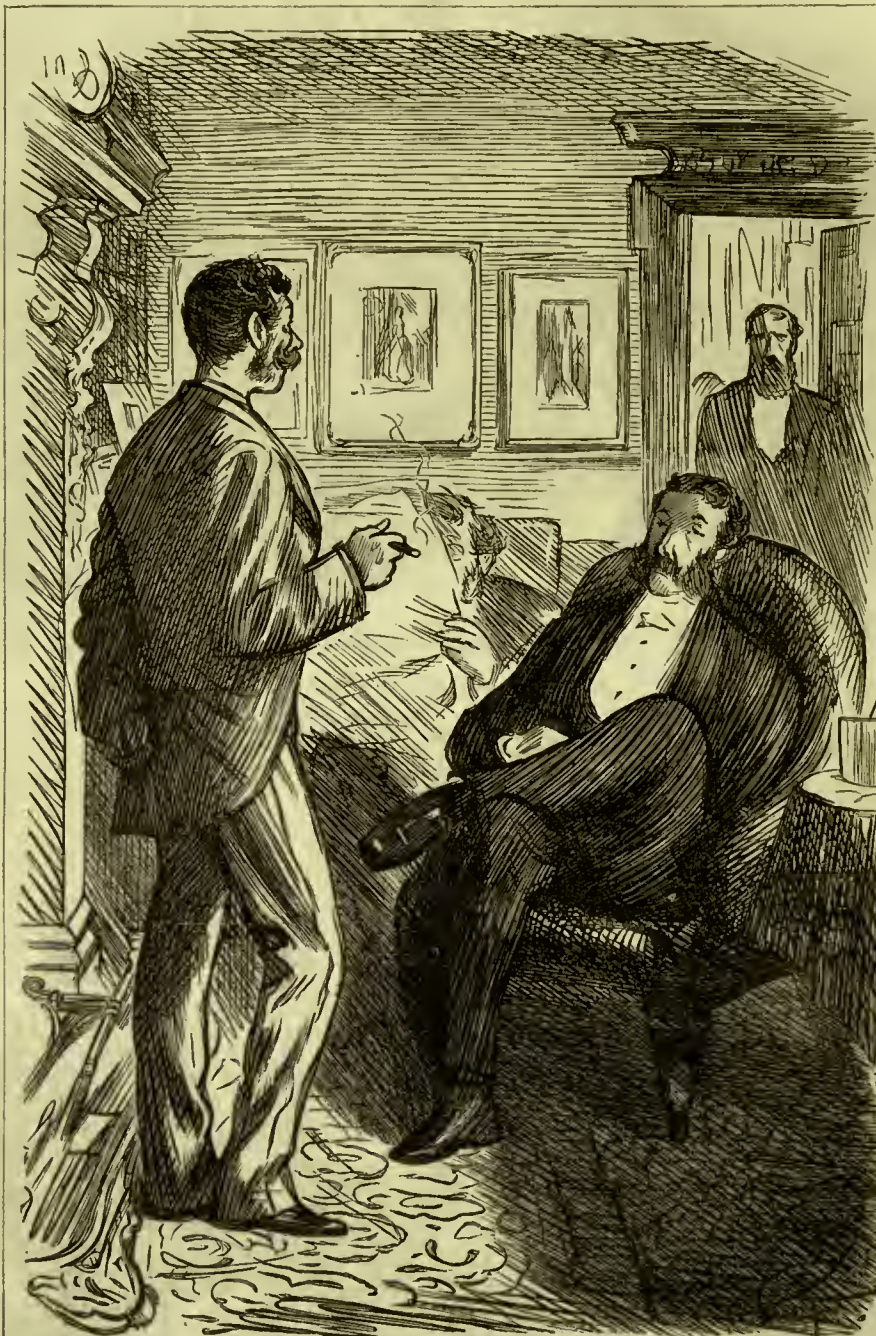
TOM TIPPLER makes his grog so strong, that he is
obliged to use toughened glass.

MEM. BY A BACHELOR.

(Who narrowly escaped being a Benedict.)

MARRIAGE a lottery? Yes! My stars I thank
That I have drawn its greatest prize—a blank!

A MEDICAL TITLE.—Sur-geon.



Captain Brown (narrating his Trip to the Continent). "THEN, OF COURSE, WE RAN DOWN TO GRANADA,
AND SAW THE ALHAMBRA
Captain Jinks (untravelling Athlete). "NO?! WHAT, HAVE THEY GOT ONE THERE TOO!!"

MODERN ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Under what conditions does a body fall to the
earth?
A. The conditions vary. But when a body is asked
afterwards, the answer attributes the accident either to
the heat of the room, or the salmon, or the cucumber,
or something that has disagreed with it (the body in
question), but in no case is any reference made to the
wine.



PVNCHIVS · IMPERA





SPIRITUALISM MADE USEFUL.

WHO KNOWS?—What sized bowl is required to drown care in?

PROPER FARE.—What would you expect to find on a literary man's breakfast-table?—*Bacon's Remains, Final Memorials of Lamb*, if in season, and Shelley fragments.

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.—Presenting an unfortunate who has invested his little all in Turkish Bonds with a *Porte-monnaie*.

CAUTION TO "COMICAL DOGS."—Remember how many jokes may be classed under these two heads:—

WHAT OUGHT TO GO TOGETHER.—A turnip watch and an eighteen-carat gold chain.

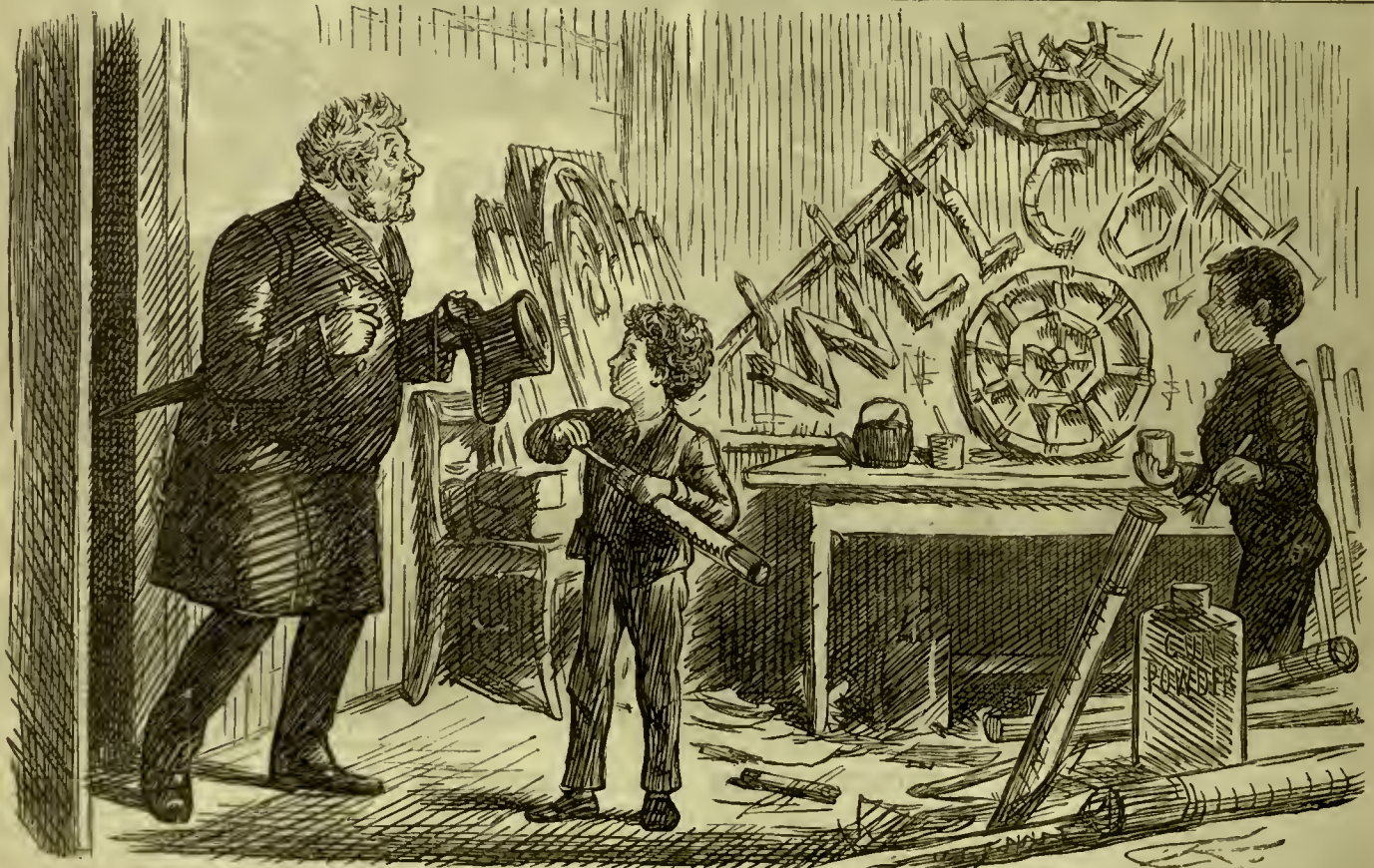
DOMESTIC.—It was a homely but pungent observation, on the part of a man of much experience and observation, that marriage without love was like tripe



DELICATE ATTENTION.

Confiding Spinster. "I'M AFRAID THE SEA IS TOO COLD FOR ME THIS MORNINO, MR. SWABBER."

Bathing Man. "COLD, MISS! LOR' BLESS YER, I JUST TOOK AND POWERED A KITTLE O' BILIN' WATER IN TO TAKE THE CHILL OFF, WHEN I SEE YOU A COMIN'!"

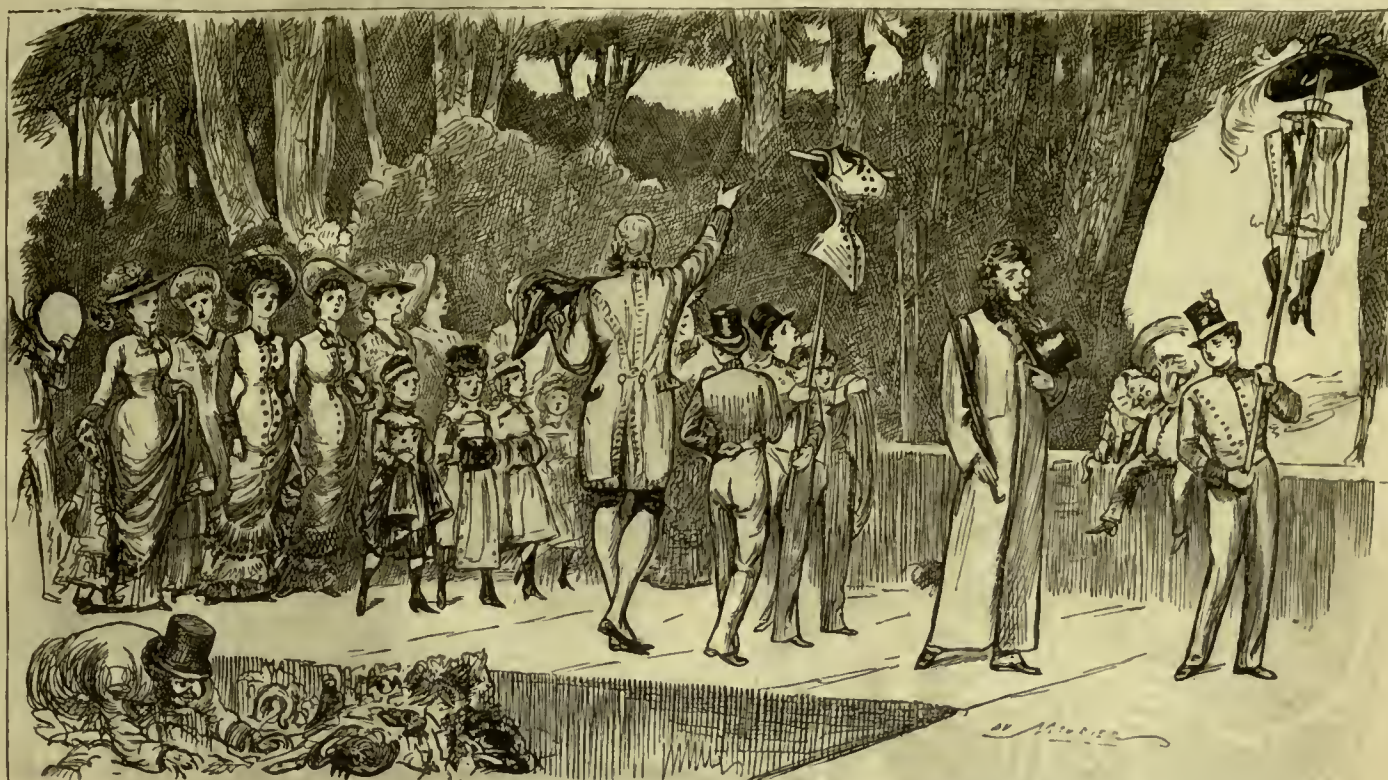


A LITTLE SURPRISE.

Master Tom (November 4th). "ROBERT AND ME MADE 'EM ALL OURSELVES, UNCLE, FOR TO-MORROW NIOHT, IN HONOUR O' YOUR VISIT!"

[Uncle John tries to look delighted, but has a shrewd suspicion that his Bed-chamber is directly over this Magazine!]

PICTURES OF THE DAY (TO COME).



I.—PROCESSION OF THE FASHIONABLE FEMALE FORM DIVINE, READED BY MONSIEUR WORTH.
(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Leighton.)



II.—DOCTOR MEILANION JONES, FINDING HIMSELF OUTSTRIPPED IN THE RACE FOR PATIENTS BY THE FAIR DOCTRESS ATALANTA ROBINSON, GALLANTLY THROWS HER A WEDDING-RING, AND WINS THE DAY.
(With Mr. Punch's Apologies to Mr. Poynter.)

EXTRAORDINARY DISAPPEARANCE.—The other day at 1 P.M., luncheon-time, a hungry man walked into a pigeon pie. He has not been seen since.

THE HEBREW PASTORAL NYMPH.—Old Chloë.

THAT Palæocrystic sea has one paradoxical peculiarity: though ice-locked, it *floes* on for ever.

TO SCHOOL-BOARDS.—There is something far better than school before breakfast—breakfast before school.

THE HEIGHT OF SINCERITY.—Wishing an aged person, at whose decease you will come into property many happy new years.

THE VERREY IDEA.—Let's have some lunch.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Is the Earth ever at rest?

A. Never: and not likely to be as long as its principles of action have a tendency to keep it in a perpetual state of revolution.

Q. The Earth moves, eh?

A. Yes, at a meeting of the planets it always moves a resolution.

Q. That is not an answer. Is it an ascertained fact that the Earth moves?

A. No: but it is an ascertained fact that the sea does, and the effect is most unpleasant. Judging from our sensations on shore, which are generally of a pleasurable character, we should say that the Earth does not move. But send a boy out to watch. I'll go, if you'll give me five shillings.

How to GET RID OF A BORE.—Make an appointment to meet him on Waterloo Bridge, and throw him over.



LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR JULY.

Why are FLORIE and CHADWICK (that's CURLY WIG) always together?

Why do they always sit together in the morning room?

Why does FLORIE give me shillings not to sing a song about the baboon who married the monkey's sister?

Why doesn't old CHADWICK like being called "Daddy Longlegs" when I come down to dessert?

Why does EFFIE laugh at the name?

Why does FLORIE say she knows why EFFIE encourages me to be rude?

Why does EFFIE want to know what FLORIE means?

Why does FLORIE ask again after Mrs. RUMRIC?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

JULY.

JULY! Mercury up to "melting."

Grand to see great gables pelting.

After, what? A leathern sphere!

True "pursuit of folly" here.

What would old ENASMUS say?

I swig "Iced Hatfield," and survey.

Girls look on, their boredom's shocking.

Might set Mephistopheles mocking.

Cricket, perfect type of life,

Dull display and aimless strife.

Need no other goose-round try

Than "the Oval" in July.

THE NEW CRUSHER QUADRILLE.

(A most fashionable dance, as performed at the most crowded balls of the season.)

FIRST FIGURE. *La Pastajoke*.—Opposite couples set-to and squeeze, walk on each other's toes, attempt to turn round, fail completely, and return to their places. *Chaine des dames*. Struggle of gentlemen to recover their respective partners.SECOND FIGURE. *L'Etalone*.—Advance three inches to opposite lady. Drive your elbows into crowding neighbours. Walk through both dancers' skirts, and back into opposite gentleman's waistcoat. Exchange cards. Set to your partner. *Balaneez* on next man's instep, and apologise. Mop foreheads all round.THIRD FIGURE. *La Long Poule et la Poule* together.—Hands across and back again. Wriggle up to *vis-à-vis*. Carry off polonaises and round *dos-à-dos*.

Clear your legs, and close with your partner. Surge to right and left, and resume position as you were. Take out a reef in waistcoat.

FOURTH FIGURE. *La Touchandgo*.—Advance, if possible. Lift your partner on to your *vis-à-vis*. Remain deaf to all expostulations. *Chassez-croisez*. See what you can, and return to your places. Lose tail of your coat, and swear silently. *Cavalier seul*.FIFTH FIGURE. *Grand Corn Galop*.—Up and down on your own ground and your neighbours' corns. *Pas seul* on an Alderman's pet bunion. Change partners, to your own advantage, if possible. Get hopelessly mixed up with another set, and sink exhausted and completely crushed behind a block of ice, whither three couples have already retreated in hopes of a breath of air.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR AUGUST.

Why is FLORIE to be married next month?

Why does Papa say he requires change of air?

Why is he going to Paris with his friend, Mr. SKYLARK?

Why does Mamma say it is shameful?

Why does Papa quarrel with Mamma?

Why does Papa get out his cheque-book?

Why does Mamma sigh, and kiss him?

Why mayn't I go to Paris with Papa, as well as Mr. SKYLARK?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

AUGUST.

AUGUST! Mines raise one more Moloch,

Quit the wicket and the rowlock.

At the sea-side, those who've leisure—

Toil, stare, weary,—call it "pleasure."

Society! a Simple Simon

That might tickle sternest Timon.

EDWIN woos his ANGELINA

To sound of nigger's concertina.

Pater familias spends much money,

To be bored, B. flatted. (Funny!)

Till sent home by early raw-gust,

Which he thanks. I do love August.

MEM. BY MOSHESH.

Turkish practish of punning, now growing the rule, Neesh—like those who add monish to monish—admonishment.

I'd deal capital punishment out to the fool Whosh ev'ry remark for a capital pun ish meant!

AUTUMN TINTS.

BELIEVERS in the Canards of the silly season—Green.

Mater familias when pater familias suggests postponement of the autumnal outing—Black.

Pater familias totting up the expenses of ditto ditto—Blue.

LAURA's cheeks when the long expected "pop" is brought off at Scarborough—Coutleur-de-Rose.

Ditto, ditto, when papa and mamma "won't have it"—White.

Tip-tilted noses exposed to nipping equinoctials—Red.

LADY FITZ FALDERAL's locks when she arrived at "that out of the way hole," Slowcum-on-Splash—Golden.

Ditto ditto after a week's sickness and the loss of her dressing-case—Grey.

JACK IMPECU's holiday suit (third season's wearing)—Russet.

M.P.'s. autumnal "spout" to his constituents—Party-coloured.

NATIVE LAND OF KNOWLEDGE.—The Isle of Scio.



THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.
SEPTEMBER.

SEPTEMBER! Month a regular stunner:
No such gaby as your gunner.
Tramps through turnips, sludge, or stubble,
After game not worth the trouble.
Nuts to me! I eat ripe fruits
And shoot folly as it—shoots!
Spouters too,—St. Stephen's slut—
Vent irresponsible hosh big butts.
Caucuses for free discussion,—
E.g., rows and brain-concussion.
Sportsman, Congressist, and "Member,"
Split my midriff in September.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.
FOR SEPTEMBER.

Why is every room in the house turned topsy-turvy?
Why is EFFIE so very cross?
Why does FLORIE get so many visits from her old schoolfellows?
Why is old CHADDY always in the way?
Why is old CHADDY always being sent on errands?
Why does Mamma cry when FLORIE tries on her wedding-dress?
Why does EFFIE say that white isn't becoming to FLORIE?
What toys will Papa bring me home from Paris?

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.
(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Can you explain the phenomena of Sunrise and Sunset?
A. Certainly. It will take some considerable time, so if you'll have the legs of yesterday's Turkey grilled and devilled, and a few slices of plum-pudding fried, and a bottle of your very best at ninety-nine shillings a dozen, with cigars to match, all ready by ten o'clock I'll come and explain everything. Yes, Sir, there shall be no secrets between us. We won't go home till daylight does appear, and we'll soon find out what it is that goes round, whether it's the Earth: or not.
(End of examinations.)

The Police have made a great raid upon dogs, yet they cannot catch one Collie.

We scoff at savages who bow down before strange idols, yet we invariably "worship" the Bench.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.
FOR OCTOBER.

Why does Papa say he wishes it over?
Why does Mamma think he might be more amiable, as she has had all the trouble?
Why are we all to go to church?
Why is old CHADDY dressed in a blue frock-coat?
What do they all cry about at the big breakfast?
Why does old CHADDY go away with FLORIE?
Why does EFFIE say that poor FLORIE never looked worse in her life?
Why mayn't I have some more cake?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.
OCTOBER.

OCTOBER! Surely no month else is like it. Folly in *excess*!
Boobies everywhere. Half sorry,
Scarcely time to pot each quarry.
Science-spouters make me chuckle
Till wet eyes need vigorous knuckle.
Cap-and-bells upon a platform,—
O, but Folly! rich in *that* form!
Lovo to see it pose and stammer,
Labouring out each party crammer.
DRACO himself could not keep sober,
At public Goose-show in October.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

A LODGER in a quiet street (according to advertisement) has counted six and thirty barrel-organs, three monster pony-drawn ditto, eleven Anglo-German bands, seven dancing pifferari, fifteen troops of Sable singers, at least a score of solo-players on the harp, the flute, the fiddle, the key-bugle, and the tom-tom, nineteen begging ballad-bawlers, six or seven sailors singing nasal psalms, and five and twenty howlers of "ten-a-penny warnuts," visiting its precincts within a single day.

It is currently believed that, in spite of the Police, and the Mendicity Society, the yearly income of the beggars in the streets of the Metropolis in the aggregate exceeds three hundred thousand pounds.

It has been estimated that at a dance of ninety-three young people the words, "so glad, don't you know!" are used upon an average eleven times a minute, and the phrase, "awfully jolly!" as many as nineteen.

It is computed that the Autographs, which, on sundry shallow prettexts, have been extracted from English

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. What do you mean by "Greenwich Time?"
A. Well, I should say from April to July, after which the whitebait are worthless.
Q. What is "mean time" at Greenwich?
A. It has two significations. For example, the first is when my mother-in-law comes to spend a day with my wife, and I am *mean-time* at Greenwich.
Q. And the second signification?
A. When you are asked to join a friend at Greenwich, and he won't stand you a dinner, or refuses to pay for Pimmery *très sec*.

GOOD PLACE TO SEND UNRULY LADS TO.—The Smack Boys' Home, Yarmouth.

HAPPY RELEASE.—Paying off a mortgage.



WINEY SAMBOURNE: IAY . AT . DEL

authors and artists of celebrity within the present century would, if they were set up in a column of the very smallest type, now current in our newspapers, overtop by more than four-fifths of a furlong the heights united of the Monument, the Clock Tower, the Nelson Column, and St. Paul's.

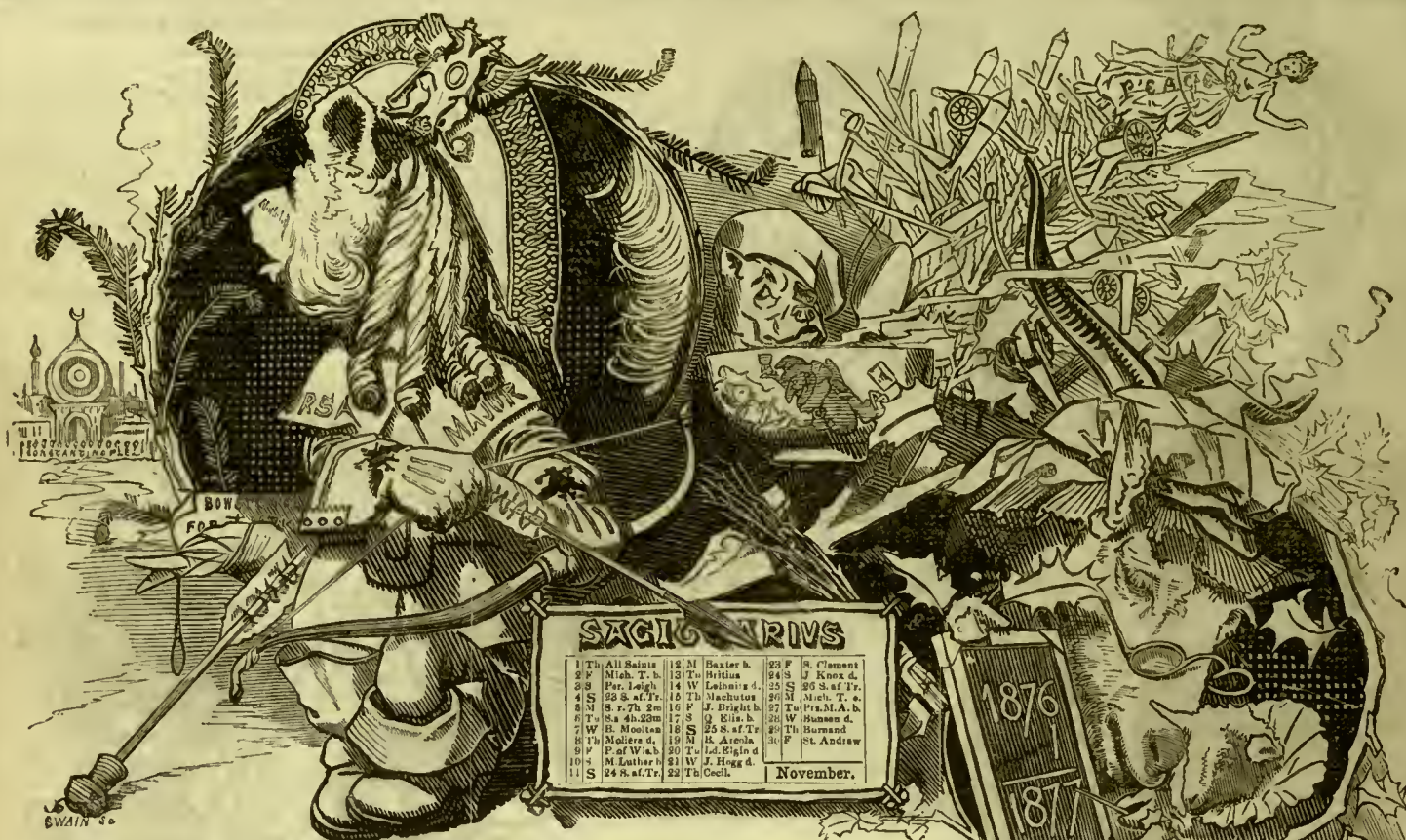
The weight of the Valentines sent last year through the Post Office exceeded by some ounces twenty-seven tons.

The number of Puns made yearly on the words "tongue" and "tride" by young Gentlemen at supper-time amounts, it is computed, to five millions and fifteen.

NEW CLASSICAL TRANSLATION.—"Ne eede malis"—Do not give way to the temptation of eating apples.

WHAT A NAME FOR OUR CLIMATE.—"Merry-weather!"

REGULAR CANNIBALISM.—A morning paper asserts that the "true function of the Militia is to feed the Line!"



THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

NOVEMBER.

NOVEMBER! Month of fogs and guys,
Noddledom's own paradise,
Folly takes a civic turn.
Ah! if all the guys they'd burn
On the fifth, as lots do one,
Life indeed were void of fun.
Rising morn with rosy kirtle,
Pale to Lord Mayor, at his turtle,
Rising rubicund to show
Elocutional "Old Clo!"
No! were Wit at its last ember,
It would flame, stirred by November.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR NOVEMBER.

Why does the Doctor say Mamma wants change of air?
Why doesn't Papa like Brighton?
Why does Mamma say, "Of course it isn't so pleasant as Paris!"
Why does Papa say, "Anything for a quiet life."
Why are we all going to Brighton?
Why does EFFIE like the Skating Rink?
Who's the chap in the moustaches?
Why does he help EFFIE?

A ZANY'S ZIG-ZAG ROUND THE ZODIAC.

A Rhymist *quand même* has essayed in these lines
An anti-phœnix set-to with the Sigas.

A MUSIC-MANIAC, born under ARIES,
Had three virgin vocalists, all of them MANIES.
He taught the fair three, while the Sun was in TAURUS,
To chant the loud wailings of WAGNER in chorus.
It solaced his soul, and he cried, "With these women I
Hope to work wonders before we reach GEMINI."
But alas! by the time when the Sun was in CANCER
He found *toujours* WAGNER with women won't answer.
And so, while the Sun was careering through LEO,
He taught them a tender and twittering *trio*,
But they tiffed, and then wouldn't keep time in it, *ergo*,
He wrote a new song for each virgin, in VIRGO;
Yet they all of them "struck" for more money in
LIBRA,
Not one would sing "do" nor (without a big bribe)
"ray."
He sighed, when he found them all silent in SCORPIO,
"How wondrous that WAGNER she-tempera should
warp. Heigho!"

They essayed SANKEY's psalmody 'neath SAGITTARIUS,
With vocal effects the reverse of hilarious.
MOORE AND BURGESS came next, as they neared CAPRICORNUS,
Cried he, "This *won't* do!—*Cognoscenti* will scorn us!"
But, alas! they'd sing naught, as they entered AQUARIUS,
But rapid Virginia's versicles various:
And so when the Sun was just entering PISCES,
He turned up that triad of Musical Misses.

LITTLE TOMMY'S QUESTIONS.

FOR DECEMBER.

Why won't the chap in the moustaches help me
along as well as EFFIE?
Why does Mamma want to know what I mean?
Why does EFFIE say I am always telling stories?
Why does she pinch me when we are alone?
Why does Papa say that "he will horsewhip the
scoundrel!"
What's the meaning of "an elopement?"
Why does Papa say, "Well, we are rid of both of
them!"
And, lastly, why does Mamma cry, and kiss me, and
tell me to be a good boy, as I am the only one left?

THE CAP-AND-BELL CALENDAR.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER! Now the picture-papers
Folly urge to cut fresh capers,
To my special delectation;
Nous deserts the entire nation.
Christmas, Fetish with red nose,
Makes all men as mummers pose,
Cant of charity, chant the carol,
Meaning,—love of board and barrel,
Orgies amorous and Bacchic!
Nemesis in form Stomachic
Makes Old Motley's mimes remember
Folly's Dance in drear December.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners)

Q. How would a modern gun-smith describe the solar system
A. As a "central fire, and a lot of revolvers."
Q. Is it true that foreign stocks rise and fall under the influence of any of the Heavenly Bodies?
A. Yes. But the cause can only be satisfactorily referred to the action of those eminent financiers—the Great and Little Bear.



CAPRICORNUS

1 S. Pro. W. h. b.	12 W. C. Clabber d.	23 S. S. in Adv.
2 S. S. in Adv.	13 Th. St. Lucy	24 M. Chist. Eve
3 M. Bradbury b.	14 F. P. Albert d.	25 Th. Christ. Day
4 Th. Richieu d.	15 S. I. Watson d.	26 W. Gk. Holiday
5 W. S. 7h. 31m	16 S. S. in Adv.	27 Th. C. Lamb d.
6 Th. S. 2h. 50m	17 M. Gaf. M. T. a.	28 F. Innocentia
7 P. Flaxman d.	18 Th. Gimsall b.	29 S. Gladstone b.
8 C. B. V. Mary	19 W. Schiele b.	30 S. S. af. thr.
9 S. S. in Adv.	20 Th. K. Victoria	31 M. Disraeli b.
10 M. Chalmers d.	21 F. St. Thomas	
11 Th. Jao. Gay d.	22 S. Win. Q. b. g.	

December.

LINLEY SAMBOURNE. INY. ET. DEL.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(By a Poor Expectant of Perks.)

AIR—"When other lips," &c.

WHEN other Govs. for other clerks
Shall "strike upon the bell,"
And proffer, liberal and no larks,
The "tips" they love so well
Perhaps in that ecstatic hour
Old "Screws" may softened be.
O touch him, though he's close and dour!
Then, Yule, remember me!

When geese and turkeys fly about,
And f'pun-notes abound;
When hampers tall, capacious, stout,
In passages are found;
When pass the bottle and the cask—
E-lee-mo-syn-aree,
At such a season I'd but ask,
Dear Yule, remember me!

HUNTINO APPOINTMENTS.—Office-seeking.

PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1878.



LONDON: PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET, E.C.



FEMALE CLUBS v. MATRIMONY.

Miss Firebrace. "SEND YOUR HORSE HOME, AND STOP AND DINE HERE WITH ME, JULIA! I'VE ASKED TRIXY RATTLECASH AND EMILY SHEPPARD."
 Mrs. Bollingbroke Tompkins, *née* Julia Wildrake (with a sigh of regret for the freedom of Spinsterhood and the charms of Club life). "CAN'T, MY DEAR GIRL! MY SAINTED OLD FATHER-IN-LAW'S JUST GONE BACK TO YORKSHIRE, AND POOR BOLLY'S ALL ALONE!"

LOVE IN LACONICS.

He. Love you! Have me, dear?
 She. Humph! How much a year?
 He. Three hundred! Expectations.
 She. Tales of hope! Relations?
 He. Aunt. Ten thousand pounder.
 Eighty. Always found her Liberal. Thinks me CRICHTON,
 Seedy new at Brighton.
 Made her will,—a right 'un!
 She. Ah! Aunt-icipations,—
 Like x in equations—
 Unknown quantity?
 Question! Let me see,
 Love + "screw" + x
 (Latter for expees)
 Equals Me + You!
 Hardly think 'twill do!
 Do not wish to vex,
 But,—first find out x !
 He. If I prove x ample—
 She. I'll no longer trample
 On your hepes.
 He. Agreed!
 She. Hepe you may succeed!

CHEMISTRY OF COMMON LIFE.—A distinguished Professor of Chemistry suggests that the nomenclature of that science might be drawn upon for a variety of pretty additions to female names. Having himself a family of five girls, he has named them respectively, GLYCERINE, PEPISINE, ETHYL, METHYL, and MORPHIA.

ECONOMY OF "TIPS."—Two six-pences are better than a shilling, three groats better still, and, better yet, four threepenny-pieces.

MELANCHOLY REFLECTION (*by a Common Councillor*).—"This will be poor Temple Bar's last Christmas!"

NEAR REGENT CIRCUS.—People who live in Glasshouse Street, shouldn't throw stones.



THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

Old Wiggles (*delighted*). "THERE'S THAT DEAR OLD BONNET 'COMING IN' AGAIN, I DECLARE!"

PROVERBS FOR THE TIMID HUNTSMAN.

Dressing.

THERE'S no toe without a corn.
 If the boot pinches—bear it.

Breakfast.

A snack in time, saves nine.
 Faint hunger never conquered tough beef-steak.

Mounting.

You can't make a hunter out of a hired hack.
 The nearer the ground the safer the seat.

In the Field.

Take care of the hounds, but the fence may take care of itself.
 Too many brooks spoil the sport.
 One pair of spurs may bring a horse to the water, but twenty will not make him jump.

It is the howl that shows the funk.
 Fools break rails for wise men to go over.
 Snobs and their saddles are soon parted.

At Luncheon.

A flask in the hand is worth a cask in the vault.
 Cut your sandwiches according to your stomach.

Coming Home.

The nearer the home, the harder the seat.

Bed-time.

It's a heavy sleep that has no turning.

MORAL FOR THE MONTH.—Lions will be Lions. When March comes in like a Lion—we must put up with his airs.

TO THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS.—"Ariston, men, hudo."

THE TELEPHONE.



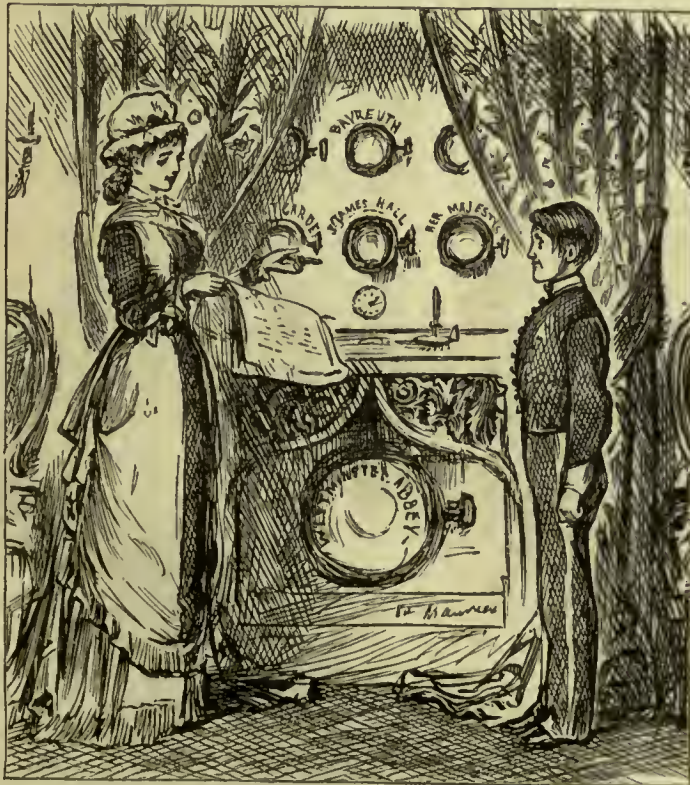
PLACE—Bedford Square. TIME—8 A.M.

Paterfamilias (waking up). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, JEMIMA?"
Materfamilias. "IT'S DEAR CHARLEY GOT A DINNER-PARTY. THE SLINOSBY ROBINSONS, FROM COLOMBO, ARE THERE, AND CHARLEY'S JUST PROPOSED OUR HEALTHS SO NICELY. JUST LISTEN TO THE CHEERS!"
Paterfamilias. "ALL RIGHT! WAIT A MINUTE, AND I'LL RETURN THANKS!"



PLACE—South Kensington. TIME—10:30 A.M.

Matilda. "OH, MAMMA, SUCH FUN! JACK HAS GOT SOME MEN FROM THE BUSH TO SUPPER, AND THEY WANT HIM TO SING 'MY PRETTY JANE,' AND HE WANTS YOU TO PLAY THE ACCOMPANIMENT FOR HIM."
Careful Mamma (opening the Piano). "CERTAINLY, MY DEAR. BUT I WOULD PREFER YOU NOT LISTENING ANY LONGER TO THE MERRIMENT GOING ON IN JACK'S HUT!"



Musical Mistress of House ("on hospitable thoughts intent"). "NOW, RECOLLECT, ROBERT, AT A QUARTER TO NINE TURN ON 'VOI CHE SAPETE' FROM COVENT GARDEN; AT TEN LET IN THE STRINGED QUARTETTE FROM ST. JAMES'S HALL; AND AT ELEVEN TURN THE LAST QUARTETTE FROM 'RIOLLETTA' FULL ON. BUT MIND YOU CLOSE ONE TAP BEFORE OPENING THE OTHER!"
Buttons. "YES, MUM!"



BY THE TELEPHONE SOUND IS CONVERTED INTO ELECTRICITY, AND THEN, BY COMPLETING THE CIRCUIT, BACK INTO SOUND AGAIN. JONES CONVERTS ALL THE PRETTY MUSIC HE HEARS DURING THE SEASON INTO ELECTRICITY, BOTTLES IT, AND PUTS IT AWAY INTO BINS FOR HIS WINTER PARTIES. ALL HE HAS TO DO, WHEN HIS GUESTS ARRIVE, IS TO SELECT, UNCOKE, AND THEN COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT; AND THERE YOU ARE!



THE SEASONS.

A Domestic Drama in Four Acts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HE (her Husband). SHE (his Wife).

ACT I.—SPRING.

SCENE—His Library. Enter SHE.

SHE. 'Tis spring! my love, come forth into the garden.

HE (grumpily). I've got these bills to check!

SHE (reproachfully). You hourly harden,

Is this the dear romantic boy I—

HE (shortly). Rubbish!

You deem me a Diogenes harsh and tumbish;

But pray remember that a kiss or sonnet

Won't pay your milliner for that new spring

bonnet!

SHE. Wouldst at coin love's bullion? Oh! there's some-

one missees

Those "sweet bilabial bagatelles called kisses,"

I quote your words, Sir!

HE. I was then a stupid;

I've now to think of Cook as well as Cupid.

Go! gather butter-cups and poesies utter,

And leave me here to look to,—bread-and-butter!

Only pray don't take cold, because—

SHE (eagerly). Well, dearest?

HE. O well, because this wind 'a of the severest;

And that last doctor's bill is dreadful!

SHE (hysterically). Oh!

That's all! Then cold or not,—bohoo!—I go!

(Exit with a "flounce.")

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE MONTH.

If the reader has carefully studied the directions we have not yet given him, he will by this time have a fine crop of weeds and nettles to reward him for his pains. Remember that nettles *do not* sting this month. In order to impress this truth firmly, but playfully, on the minds—or rather fingers—of the rising generation, take your children (if you have any) into your garden (if you have one); if not, by the bye, take somebody else's children into somebody else's garden. (The owners of both, if they are good fellows, won't mind, and will enter heartily into the spirit of the thing.) Having informed them of the above fact, request them to gather nettles. When they have done crying, point out to them how necessary it is in this world to be prudent and cautious, and not to be led astray by high-sounding phrases.

How to get rid of Weeds.—We only know of two trustworthy methods. One is burning. But there is no fun in this, unless the wind is in the right direction, and your neighbours' windows are wide open. We therefore recommend pulling them up, and throwing them over the wall into the next garden. Settle with the owner thereof as best suits you.

Much pleasure can now be obtained by throwing stones at your conservatory, but this is an expensive amusement, and can only be carried out to perfection in very large establishments, or if you are fortunate enough to live in close proximity to an Academy for Young Gentlemen.

Many gardeners now plant potatoes; we advise eating them. Also, don't hoe your turnips; mash them. The skilful amateur ought now to have a very fine show of potted peaa, and preserved beana. Pickled cabbage, onions, and walnuts, now flourish. The common mistake is to transplant old oaks and ancient elms, during this month, from somebody else's garden into your own. We decidedly reprehend this system, as its results are often disagreeable to the transplant. Many Lady Correspondents (to whom we must really remark that Mistletoe is *not* spelt with a Z), want to know if this is not a favourable season to plant that favoured parasite on chandeliers and over door-ways. This is a branch of husbandry on which we can offer no opinion without personal experience. (N.B. Office hours twelve to four, but in the middle of the day we go out for three hours to lunch.) Apples, oranges, and pears, ought now to be in great profusion—at greengrocers'. Now pot out beer. You may also sow cucumbers and vegetable marrows, with the pleasing conviction that they won't come up. The few flowers that bloom at this dull season, chiefly flourish in the button-holes of young amateurs. If your gardener has been indulging in the festivities of the season, you will now find it necessary to discharge him.

ANECDOTES OF HIGH LIFE.

A ROUGH and his wife were quarrelling at the door of a public-house. Accidentally, to them up comes Bobby A.I.

"Ere! What are you a doin' of 'ere?" inquired the Arm of the Law.

"I'm a goin' to liquor," answered Sikes, the People's William.

"Lick her, are you? Then you come along o' me." And he walked him off.

Explanations . . . and they all liquored.

INFANCY IN SLUMBER.—Kidnapping.

SOME PLANETARY ASPECTS FOR 1878.

JUPITER IN OCCULTATION.

AGAINST the ruler's rôle my pride revolts,
Who marks my nods, or heeds my thunderbolts?
The Radical Prometheus has the pull,
With revolution all my realm is full.
I'm weary of Olympus, where my Court
Of power is almost shorn, of courtiers short.
I think I'll take a turn in realms infernal,
Or—yes—turn Editor of some Court journal.

PUNCH.

Aye, do! A Jupiter out of luck should prove
A most superior Jenkins. Try it, Jove.

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. Is there anything larger than the Sun?

A. Lots of stars, very distant, and not mixing themselves up with the others, but confining themselves to their own little coterie, and looking down upon the Sun as a flaring, flaunting, showy, vulgar sort of person who thinks himself somebody among nobodies, but who is a mere *parvenu*, an upstart of a comparatively modern date.

Q. What should you say is the moral to be deduced from the study of Astronomy?

A. Do not believe all you see, and trust nothing you hear. Stick to one good strong glass—the strongest that can be got—every night before going to bed. Be happy, be virtuous: if you can't be virtuous, be happy. And after all your studies of Astronomy, after spending many a jovial night in an observatory, making the pleasantest possible observations, you will be obliged at last to return to our old friend, DR. WATTS, and say,

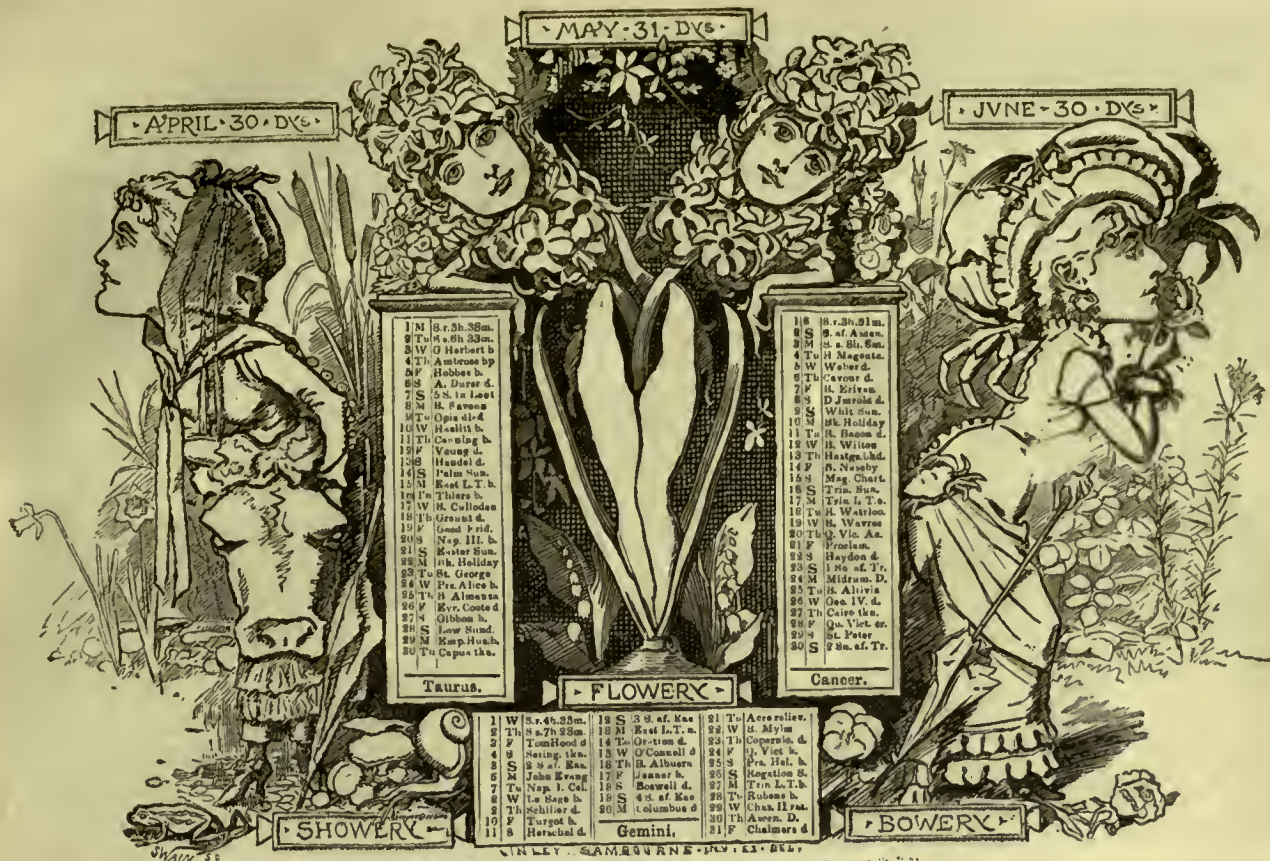
"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!"

For you *know*, after all, just as much about them as *he* did, as SIR ISAAC NEWTON, as SIR JOHN HERSCHEL did, and as much, probably, as we ever shall know. Let us liquor.

TRUTH FOR THE TURFY.

LIST a saw of ancient stagers,
"Fowls lay eggs, and fools lay wagers."

A REAL VIVISECTIONIST.—The dressmaker who cuts your wife's "body" to pieces.



THE SEASONS.

ACT II.—SUMMER.

SCENE—HER Boudoir. Enter HE.

HE. What! still that book? Do come into the garden
And see my roses!

SHE (languidly). O, I beg your pardon!
It's far too hot. Your roses may be pretty,
But give me coolness, solitude, and Rossetti!

HE. Solitude!

SHE. Yes. His dreams are too æsthetic
To share, unless the sharer's sympathetic.
There, do not glare upon me like a vulture!
You're more at home in practical floriculture
Than culling flowers of fancy.

HE. Now, by jingo:
I'm sick of all this cant "æsthetic" lingo.
Nature, not nambly-pamby art, for me!

SHE. Precisely, my dear Faunus. Pan, you see,
Is quite your natural deity. Go, follow
His earthly cult, and leave me to Apollo.
You once,—but there, no matter.

HE. I suppose
You think there's something earthly in a rose!

SHE (abstractedly). Dream-roses are delicious—
He (drily). Can you tell

Where I may buy some?

SHE (scornfully). Buy!

HE (sardonically). No! They're a sell!
(Exit with a bang.)

ASTRONOMICAL AND SCIENTIFIC REMARKS.

(For Students and Examiners.)

Q. The Earth is round, isn't it?

A. Yes. The older it grows, the rounder it becomes.
The Earth is losing all its figure. Its rotundity is
proved by your constantly meeting the same people
over and over again.

Q. Have you any farther proof?

A. Yes. So few people are able to "go straight."

Q. How about "objects at a distance?"

A. It has been demonstrated that the more remote
any object is from you, the farther off it appears, and
when it has quite disappeared from view, it may be
fairly considered as entirely out of sight.

Q. Some lecturers illustrate this with a fly and an
orange.

A. Do they? Then you pay for the fly, give me an
orange, and I'll take a ride in the first, and suck the
second.

SOME PLANETARY ASPECTS FOR 1878.

VENUS IN TRANSIT.

POOR JOVE! there's little terror in his thunder.
He must cave in, but I shall not knock under.
Queen Beauty never abdicates, that you know,
My Cupid! Things are looking bad for Juno.
Though men now run with learning's flaming torch
hard,
I still should win the apple—a whole orchard!
Yet, spite of British grace and Gallie chic,
My kingdom pleased me best when it was Greek.
Fashion invokes me, but it wakes my mirth
To think of Aphrodite dressed by WORTIE.
And for the Bards themselves, the shrine they raise me
Is such a sham I snigger while they praise me.
Still I do reign o'er hearts as well as rhymes,
And that is something in these shaky times.

PUNCH.

Could you give worth to hearts and truth to artists,
Your rule need fear nor Communists nor Chartists.

A HINT TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

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JONES, who is literary, lives in a "quiet" street,
where the music begins at seven in the morning and
leaves off at midnight. He therefore places this placard
on the front of his house:—

NOTICE!

Organ Grinders and Brass Bands
playing opposite this house will be
PROSECUTED!

N.B.—Ten Shillings Reward for
information leading to the conviction
of Offenders: to be doubled when
"Tommy, make room" has been
played.

PROVERB FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS AT CHRIST-
MAS.—"One box in the hand is better than two on the
ear."

ECONOMY WITH COMFORT.—Do not wear your
clothes too long. When beggars cease to bore, dogs
begin to bark.

AGGRAVATION.—Getting a Money-Order for the Civil
Service Stores at a Post-office kept by a grocer.

A ZOOLOGICAL RAMBLE.

HAVING given the cat-o'-nine-tails her milk, and
patted the dog in the manger—he seemed to smell a
rat—I put on my borrowed plumes and left home just
as the cuckoo clock was striking nine, bent on accom-
plishing one of two things—either to beard a lion in
his den or to break a butterfly on a wheel. I called
at my fishmonger and poulterer's, but he had nothing
in his shop except a fish out of water (very like a
whale) and a March hare; but his wife said he was
absent on a wild-goose chase, and had set some springes
to catch woodcocks before he went, so would be sure to
have a bird in the hand in the course of the morning.
I ordered a couple of Welsh rabbits, and went on my
way. I had bought an ounce of civet of the apothecary,
when, hearing a cry of "Wolf!" I rushed into a
china-shop, and there encountered a bull, which I took
by the horns, and was thanked by the Mayor for my
courageous conduct. On my way back I crossed the
fields, and had the rare good fortune to catch a weasel
asleep, and—attracted to the spot by the croaking of a
frog out a-wooping (without the maternal consent)—to
find a toad with a precious jewel in his head. (Luckily,
I saw a snake in the grass just in time.) Nothing else
remarkable occurred, except that I met the lion of the
season on a white elephant, accompanied by a little dog
proud of its side pockets, and saw a man with a bee in
his bonnet nursing a dear gazelle and throwing physic
to the dogs. I shed some (crocodile's) tears at the
sight. (I forgot to mention that I was pursued by a
wolf in sheep's clothing—and a bear with a sore head,
but my dogs of war saved me.) The cat was still look-
ing at the king, and the fox at the grapes, and the
fretful porcupine had not parted with her quills, when
I reached home, where I found a present awaiting me
of two dozen (four-and-twenty) blackbirds all ready
prepared for my Christmas pie.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.—The Rev. JAREZ INWARDS
used to maintain that wine and cigars were the down-
ward steps to the Turf. His rule of declension was
"Bacchus, Baccu, Back'um."

JUNE.—Now's the time to sow cuttings from news-
papers. Theatrical stars travelling in the provinces
send slips up to London, and get them well planted.

DOMESTIC GARDENING FOR ALL THE YEAR ROUND.
—Sew buttons.

CAPILLARY ATTRACTION.—The charm of my lady's
back hair.



A SUBSTITUTE FOR RINKING.

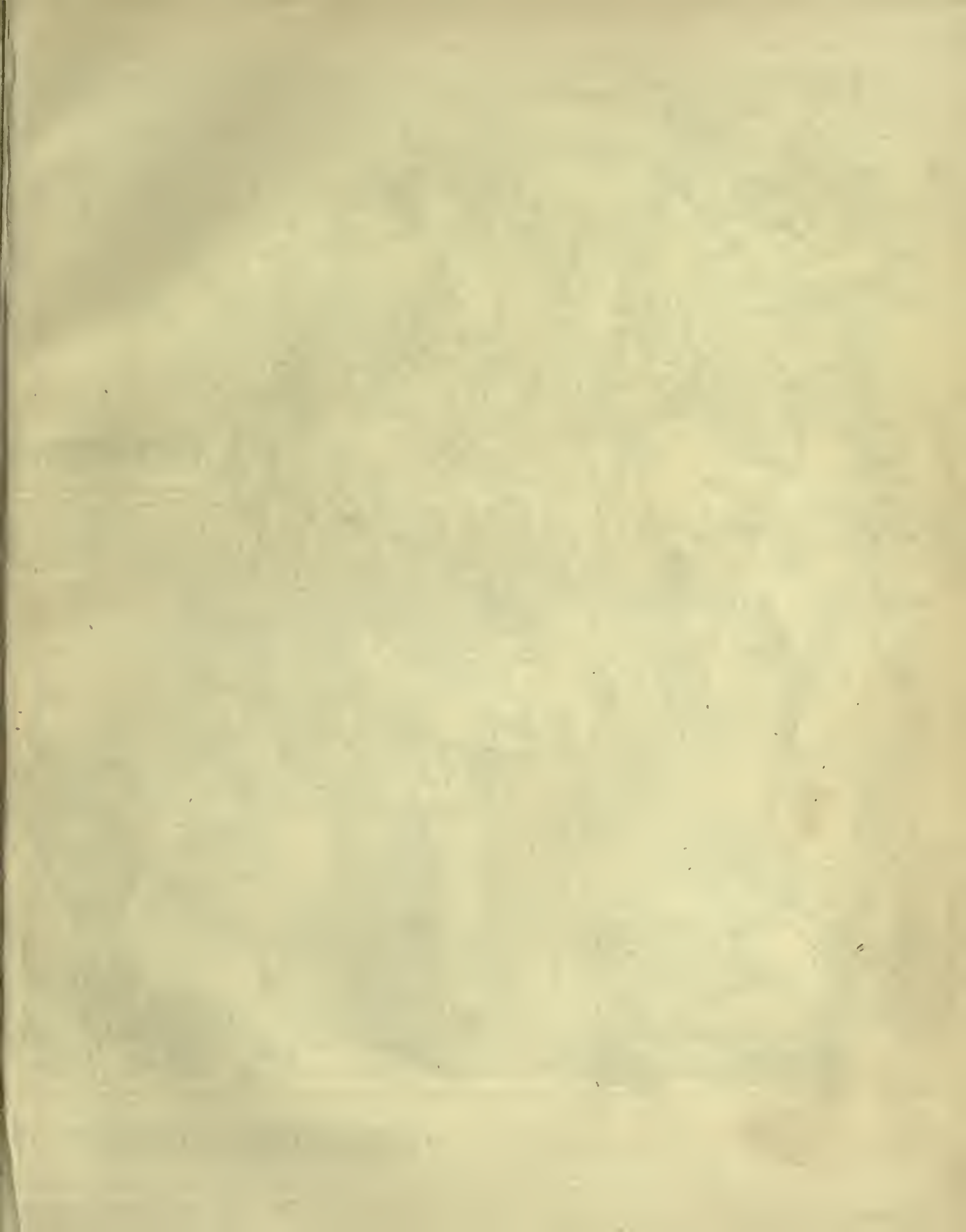
THE JENKINSONS ARE SO DELIGHTED WITH THE "PARQUETS CIRÉS" THEY HAVE SEEN IN THEIR TRAVELS ABROAD, THAT, ON THEIR RETURN HOME, THEY PROCEED TO "FROTTER" THEIR FLOORS IN THE TRUE ORTHODOX FASHION.



SWAIN.55

"THE LAND OF LORN."

It has drizzled incessantly, for a fortnight, since the Smiths came down to their charming Villa at Braebogie, in Argyleshire. Keeper (who has come up to say the boat is ready on the Loch, if "they're for Fushin' the Day"). "EH! I SHOULD NA WONDER IF THIS WEATHER TUR-ENS TA RAIN!!"





"PUNCH'S" DREAM C

"So of Khedive, an
He thought and d



THINGS EGYPTIAN !

Needle, and Canal,
amed !"



MODERN ÆSTHETICS.

Materfamilias. "WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL THE MORNINO, GIRLS?"

Papa (who is not æsthetic). "AH! HOPE YOU LIKE IT, I'M SURE!"

Sophronia Cassandra. "WE'VE BEEN PRACTISING OLD GREEK ATTITUDES AT LAWN-TENNIS, MAMMA?"

Sophronia Cassandra. "VERY MUCH, PAPA—ONLY WE NEVER HIT THE BALL!"



THOSE DREADFUL BOYS!

Algernon. "AND, DEAREST, IF THE DEVOTION OF A LIFE—" (At this moment his hat is knocked over his eyes by a common Star-fish, or Five-fingers (*Asterias rubens*), thrown, with considerable force and precision, by one of those infernal—high-spirited little fellows her younger brothers. TOMMY and BERTIE!!!)



SOME PLANETARY ASPECTS FOR 1878.

MARS IN ASCENSION.

Jove may lament, and Venus may complain,
But latter-days are strengthening my reign.
Despotic power may fail, and beauty fade,
But fighting is a never-failing trade.
Religion once declared against my rule,
But now has set herself to me to school;
Knowledge was sternly set to bid me fly hence,
But my most useful servant now is Science.
Jove's heaviest bolt was but a harmless trifle
Compared with the Martini-Henry rifle.
The other gods may curse their luckless stars,
I rather think it's all serene with Mars.

PUNCH.

Science, who serves you now with much regret,
May play the Diomedes with you yet.

SOCIAL MAXIMS.

(By a Social Man.)

SOCIETY is composed of two classes of aspirants—the people who aspire to give dinners, and the people who aspire to eat them. My first maxim is, To take care of Number One; and so I count myself in Number Two.

Another of my maxims is, Never be in haste to accept an invitation until there is no hope that a better may turn up. Delays may be dangerous (as with rich and crusty relatives), but they more frequently bring you real turtle in lieu of mock.

A third maxim of mine is, When you lend an umbrella, be sure it is a bad one: otherwise you tempt the borrower to forget to send it back.

It is a maxim of mine that a man should always carry a cigar-case in his pocket, in order sometimes to embrace the opportunity of filling it when calling on a friend.

If you chance to be afflicted with a big hump of benevolence, bear in mind my maxim, When you go to hear a charity sermon, put a shilling in your pocket, and leave your purse at home.

When an old friend asks for a small sum, just "to go on with," depend on it he wants it to go off with.

WHY is Matrimony like Captain WHITE's Oriental Pickles, as advertised?—Because it also is "a delicious mixture of sweets and sour."

THE SEASONS.

ACT III.—AUTUMN.

SCENE—Seashore. SHE seated. Enter HE.

He (eyeing a retreating figure with much disfavour).

Who is that pottering fool?

She (blandly).

Not much! A poet!

But rather handsome.

He.

Well, he seems to know it.

What was he doing?

She.

Reading me some verses.

He. On what?

She.

On me!

He.

O, fifty thousand curses!

She. Stay, I can't count so many!

He.

Hang his cheek!

She. A compliment, my dear.

He.

I'd have you seek

No compliments in rhyme. They're always rot!

She (archly). Always, my dear? I fear you've quite

forgot

Some

He (sternly). Let me see them.

She.

Nay, "rot" cannot please you.

He. I tell you I insist.

She.

Well, not to tease you

I'll show them. O, he speaks of me so nicely,

Proclaims my eyes "scintillant stars."

He (grimly).

Precisely!

All lute-thrummers tell lies.

She.

You think they're not?

He.

Good gracious, no!

She.

And then he says a lot

About my cherry lips, which might he touch

He'd

He (furiously).

Hang it, Madam! This is quite too

much!

Hand me the insolent scribbler's stuff. I'll choke

With his own lies!

She (solicitously).

Now dearest, don't provoke him,

Because he's, oh! so fierce!

He (imperatively).

The lines I say!

She. Well, here they are (hands him paper). But do

not tear them, pray,

Because I value them more than my life.

He.

A very pretty statement for a wife.

(Reads)—

"Scintillant orbs, more radiant, more divine

Than those that hang in heaven's clear hyaline."

Why,—here! I say!—oh! hang it all!—they're

mine!

[Exit in a huff.]

A SCOT IN A SHOWER.

Hech, ho, the Macintosh!
Fair fa' the Macintosh!
In a shower to stan' a slosh,
I'll be bail for Macintosh.
Hech, the bonny ower-johnnie!
Ho, the bonny Macintosh!
Anti-sappie, drippie, drappie,
Weet-proof wrappie, Macintosh!
Tramp through the squish-an'-squosh,
Fa' floods, I dinna fash!
Fute in caouthou galcho,
Tap to tae in Macintosh!
Deil a dandio's sprush as SANDIE
Claikit in his Macintosh!
Hieland laddie o'er your plaidie
Aye pit on a Macintosh!

THINGS WHICH EVERY MAN CAN DO:

(Or thinks he can, at any rate.)

WRITE a novel, a love-letter, or a leading article.
Drive a tramcar: shoot a pheasant: and order a good dinner.

Poke the fire on sound scientific principles.
Make a cigarette as well as a machine.
Pick the winner by the preliminary canter.
Ride a bicycle without six months' practice.
Paek his own portmanteau far better than a man-servant.

Make an after-dinner speech worth being reported.
Spot a snob without so much as speaking to him.
Cook a chop, carve a goose, or concoct a first-rate champagne cup.

Know where to buy the best of shooting-boots and breechloaders.

Judge a horse, a glass of wine, or a water-colour drawing.

And, finally—Make his wife believe the reasons he alleges for his absence on the Derby Day, or for taking suddenly a short Paris trip without her.

PREDICTION FOR THE SHORTEST DAY.—The Sun will be on his beam ends.

TWICE AS GOOD AS THE "ODD FIVER."—The even tinner.

DARWINIAN.—Origin of Punch—the primordial self.

THE SOIL OF UTOPIA.—No Man's Land.



POLICE WANTED.

WHEN may we expect the HOME SECRETARY who will organise a body of Police to bestow surveillance solely upon members of the brute creation? Such, for instance, as the following:—

Brutes who shirk their work, spend in drink what their wives earn for them, and then pay them by knocking them down and dancing upon them.

Brutes who send their children out into the streets to beg, or steal, or starve, with no further care about them.

Brutes who scatter orange-peel upon the pavement, to the danger and detriment of passers-by in general.

Brutes who, to save a sixpence, put bad corks to your good wine, whereby most of it is spoilt ere coming to maturity.

Brutes who mangle your shirts so that, on coming from the wash, the fronts are found to be in holes, and scarce a button left on them.

Brutes who, when they pack them, fill your figs with grit, and artfully insert small stones among your curtains.

Brutes who put cheap rotten laces to your boots, as you will probably discover when ten miles from a shop, among the wilds of Scotland.

SOME PLANETARY ASPECTS FOR 1878.

MERCURY IN OPPOSITION.

Nor Jove, nor Venus, nor the mighty Mars,
Nor other of the great Olympian stars,
May match my power in these modern days.
Jove? Pooh! the bankrupt tyrant cannot raise
Funds for his fun without my artful aid.
Venus? Against the tricks of talk and trade
She and her bantling both are impotent.
What's love or beauty matched with cent. per cent.?
And as for Mars, when could mere arms reverse
The will of Share-blist, Price-current, Bourse, or Purse?
At power, at force, at beauty mortals laugh—
Their favourite deity's the Golden Calf;
And I'm sole autocrat whilst I can hold
Headship o'er trade, palaver, craft, and gold.

PUNCH.

You're basest and most blatant of the bunch,
But you are reckoning without your Punch!

NOTE FOR NOVEMBER.—No swallows in a Saint Martin's summer.

ILLUMINATION FOR STUDIOS.—Northern Lights.

THE SEASONS.

ACT IV.—WINTER.

SCENE—The Domestic Hearth. SHE knitting.
Enter HE from business.

He (heartily). Well, Pet!

She (tenderly). Well, precious! What? Some roses?
Truly

You're quite too kind. Like having flowers in
Thule,

To get them this cold weather.

He. Well 'tis chilly,

But then that kiss would thaw an iceberg!

She (smiling him delightedly). Silly!

He. What 'a that you're knitting?

She. Cuffs for you, my dear.

The wrists will chap in weather thus severe;

Does that sound presy?

He. From your lips, divine!

She. Goose! Now be still! and drink this hot mulled
wine.

He. My Hebe-Doreas!

She. Thanks! That's really pretty.

And now sit down, and read me some ROSSETTI.

(Left sitting.)

MARGARINE—AN IDYL.

MARGARINE, sweet Margarine!
Who art thou? Some one's bosom queen?
My heart is in a flutter,
Imagining thy bright eyes' sheen,
Thy breath like fragrant Florinde,
As thy soft name I utter.

No; Margarine, sweet Margarine,
Weareth no human form, I ween;
Idle that name to mutter!

Sweet, frosh, and French is Margarine—
'Tis beef-fat, minus stearine,
And—substitute for butter!

ARBOR VITÆ.—Free Translation—Harbour of Refuge.

DRESSING FOR GREEN-BEARDED OYSTERS.—Emerald Ile.

A MAN'S WEATHER EYE.—The one he looks sheepish with.

HORTICULTURAL.—The Cucumber is the Melon's poor relation.

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

(For the Christmas Holidays.)

ACTING as a wet blanket.
Adding fuel to the flame.
Bending the twig.
Burning the candle at both ends.
Cutting the Gordian Knot.
Dipping a pen into gall.
Fanning a flame.
Getting into hot water.
Gilding refined gold.
Infusing new blood.
Opening the flood-gates of eloquence.
Pouring oil on troubled waters.
Putting all the eggs into one basket.
Putting the cart before the horse.
Registering the gauge after it has rained
cats and dogs.
Striking while the iron is hot.
Throwing cold water upon a plan.
Touching pitch.
Ventilating a subject.
Keeping many irons in the fire.

INFORMATION WANTED BY THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.

THE number of persons sent to Coventry during the past year, and the average period of their residence there.
The number of tons of coal carried to Newcastle.
The number of wedges inserted by the small ends.
The number of murderers of the Queen's English.
The number of "h's" dropped.
The number of times PRISCIAN has had his head broken.
The number of bricks that have been made without straw.
The total length of "yarns" spun about the Russo-Turkish war.
The cubic contents of the "padding" in the Magazines for twelve months.
The number of persons who have dined with Duke HUMPHREY.
The area of pie-crust broken in the form of promises.
The number of speeches delivered by the Irish "Obstructives" in the House of Commons.

PEOPLE talk as glibly of MANNING a Pope, as if the POPE were a Man of War.

RANK AND FILE.—A bankrupt peer and his schedule.

TEACHINGS BY TRAVEL.

THAT *pourboire* is a word in common use upon the Continent.

That to journey by yourself with a knapsack at your back is certainly much easier, though of course far less respectable, than to travel with a wife and daughters, and their lady's-maid and luggage and parasols, and handbags, and pet dogs, and other knickknacks.

That it is not every alpenstock that has been up Mont Blanc, although the name may be conspicuously branded on it.

That you had better use plain English than questionable French, or German, or Italian, at least when you are giving instructions to a waiter.

That however much it makes you smack your lips at first, there yet may come a day when you are sad to see an omelette.

That a wet day in Venice, or even in Vienna, is hardly more enjoyable than one in Mudborough or London.

That it really is astounding what ill-usage a portmanteau may endure when it has grown well seasoned to it.

That in refreshment-rooms abroad you *can* get something better than a Bath bun or stale sandwich.

That in a crowded Spanish church, where peasants mostly congregate, the odour of sanctity is sadly full of garlic.

That it is not every French cook who can serve a tender steak, and a hot plain boiled potato.

That one *may* feel slightly chilly even in the Sunny South, a little after nightfall in the middle of November.

That if you desire to travel *en prince*, in point at least of cost, you had better take a courier.

That the finest mountain scenery, and the best of *tables-d'hôte*, may be spoiled by a mosquito.

That the railway guards in Germany are not so prodigal of small politenesses, even when bribed handsomely, as their brethren are in England.

That there is not much to choose between a Paris fog and London one.

That foreigners, after all, are not bad fellows in their way, but they might have better figures if they did not eat such monstrous breakfasts, and played more athletic games than dominoes and billiards.

And, finally, that, however glad one feels at getting away from home, one is generally far more so at the thought of getting back to it.

A CASE OF "SURVIVAL."—Great Britain and Ireland, at a remote prehistoric period, were probably numbered among the Cannibal Islands! In Ireland a good fellow is still called "a broth of a boy."

ATROCITIES AT HOME.—Will it be believed that in the City of London, in a street named after our gracious Queen, not far from the Mansion House, and the Thames Embankment, there stands a stately building, occupied by a body of English gentlemen, one of whose duties it is to "impale"—though it should be added as some extenuation—not the whole body, but "arms" only?

THOUGHT FOR GOOD TEMPLARS.—The wife of SOCRATES was a temptant, who sorely tried her husband's philosophy. Her misbehaviour has been ascribed to over-indulgence in intoxicating wine. XANTIPPE was frequently XANTIPSY.

BEST WEAPON FOR KILLING TIME.—The Minute-Gun.

RUSTIC RETORT.

YOUNG JEMMY AND JESSY sat mute on a stile.

Says JEMMY, "In vain time in cooing I lose:

I can't get a kiss, nor a word, nor a smile,

Come, can't you say *bo!* to a goose?"

Says JESSY, "I don't want to hurt you, my dear,

Or I'd say *bo!* to *you*. You're so slow:

If you can't take a kiss without asking, I fear

I shall have to say "goose" to a *beau!*"



AN EMBARRAS DE RICHESSES.

Guest, "HAVE YOU GOT A SPARE PAIR OF SLIPPERS, GEORGE?"
Host (comely Curate), "SLIPPERS, MY BOY?! LOOK HERE!" (Throwing open Closet.) "PRESENTS FROM THE YOUNG LADIES SINCE I TOOK THE CURACY LAST AUTUMN!"

THE DECLINE OF THE DRAMA.

MUNDUNGUS deems the Drama is declining,
Yet fain would swell the crowded playwright ranks.
The secret of his pessimist opining,
Is—all his Dramas are declined—with thanks!

ISOLATION IN AOE.—"Ah!" sighed old Mr. PEN-
NLOVE, "I am a lonely man! I have not a friend in
the world to die and leave me anything!"

AN ECLIPSE THAT CAN'T BE CALCULATED BEFORE-
HAND.—The Eclipse of the Honeymoon.

HAPPY-THOUGHT MEMORANDA FOR THE
NEW YEAR.

Mem.—To get up earlier. Also, to go to bed earlier.
Mem.—To be more careful as to diet. (This Mem.
made after Christmas week.)

Mem.—To live by rule. Write out my own rules,
and keep 'em before me on my table. For instance,
say, To breakfast *punctually* at (hour not yet settled).
To begin work *punctually* at — (not yet settled the

time for beginning work). To
lunch exactly at 1-30. To take
exercise regularly. To read
from — till —. (Must
take time to fix these hours
exactly; but once fixed, mem.,
to stick to them.)

Mem.—Always to dress for
dinner. Slouchy habit not
dressing for dinner.

Mem.—To read so many
lines of SHAKESPEARE, MIL-
TON, COWPER, or some poet
every morning while dressing.
(N.B.—I read of some cele-
brated character who did this,
and he got through a lot of
poetry in a year.)

Mem.—To brush up my
Latin. Read HOMER—astanza
a day, and learn it by heart,
so as to come out with it as
an apt quotation. (N.B.—
Lead the conversation up to
this point.)

Mem.—Never take a cab
when I can walk.

Mem.—To have one settled
time every day for reading
the paper. (Say when. At
Club? If so, what becomes
of sociability at Club?)

Mem.—To practise whist
and cribbage privately.

Mem.—To get a French-
man to come for an hour three
times a week, and talk.
Italian also; or, for economy,
an Italian who can speak
French. Say, he comes at
four o'clock every day—or at
some time when I should be
doing nothing else—and
mustn't put him off.

Mem.—To read a chapter
of History every day; say, at
breakfast.

Mem.—To limit smoking to
(—) pipes, (—) cigars—(num-
ber not fixed: mustn't do this
sort of thing too hurriedly).

Mem.—To set apart one day
a week for calling and leaving
cards. Say, Sunday afternoon.

Mem.—Always to answer
a letter immediately on re-
ceiving it.

Mem.—To get in all my
bills, and make arrangements
for paying ready money in
future.

Mem.—Not to read in bed
at night.

Mem.—To think of several
other mems., and put them all
down in form.

IDLE THOUGHTS.

(By an Idle Man.)

AN ill-tempered friend is
like a gas illumination—easily
put out.

When a man marries for
money, the honeymoon might
more properly be talked of as
the honeymoon.

Of all the enemies to repose, commend me to a cat.
Catterwauling, while it lasts, is fatal to comfort. As
the proverb says, "*Le Mew est l'ennemi du bien.*"

A man who writes a diary with a view to publication,
may be considered guilty of an attempt on his own life.

The worst of keeping racehorses is, that they are sure
to be running in one's head, just when they have been
kicked out of the betting.

The question of the day is—What to do with your
cold mutton?

My son, beware of heavy suppers if you have any
wish for light slumbers.



THE MANIA FOR RESTORATION.

Chorus. " { MAMMA!
GRANDMAMMA!
GREAT-GRANDMA!
Great-Grandmamma. " WELL, MY DEARS, ALL THE FINE OLD BUILDINGS ARE BEING 'RESTORED' ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL DESIGN. WHY SHOULDN'T FINE OLD LADIES HAVE A CHANCE AS WELL?"



THE HAUNTED ROOM.

Host (to Captain Jinks of the Militia). "WE'RE DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MY BOY, THOUGH WE DIDN'T EXPECT YOU. WE SHALL HAVE TO PUT YOU INTO THE EAST CHAMBER—THE HAUNTED ROOM, YOU KNOW. BUT OF COURSE YOU DON'T MIND GHOSTS—AND IT'S ONLY AN OLD LADY WITHOUT HER HEAD!" [Now anything mortal he wouldn't have— But—!]



HOW TO WORK OFF A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

MOTTOES FOR THE SUPPER TABLE.

I'm dying for the next waltz, charming Nelly!
My heart is wobbling like this orange jelly.
Though ready for my supper, dearest ANGE!
I love you better than the best Blanc mange.
Ladies of yore asked lovers for a ballad.
I think, dear, you'd prefer some lobster salad.
On Venus' altar doves were offered.—I
Will therefore offer you some pigeon pie.
When your eyes turn on me, see how I'm fluster'd,
It makes me turn as pale as any eustard.
If I am ice with some, for you I melt, Sir!
So fetch me, like a dear, some wine and Seltzer.
What will my love allay? Declare it, MOLLY!
Offer a lady claret mixed with polly.
To slice a gallant, e'en by knights, I ween.
Was thought of old a proof their love was keen;
Try then, to-night, a slice of galantine.

My heart is in a pickle! Don't say gunmon;
But let me recommend this pickled salmon.

Enough of sentiment! of supper, *assez!*
But finish up with just one *marron glace*.

As round the flame doth buzz the blind cock-chaffer,
So I round thee, and feel I am no safer—
Boosh! Fetch me two more ices and a wafer.

NE PLUS ULTRA.—The most credulous man we ever
knew was one who believed in Fairies, Vestries, City
Companies, Critics, Opera season programmes, and
Joint-Stock Company prospectuses.

CABBIN' IT COUNCIL.—Shall I walk or take a
Hansom?

FEATURES OF THE FESTIVE SEASON.—Balls and
Snowballs.

GREAT TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—The life of a
Butterfly.

"FACTS ABOUT SHERRY."

WINE merchants may recite, if they please, their
glittering array of Sherrys, dinner and after-dinner,
pale, dry, golden, brown, nutty, old, East India, Amou-
tillado, and so forth; but the sober truth is, that there
are but two sorts of Sherry—that which is made in
Spain, and that which is manufactured out of it.

As there are brandy cherries, so are there brandy
Sherrys.

Golden Sherry for the morning of life, brown for the
meridian, pale and dry for the sear and yellow leaf.
Pale Sherry at a funeral, golden at a wedding, brown
at any time.

One man's "Sherry" is another man's poison.
The better the wine, the better the weed.

No Sherry like Old Sherry.
Better a bottle of good Marsala than a dozen of
indifferent Sherry.

Happy the man who can afford a quarter-cask of real
Sherry four times a year!

You may speak of a glass of Port *et cetera*, but not of a
glass of Sherry *et cetera*. This subtle distinction no philo-
sopher or philologist has ever been able to explain.
Let your humour and your Sherry both be "dry."
Our "duty" as regards Sherry may be thus summed
up—Give it good, or not at all.
These are a few "facts" about Sherry: the fictions
would fill the *Almanack*.

A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year,
Coming mild on Christmas Day,
If 'tis frosty and severe,
Christmas comes again in May.
Beg not, therefore, shameless Cad,
Bounty on an idle plea.
Go! I am not to be had.
Ask no Christmas-Box of me!

CONVEYANCE FOR GIRLS.—A *Virginibus*.



THE CALENDAR 1879.

January xxxi Days.

1 W Circumss.	17 F Franklin b.
2 Th S. a. 8m.	18 S Letton d.
3 F S. a. 4h 3m.	19 S S. af. Kip.
4 S S. a. 4h 3m.	20 M Fabian.
5 S S. af. Chr.	21 Tu Agnes.
6 Epiphany	22 W Vincent.
7 T Fanlon d.	23 Th Pitt. 1806
8 W Lucas	24 F Fox b. 1749
9 Th Nelson's fo.	25 S Burns b.
10 F Lincoln d.	26 S 38 af. Epip.
11 S Hilary T. b.	27 M J. Olson d.
12 M 18 af. Kip.	28 Th R. Allard
13 M Com. L. T. b.	29 W Felice d.
14 Tu Oaf. L. T. b.	30 Th Chas. 18hd.
15 W Ursal plot.	31 F Hilary T. a.
16 Th R. Curwen.	

July xxxi Days.

1 Tu S. a. 8h 45m.	17 Th Punch b. 41
2 W S. a. 8h 17m.	18 F Sherlock d.
3 Th B. Sadown.	19 S Petarch d.
4 F Ombaid b.	20 S S. af. Tr.
5 S 45 af. Tr.	21 M R. Burns d.
6 S 45 af. Tr.	22 Tu Salamanca.
7 M Poe. T. 1811	23 W Ketchley b.
8 Tu Adm. d.	24 Th Chas. 18hd.
9 W B. Burke d.	25 S R. Jones
10 Th 16 of Tr.	26 F R. Otho d.
11 F V. 18 of Tr.	27 S 7 af. Tr.
12 S Kinglake d.	28 M Cowley d.
13 S 5 af. Tr.	29 Th R. Polack
14 M Hauls d.	30 W W. Pava d.
15 Th S. 18 of Tr.	31 F L. Loyola d.
16 W B. 18 of Tr.	

February xxviii Days.

1 S R. Coker b.	15 S R. Loria
2 S 4 af. Epip.	16 S R. 28 of Tr.
3 M S. 7h 18m.	17 M R. 28 of Tr.
4 Tu S. a. 4h 54m.	18 Th Luther d.
5 W O'Brien d.	19 W C. 28 of Tr.
6 Th Chas. 11 d.	20 M J. Hume d.
7 F O. 28 of Tr.	21 F Trinit d.
8 S H. 28 of Tr.	22 S R. 28 of Tr.
9 M Q. 28 of Tr.	23 M Quince d.
10 W V. 28 of Tr.	24 Th 28 of Tr.
11 Tu Day 28 of Tr.	25 W 28 of Tr.
12 W 28 of Tr.	26 Th 28 of Tr.
13 Th 28 of Tr.	27 F 28 of Tr.
14 F 28 of Tr.	28 S 28 of Tr.
15 S 28 of Tr.	29 M 28 of Tr.
16 Th 28 of Tr.	30 F 28 of Tr.
17 F 28 of Tr.	31 S 28 of Tr.

August xxxi Days.

1 F Lammas	17 S 108 af. Tr.
2 S B. Nile	18 M B. 108 af. Tr.
3 S B. 108 af. Tr.	19 Th R. Pascal d.
4 M 108 af. Tr.	20 W B. 108 af. Tr.
5 Tu S. 4h 31m.	21 Th W. 108 af. Tr.
6 W S. 4h 31m.	22 M R. 108 af. Tr.
7 Th S. 4h 31m.	23 W R. 108 af. Tr.
8 F S. 4h 31m.	24 Th R. 108 af. Tr.
9 S S. 4h 31m.	25 M R. 108 af. Tr.
10 W S. 4h 31m.	26 Th R. 108 af. Tr.
11 Th S. 4h 31m.	27 F R. 108 af. Tr.
12 F S. 4h 31m.	28 S R. 108 af. Tr.
13 S S. 4h 31m.	29 M R. 108 af. Tr.
14 M S. 4h 31m.	30 Th R. 108 af. Tr.
15 Th S. 4h 31m.	31 F R. 108 af. Tr.

March xxxi Days.

1 S St. David	17 M St. Patrick
2 S 18 in Lent	18 Th St. Patrick
3 M 18 in Lent	19 W St. Patrick
4 Tu 18 in Lent	20 Th St. Patrick
5 W 18 in Lent	21 M St. Patrick
6 Th 18 in Lent	22 F St. Patrick
7 F 18 in Lent	23 S St. Patrick
8 S 18 in Lent	24 M St. Patrick
9 M 18 in Lent	25 Th St. Patrick
10 W 18 in Lent	26 Th St. Patrick
11 Th 18 in Lent	27 F St. Patrick
12 F 18 in Lent	28 S St. Patrick
13 S 18 in Lent	29 M St. Patrick
14 M 18 in Lent	30 Th St. Patrick
15 Th 18 in Lent	31 F St. Patrick

September xxx Days.

1 M St. Giles	16 Th B. Colet d.
2 Tu St. Giles	17 W B. Colet d.
3 W St. Giles	18 Th B. Colet d.
4 Th St. Giles	19 F B. Colet d.
5 F St. Giles	20 S B. Colet d.
6 S St. Giles	21 M B. Colet d.
7 M St. Giles	22 Th B. Colet d.
8 Th St. Giles	23 F B. Colet d.
9 F St. Giles	24 S B. Colet d.
10 S St. Giles	25 M B. Colet d.
11 M St. Giles	26 Th B. Colet d.
12 Th St. Giles	27 F B. Colet d.
13 F St. Giles	28 S B. Colet d.
14 S St. Giles	29 M B. Colet d.
15 M St. Giles	30 Th B. Colet d.
16 Th St. Giles	31 F B. Colet d.

April xxx Days.

1 Tu S. 4h 31m.	16 W Oaf. E. T. b.
2 W S. 4h 31m.	17 Th Oaf. E. T. b.
3 Th S. 4h 31m.	18 F Oaf. E. T. b.
4 F S. 4h 31m.	19 S Oaf. E. T. b.
5 S S. 4h 31m.	20 M Oaf. E. T. b.
6 M S. 4h 31m.	21 Th Oaf. E. T. b.
7 Tu S. 4h 31m.	22 F Oaf. E. T. b.
8 W S. 4h 31m.	23 S Oaf. E. T. b.
9 Th S. 4h 31m.	24 M Oaf. E. T. b.
10 F S. 4h 31m.	25 Th Oaf. E. T. b.
11 S S. 4h 31m.	26 F Oaf. E. T. b.
12 M S. 4h 31m.	27 S Oaf. E. T. b.
13 Th S. 4h 31m.	28 M Oaf. E. T. b.
14 F S. 4h 31m.	29 Th Oaf. E. T. b.
15 S S. 4h 31m.	30 F Oaf. E. T. b.
16 M S. 4h 31m.	31 S Oaf. E. T. b.

October xxxi Days.

1 W Com. M. T. b.	17 F H. 18 of Tr.
2 Th S. 4h 31m.	18 S H. 18 of Tr.
3 F S. 4h 31m.	19 M H. 18 of Tr.
4 S S. 4h 31m.	20 Th H. 18 of Tr.
5 M S. 4h 31m.	21 Th H. 18 of Tr.
6 Th S. 4h 31m.	22 F H. 18 of Tr.
7 F S. 4h 31m.	23 S H. 18 of Tr.
8 S S. 4h 31m.	24 M H. 18 of Tr.
9 M S. 4h 31m.	25 Th H. 18 of Tr.
10 Th S. 4h 31m.	26 F H. 18 of Tr.
11 F S. 4h 31m.	27 S H. 18 of Tr.
12 S S. 4h 31m.	28 M H. 18 of Tr.
13 M S. 4h 31m.	29 Th H. 18 of Tr.
14 Th S. 4h 31m.	30 F H. 18 of Tr.
15 F S. 4h 31m.	31 S H. 18 of Tr.

May xxxi Days.

1 Th S. 4h 31m.	17 S 23 af. Tr.
2 F S. 4h 31m.	18 M 23 af. Tr.
3 S S. 4h 31m.	19 Th 23 af. Tr.
4 M S. 4h 31m.	20 Th 23 af. Tr.
5 Th S. 4h 31m.	21 F 23 af. Tr.
6 F S. 4h 31m.	22 S 23 af. Tr.
7 S S. 4h 31m.	23 M 23 af. Tr.
8 M S. 4h 31m.	24 Th 23 af. Tr.
9 Th S. 4h 31m.	25 F 23 af. Tr.
10 F S. 4h 31m.	26 S 23 af. Tr.
11 S S. 4h 31m.	27 M 23 af. Tr.
12 M S. 4h 31m.	28 Th 23 af. Tr.
13 Th S. 4h 31m.	29 F 23 af. Tr.
14 F S. 4h 31m.	30 S 23 af. Tr.
15 S S. 4h 31m.	31 M 23 af. Tr.

November xxx Days.

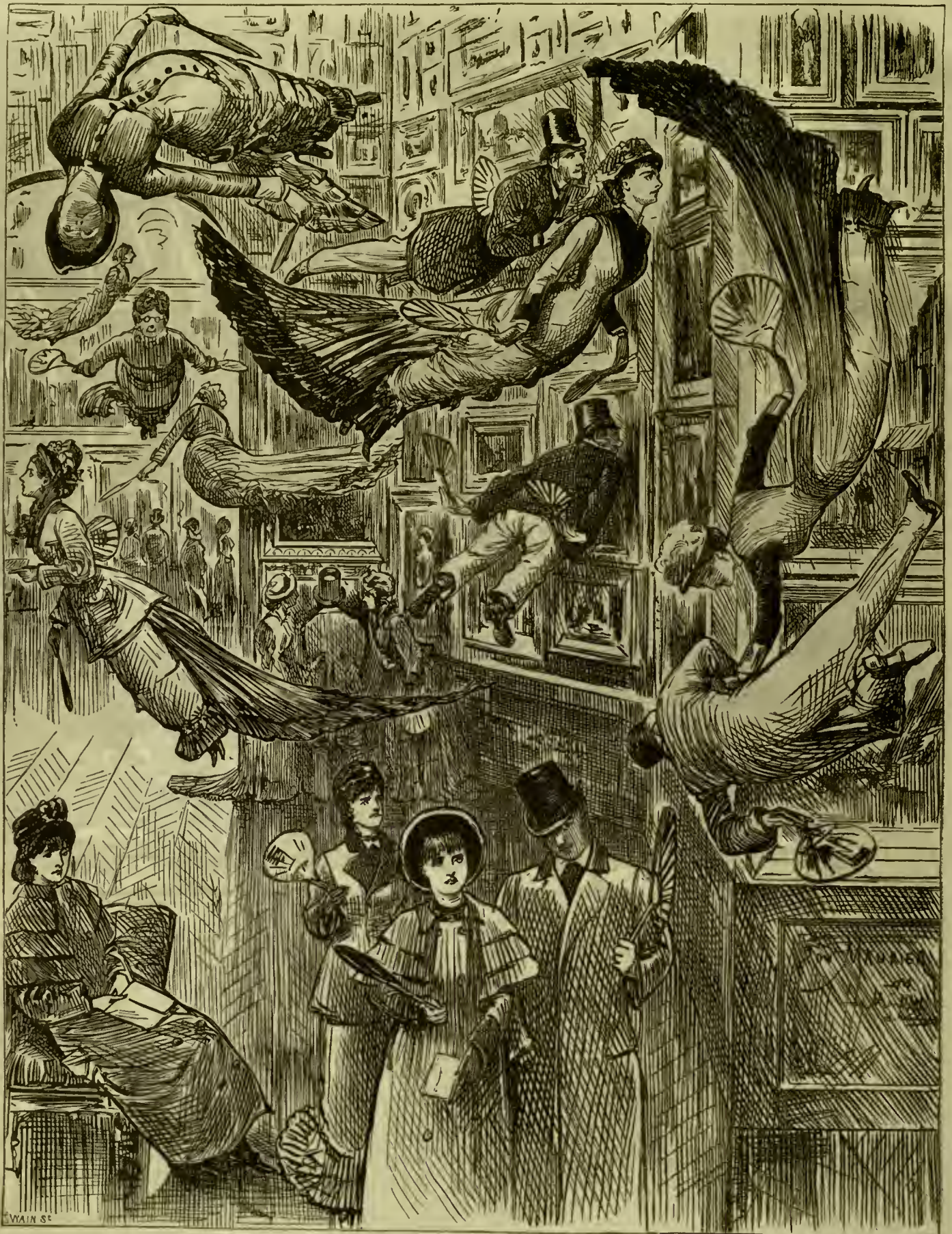
1 Th All Saints	16 F 23 af. Tr.
2 F All Saints	17 S 23 af. Tr.
3 S All Saints	18 M 23 af. Tr.
4 M All Saints	19 Th 23 af. Tr.
5 Th All Saints	20 F 23 af. Tr.
6 F All Saints	21 S 23 af. Tr.
7 S All Saints	22 M 23 af. Tr.
8 M All Saints	23 Th 23 af. Tr.
9 Th All Saints	24 F 23 af. Tr.
10 F All Saints	25 S 23 af. Tr.
11 S All Saints	26 M 23 af. Tr.
12 M All Saints	27 Th 23 af. Tr.
13 Th All Saints	28 F 23 af. Tr.
14 F All Saints	29 S 23 af. Tr.
15 S All Saints	30 M 23 af. Tr.
16 M All Saints	31 Th 23 af. Tr.

June xxx Days.

1 S Whit. Sun.	16 M J. Wesley b.
2 Th Whit. Sun.	17 Th Whit. Sun.
3 F Whit. Sun.	18 S Whit. Sun.
4 S Whit. Sun.	19 M Whit. Sun.
5 M Whit. Sun.	20 Th Whit. Sun.
6 Th Whit. Sun.	21 F Whit. Sun.
7 F Whit. Sun.	22 S Whit. Sun.
8 S Whit. Sun.	23 M Whit. Sun.
9 M Whit. Sun.	24 Th Whit. Sun.
10 Th Whit. Sun.	25 F Whit. Sun.
11 F Whit. Sun.	26 S Whit. Sun.
12 S Whit. Sun.	27 M Whit. Sun.
13 M Whit. Sun.	28 Th Whit. Sun.
14 Th Whit. Sun.	29 F Whit. Sun.
15 F Whit. Sun.	30 S Whit. Sun.
16 S Whit. Sun.	31 M Whit. Sun.

December xxxi Days.

1 M Pra. W. b.	17 W Oaf. M. T. b.
2 Th Pra. W. b.	18 Th Oaf. M. T. b.
3 F Pra. W. b.	19 S Oaf. M. T. b.
4 S Pra. W. b.	20 M Oaf. M. T. b.
5 M Pra. W. b.	21 Th Oaf. M. T. b.
6 Th Pra. W. b.	22 F Oaf. M. T. b.
7 F Pra. W. b.	23 S Oaf. M. T. b.
8 S Pra. W. b.	24 M Oaf. M. T. b.
9 M Pra. W. b.	25 Th Oaf. M. T. b.
10 Th Pra. W. b.	26 F Oaf. M. T. b.
11 F Pra. W. b.	27 S Oaf. M. T. b.
12 S Pra. W. b.	28 M Oaf. M. T. b.
13 M Pra. W. b.	29 Th Oaf. M. T. b.
14 Th Pra. W. b.	30 F Oaf. M. T. b.
15 F Pra. W. b.	31 S Oaf. M. T. b.



EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING.

ENABLES THE WEARERS THEREOF TO SUSPEND AT WILL THE FORCE OF GRAVITY, SO THAT THEY CAN FAN THEMSELVES GRACEFULLY ABOUT THE ROOM.



EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING—(continued).

Tommy. "Oh! DON'T WIND US IN YET, MAMMA! IT'S SO JOLLY UP HERE, AND NOT A BIT COLD!"



EDISON'S ANTI-GRAVITATION UNDER-CLOTHING—(continued).

Cissy. "BLOW HARDER, HARDER, PAPA! BLOW ME UP TO THE CEILING!!"



"WINTER WITH US." (From Our Ironical Artist at Cannes)

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—specially engaged.)

Winter Quarter.—Venus occupies the first house in a fashionable quarter. There will be evening parties, and other festivities. Good time for cooks on the job, waiters, and servants generally.

Those born under the sign *Cancer* will suffer from indigestion. Some people never read *Crabbe* because they can't digest him.

Females born under the sign *Virgo* will be old maids.

Those born under *Libra* will be Librarians.

NOTES ON NAME-ABBREVIATIONS.

ABHORRED by Paterfamilias—Bills.

Shunned by Little Fishes—Jacks.

Welcomed by Anglers—Bobs.

Liked by Lively People—Sallies.

Familiar to Weavers—Jennies.

Sought by Sporting Men—Bets.

Well known to Burglars—Jemmies.

Loved by Lawyers—Wills.

Dear to Coquettes—Fans.

BY A SEA-SICK PASSENGER.

MARE! Mare!

Most contrary,

Why do you tumble so?

While you heave and swell

One can't feel well,

And—I think I'll go below!

THE LADY'S OWN BOOK.—SHEE on *The Rights of Woman*.



SORE SUBJECTS.

First Young Blood (whose Parent has lived to the preposterous age of Seventy-Five and makes him an insufficient allowance). "WELL, BILLY, HOW'S YOUR FATHER?"
Second Young Blood (his is Seventy-Two, and has disinherited him). "WELL, IF YOU COME TO THAT, HOW'S YOURS?"!

CELESTIAL INFLUENCES FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

March 1st (special). Postpone everything till to-morrow. Good day for being "not at home" to creditors.

2nd. Same again: only more so.

5th (of any month). Good day for taking a long drive in a cab, then descending at one end of the Lowther Arcade, and going out at the other.

6th. Bad day to meet the Cabman whom you left yesterday at the one end of the Lowther Arcade.

7th. If you have carried out our directions for the last two days, then now our advice is—Avoid Policemen. Also avoid Cabmen.

10th. Make friends with very old and feeble millionaires.

11th. Continue to reside with them.

12th. Capita' day to get very old and feeble millionaires to make their wills in your favour.

13th. Court, but don't marry.

14th. Court, borrow of the object of your affections sufficient to enable you to leave the country—but don't marry.

15th. Avoid

16th. Avoid everyone.

17th. Avoid

18th. Good day for sailing for America suddenly.

19th. Get hold of a good after-dinner story, and dine out on it for the rest of the month.

THREE CARD LOO IN AMERICA.—One hand holds the cards, another holds a revolver, and the third holds the inquest.



"WINTER WITH YOU." (From Our Ironical Artist at Cannes.)

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—specially engaged.)

Spring Quarter.—Good time for all railways paying twenty-five per cent. Bad time for holders of Stock marked with an asterisk in the *Times'* official list. This "asterisk" is not the only risk about them.

Those born under the sign *Pisces*, will find their affairs in a very fishy state.

Should the corn be ripe in March, there will be a most extraordinary harvest. Farmers take notice.

There will be many births in May. Parents must look out for squalls. Good time for nurses.

In June the Matrimonial Causes List will be very full. Bad time for the United States.

Great caution should be observed on the First of April by all who receive hampers, parcels, and letters. Best to be secluded on this day.

AFTER AN ACCIDENT.

Severely Shaken Traveller. Safe, thank Heaven! Send a telegram at once.

Sympathising Official. Certainly, Sir—to your Wife, of course?

Severely Shaken Traveller. No; to my Stock Broker!

A NATURAL PRODUCT.—What wonder if excellent whiskey is made from potatoes. It is the "spiritus potatorum."

ANTI-RESTORATION SOCIETY.—The people who borrow umbrellas.



IMPROVEMENTS, 1879.

"Bung" of the Future (to Customers who were arguing some "Eastern Question" of the Period—the Discussion getting a little warm). "GENTLEMEN, GENTLEMEN!—ORDER I BEG—RECOLLECT YOU'RE IN A PUBLIC-HOUSE!"

CELESTIAL INFLUENCES FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

April 1st (special). Good day for stopping a stranger in the street, and saying to him, "Oh, you April fool!" Good day for kicking any one who says the above to you.

9th (of any month). Capital day for playing any game of cards of which you are a perfect master, with anyone who knows nothing at all about it.

10th. Avoid Police.

11th. Take every opportunity of saying, "I never said it was a bad day, Sir," to anyone who says to you, "Good day, Sir."

12th. Remove things belonging to other people, and travel.

13th. Go on travelling—for the rest of the month, or year, if necessary.

19th. Avoid stopping in the street to listen to a respectable person who wants to know "if he might be allowed to address you."

20th. Avoid poor relations.

All Sundays. Avoid sermons. Avoid charity sermons.

Sept. 1st. Avoid Gamekeepers.

Dec. 25th. Good day for calling on very rich relations. Wear shabby clothes, have a bad hat, and tearful eyes.

26th. Bad day for acknowledging a salute from any inferior who touches his hat to you. Bad day to be "at home" to anyone. Good day to be taken to see the Pantomime. Good night.

THE TITLE FOR DARWIN.—*Tails of a Grandfather.*

UNDER THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Ten Years of it. From Young Aristocrion's Peace Primer.
(Paris Edition—in the Press.)

1888. General pacific movement of the Federation of the Peoples. Flag of the New Republic first hoisted, amidst universal rejoicings, over the entrance of St. George's Hall.

1889. Equitable division of Bank of England

Stock among working men on Clerkenwell Green. Woolwich, Portsmouth, and the Hyde Park Magazines blown up, and the use of gunpowder, except for pacific purposes, declared illegal.

1890. Fraternal massacre of patriots of all nations.

1891. "Rule, Britannia!" burnt by the hang-man at the Crystal Palace. Caffres, Cannibals, Chinese, and trained Gorillas admitted into the House of Commons.

1892. First appearance of real live Emperors in the bear-pit of the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens.

1893. Grand "Gala Year" in honour of universal pacification. Policemen abolished. Olive branches carried in the Park. Perfect strangers obliged to kiss each other by Act of Parliament.

1894. Slight European difficulty about the price of Sugar-Sticks.

1895. Further complication of the Sugar-Stick difficulty.

1896. Failure of Arbitration to settle the Sugar-Stick difficulty. Dynamite worn at evening parties.

1897. Ominous resolution of the various branches of the federated peoples. Levy en masse.

1898. The Ninety Years' War commences. First battle of the New Republic. Killed, 180,000; wounded, 370. Sugar-Stick difficulty still unsettled.

OUR AQUARIUM.

AN "Allegory from the banks of the Nile."

Some splendid specimens of the Cock-roach.

Crocodiles' Tears (in bottle).

Crabs caught in the Thames.

The Frog returned from wooing, accompanied by his mother.

A 'pike (now becoming scarce).

A bunch of Seals.

A *feme sole*.

Toad with a valuable "jewel in his head."

Trout tickled by a joke.

A Triton surrounded by Minnows.

A pair of turtles.

Something very like a Whale.

An assortment of Toadeaters and Marine Store Dealers.

'THE CHRISTIAN JINGOES' MOTTO.—War and Illwill to men!

How does a tumbler display his humility?
By going without his T.

GOOD FOR THE VOICE.—Tonic Sol-fa.

PHYSIOLOGICAL NURSERY RHYME.

PAT a cross baby, not on his top,
The faster you pat him the sooner he 'll stop;
When the pat ceases poor baby mayn't squall,
But his brain is concussed, and that's about all.

ARGUMENT FOR THE GREAT AGE OF THE EARTH.—Its whiteness about the Pole.

THE "HOUSE" IN THE CITY AND THE "HOME" IN THE SUBURBS.

(From Mr. Punch's Special Wire.)

10 A.M.—Breakfast flat. Strong demand for the Times. Bearish inquiries about Household Expenditure. Nothing doing in the Costume Market in spite of prices having fallen 25 per cent. on the close of the Season. Imprecations rising.

10-10.—Departure of Paterfamilias to the City. Omnibuses heavy.

10-30.—Business easier in Bayswater consequent upon Paterfamilias's departure. Some speculations in dresses for the Fall.

11.—Slight rise in Cook—from the kitchen to the dining-room. Operations for the rise in Dinners active. Family Butchers and Contract Fishmongers in strong demand.

11-30.—Business in Co-operative Stores lively.

12.—City Tempers dull. Stocks (in Haberdashers' shops) deferred until the Money Market is easier.

12-15.—Sherries (*ad. per glass*) in some demand. Biscuits dull.

12-30.—Paris Bourse flat. City Tempers rising.

1 P.M.—Foreign Stocks at their lowest. City Tempers at their highest.

1-30.—Paterfamilias returned into Bank Villa. Omnibuses leave off easier.

2. Some demand for Luncheons. Recriminations strong. Paterfamilias quoted as flat. Domestic Rows lively. Great rise of Juniors from dining-room to second storeys. Heavy fall in tears.

2-30.—Domestic Market easier. Little doing, but opinions unaltered.

3.—Rise in Telegrams from hall to study. Tempers buoyant. Opinions decidedly better. Some business in Jokes. Juniors looking up.

3-30.—Money in great demand. Cheques payable to bearer rising. Spirits at their best. City Flutters at 6 to 7 premium.

4.—Quotations of Past Opinions at a discount. Prospects steady. Paterfamilias Preference Stock freely bought in return for a large consignment of Slightly Deferred Bonnets. The Market closes with renewed Confidence in weak Bulls and vacillating Bears.

IN SEARCH OF A SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.—Going to the Dentist to buy a set of teeth.

HOW TO ANGLE IN THE DOG-DAYS.—Swim about the hook, and get the Dog to hold the rod for you.

BETWEEN THE METALS.—Silver: the more chaste. Gold: the more run after.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—Strikes and Trades Unions.

THE GREAT DOG PAINTER.—SPANIELETTO.



"WAGES!"

First Flunkey. "WELL, I HEAR YOUR YOUNG GOV'NOUR'S MADE A MATCH WITH MISS DERONDA?"

Second Flunkey. "YAAS, HE'S GONE AND DONE IT!"

First Flunkey. "COME NOW—WHAT'S THE FIGURE? ANY IDEA?"

Second Flunkey. "WALL, TAKING EVERYTHINK INTO ACCOUNT, I CALCULATE HIS PLACE'LL BE WUTH ABOUT EIGHT 'UNDERD A MONTH!"

THE FIVE STAGES OF BRANDY AND WATER.

1st. BRANDY and water.

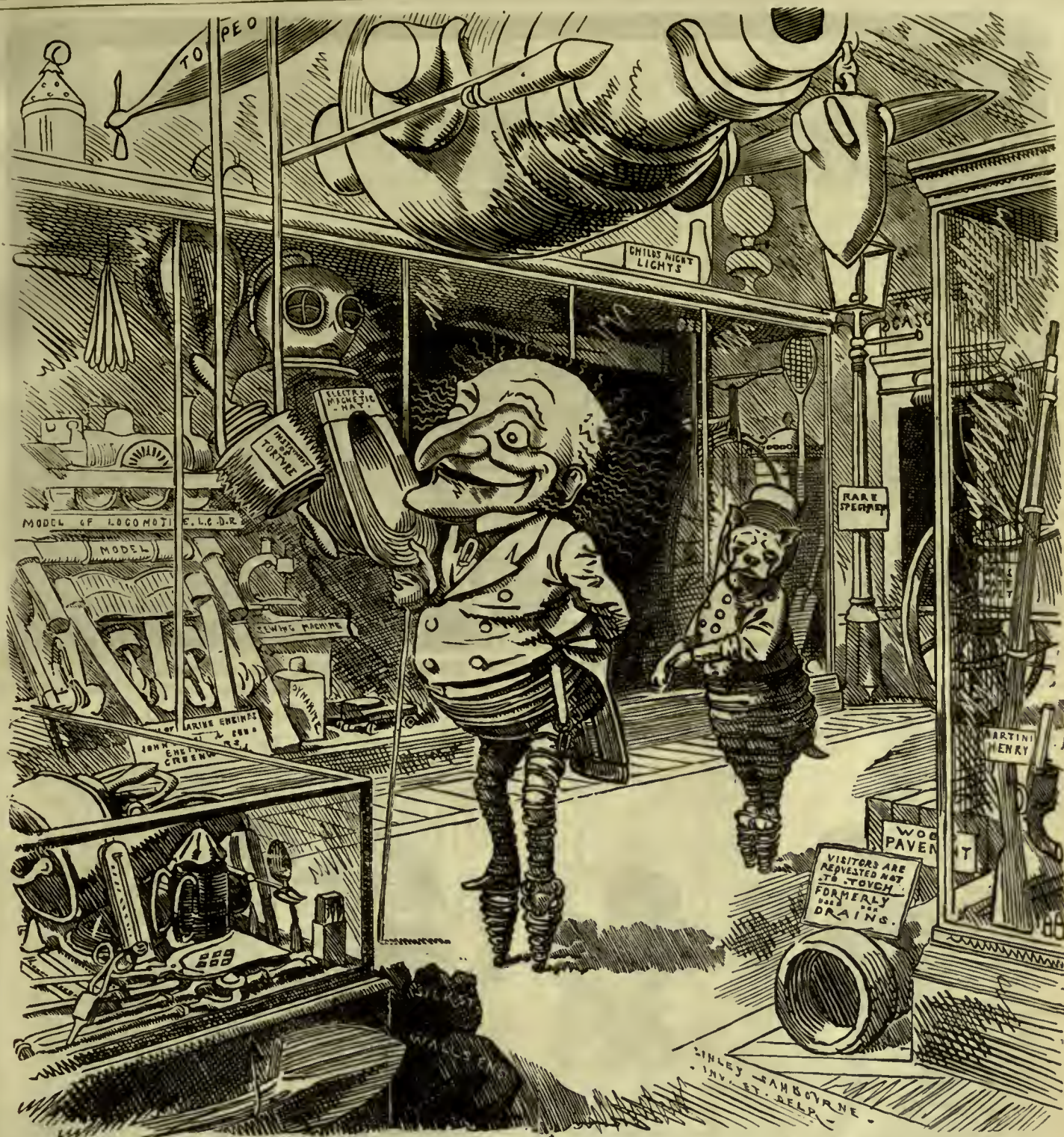
2nd. Branny and warrer.

3rd. Bran warr.

4th. Brraorr.

5th. Collapse!

THE LAST THING OUT.—My bed-candle.



MUSEUM OF MODERN ANTIQUES.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF RAPID DEVELOPMENT OF INVENTION. (PORTRAIT OF WELL-KNOWN MEMBER OF SOCIETY IN PROBABLE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC LOCOMOTIVE COSTUME OF THE FUTURE.)

TWO LAST WORDS TO SWITZERLAND.

(By a British Tourist and Family Man.)

ON Uri's lake, in Küssnacht's dell,
What is the thought can almost quell
Thy patriot memory, oh TELL?

Hotel!

Whether by blue crévasse we reel,
Or list the avalanche's peal,
What question blends with all we feel?

Wie Viel?

"RESUDGAM" as the Onion Sauce observed to the Rabbit.

FOR INTELLIGENT INQUIRERS.

EXPLANATIONS of the letters often appended to names, illustrious and otherwise:

M.P. : Master of Palaver.
F.R.S. : Feeder on Roast Sirloin.
M.D. : Maker of Doses.
B.A. : Breaker of 'Arts.
M.F.H. : Man of Fences and Hahas.
S.T.P. : Strong Tory Politician.
F.S.A. : Fellow Slightly Amusing.
R.A. : Real Artist.
A.S.S. : Needs no explanation.

To Pick a Dead Lock. Use a skeleton key.

SEASONABLE SLANG.

For Spring.—You be blowed!
For Summer.—I'll warm yer!
For Autumn.—Not so blooming green!
For Winter.—An ice little game all round!

MEM. BY AN OLD MAID.

WHAT? *L'homme propose!*—that's nonsense, goodness knows.
The mischief is that man does not propose.

HORTICULTURAL.—How to get rid of Weeds.—

1. (For Gentlemen). Always carry a cigar-case;
2. (For Ladies). Marry again.



EDISON'S TELEPHONOSCOPE (TRANSMITS LIGHT AS WELL AS SOUND).

(Every evening, before going to bed, Pater- and Materfamilias set up an electric camera-obscura over their bedroom mantel-piece, and gladden their eyes with the sight of their Children at the Antipodes, and converse gaily with them through the wire.)

Paterfamilias (in Wilton Place). "BEATRICE, COME CLOSER, I WANT TO WHISPER." Beatrice (from Ceylon). "YES, PAPA DEAR."
 Paterfamilias. "WHO IS THAT CHARMING YOUNG LADY PLAYING ON CHARLIE'S SIDE?"
 Beatrice. "SHE'S JUST COME OVER FROM ENGLAND, PAPA. I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO HER AS SOON AS THE GAME'S OVER?"



A TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

HE THOUGHT IT WAS A VACANT CHAIR * * *

SHE AROSE SUDDENLY FROM HER KNEES * * *

A HINT TO LADIES WHO WILL WEAR OUTSIDE POCKETS.—Have your purses made up to look like Prayer-books.

OBJECTION TO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT (*By an Anti-Gallows Advocate*).—Its Newgate-tory character.

HOW TO MAKE TIME FLY.—Accept a bill for £100 at three months, and you will find yourself at the end of the quarter in no time.

IN THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

Or, How we shall have to Talk.

As you find the light of 3784 candles, concentrated in one point, a little trying to your eyes, shall we sit out the next valse in the dark?

With pleasure. But can you tell me the name of that old gentleman who is groping about for assistance in the actinic halo under the chandelier?

No, I fear I cannot, for I have been here quite a quarter of an hour, and everything appears to me upside down, and of a light pinkish colour fretted with chocolate spots.

Indeed? That is most strange, for, to me, your hair, face, shirt-front, and boots all seem a deep ditch green.

Really? Under those circumstances, then shall we seek the gaslit refreshment room; that is, if the last couples, suffering from partial paralysis, have been already removed?

Certainly; if you will be kind enough to carry my blue calico head-protector, ether-flask, bouquet, and pebble spectacles.

This contrast is very agreeable. I can feel the ices and tea-cups distinctly when I sweep the table for a spoon.

Thanks; we will now find Mamma, if possible. You will know her by her yellow satin umbrella, cork helmet, and I think I should recognise her groans.

Yes, that is our carriage, I think. But I'm so glad you fancy catherine-wheels and rockets are going off in both your eyes every five seconds, for that, I believe, is a sign you are not permanently injured.

And now give me something that feels like my hat, and lead me to my brougham, and tell the man to drive at once to the nearest oculist.

MOORE MODERNISED.

Air:—"The young May moon."

THE young May moon 's not beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp 's not gleaming, love,
Yet we may rove

Through the garden grove,
When the drowsy world is dreaming, love!
Then awake, the world looks bright, my dear,
Though 'tis twelve o'clock at night, my dear,

For the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to use the Electric Light, my dear.

True all the world is sleeping, love,
But a glow the garden 's steeping, love,
That is brighter far

Than the brightest star,
From the blue at midnight peeping, love.
Then awake! Don't wait for the sun, my dear,
His garish glare we'll shun, my dear,

The Electric Light
Makes the hours of night
The best season for love and fun, my dear!

THE EFFECT OF DRINK.—XANTIPPE, the wife of SOCRATES, was a virago and a shrew. An extreme Teetotaler attributes her ill-temper to intemperance. XANTIPPE should have been called Xantipsy.

MOTTO FOR THE CHAMPIONS OF THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—"*Divide et impera!*"

CARMEN, by BIZET. English version by PICKFORD & Co.

TITLE FOR A PARVENU.—Lord NEWGENT.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.—The Jews.

HINTS FOR A CERTAIN CLASS OF TRAVELLERS.

(To be hung up in the Halls of Alpine Hotels.)

Be pleased not to yell at the top of your voice between the hours of twelve midnight, and four o'clock in the morning.

On ascending to your bed-room, *au quatrième*, in the small hours, carry your hob-nailed boots in your hands, to avoid manslaughter of your invalid fellow-travellers.

Songs (even of a comic character) are never heard to advantage between the hours of two or three A.M.

Rough horse-play was not a part of the treatment recommended to patients by their doctors when they were sent to the Engadin, and other mountainous places, for the sake of their health.

If you wish to be considered a Gentleman at home, behave like one abroad.

AT A CERTAIN MUSIC.

(By a High-Art Singer who prefers his own singing to other people's.)

PEACE, peace at last, if it can really be!
Yea, all unchecked, the swelling soul explores
Each cranny of the silence timidly,
As summer tides well up rock-pillared shores.
Green mead of peace! The huddled sense expands
In soundless bliss of restful vacancy;
Bruised buds of Fancy spread their feeble hands,
While Quiet tends them in a soft embrace,
And kisses motherly each drooping face,
And bids the pallid blades of Thought rejoice;
For EMILY her music doth forego,
Whose bass was most promiscuous, and her voice,
Throughout, some fifth part of a tone too low.

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—specially engaged.)

Summer Quarter.—There will be great complaints of the stuffiness of our Police and Law Courts. Good time for sea-side lodging-house keepers. Bad time for fathers of families. Good time for the families. Several benefits at various theatres.

A YOUNG HUSBAND'S LAMENT.

OH, I am weary, weary,
Of that pretty pinky face,
Of the blank of its no meaning,
The gush of its grimace.

And I am weary, weary,
Of her silly, simpering ways,
Bugles, buckles, buttons, spangles,
Tight tiebacks, tighter stays.

And I am weary, weary,
Of that hollow little laugh,
Of the slang that stands for
humour,

Of the chatter and the chaff.

Sick of the inch-deep feeling
Of that hollow little heart,
Its "too lovely" latest fashions,
Its "too exquisite" high Art.

Its Church high, higher, highest,
Their Curates and their clothes,
Their intonings, genuflections,
Masqueradings, mops and mows.

But I must curb my temper,
Grumbling helps not wedlock's
ills.

Fashion, High Church, or Æsthetics,
Let me grin and pay the Bills!

PECUNIARY PREDICTIONS.—The year goes out with Christmas boxes, and with bills coming in. The year comes in with taxes, and with New Year's gifts going out.



THE EDISON WEATHER-ALMANACK.

Edwin. "WHY SHOULDN'T WE BE MARRIED ON THE SIXTEENTH?"
Angelina (consulting her E. W.-A.). "IT'S SUCH A RAINY DAY, LOVE?"
Edwin (looking over). "ONLY IN LONDON, DARLING. SEE, IT'S FINE AT FOLKESTONE AND ALL OVER THE NORTH-WEST OF FRANCE UNTIL THE AFTERNOON OF THE TWENTY-FOURTH, AND THEN WE CAN POP OVER TO JERSEY, WHERE IT'S FINE FOR A FORTNIGHT."

CELESTIAL INFLUENCES FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

1st. Avoid giving presents. Receive as many as possible.

5th. Avoid granting favours. Ask them.

10th. Capital day for travelling first-class with a third-class ticket, and getting out before the end of the journey,—unless discovered before you can leave the train, when if you have no valid excuse ready, it is a bad day for doing it.

21st. First-rate day for calling on a friend who has just come into a lot of money, and borrowing a hundred pounds of him.

29th. Bad day for lending books, money, or an umbrella, to any one on the point of leaving England.

OCCURRENCES ON THE FIRST OF APRIL.

THERE can no longer be any doubt about the existence of a marine ophidian hitherto regarded by the majority of naturalists as fabulous. This day the Sea Serpent comes up the Thames, stretching the whole of Chelsea Reach, from head to tail.

A Gunpowder Plant is discovered in the Island of Cyprus. It bears fruit in the form of cartridges containing seeds which explode when ignited. This plant has no affinity whatever to the Chinese shrub yielding Gunpowder Tea. Its fruit ripens in the beginning of November, and may be gathered on Guy Fawkes's Day.

The Sheikh-ul-Islam is converted by missionaries from Bristol, and joins the Wesleyan Methodists.

LORD BEACONSFIELD and MR. GLADSTONE are seen walking down Parliament Street arm-in-arm.



PROMETHEUS UNBOUND;



OR, SCIENCE IN OLYMPUS.

[December 9, 1878.

CRUCIAL QUESTIONS.

For both sexes at various ages.

AT FIVE.

She. Will my new doll open and shut her eyes?
He. Off to a party! Will they have mince-pies?

AT TEN.

She. Will pretty Master SMITH be there this time?
He. Will Uncle take me to the pantomime?
She. Will Mamma let me wear my hair in curl?
He. I say, how many I's are there in "girl"?

AT FIFTEEN.

She. Will he give me or FAN the first round dance?
He. Will our chaps at the wickets have a chance?
She. Will my next dress be made with longer skirts?
He. Hoisted? O crikey! Wonder if it hurts?
She. Did that silly FANNY hear him call me "dear"?
He. I wonder if this "weed" will turn me queer?

AT TWENTY.

She. Will Papa think dear Percy's "screw" too small?
He. Does this moustache mean to come on at all?
She. Was it my eyes with which he seemed so struck?
He. Is it a "pass," I wonder, or a "pluck"?
She. I wonder whether *He* will "pop" to-night?
He. I wonder whether *She* will answer right?

AT TWENTY-FIVE.

She. Shall I, oh shall I, have a chance this season?
He. A stiffish total! Will there be a breeze on?
She. Quite pale! Shall I put on the tiniest touch?
He. Most brilliant! Wonder if she rouges much?
She. Not a bad figure! Has he any tin?
He. Backed "Slowboy" for a pot! D'y'e think he'll win?

She. Long dress bill! Shall I get into hot water?
He. Can I stave off old Snip another quarter?

AT THIRTY.

She. Will the new Curate be engaged or not?
He. Close thing! Shall I have nerve to make the shot?
She. Is flirting really now a sort of sinning?
He. Is my neat middle parting really thinning?
She. Now shall I get a partner for this dance?
He. Old BOODLES leaving! Shall I have a chance?
She. Engaged at last! Now will he keep a carriage?
He. That's done! How shall I like the yoke of marriage?

AT FORTY.

She. When will the Major come up to the scratch?
He. Fat, plain and forty! Shall I risk the match?
She. Is that a tinge of red about my nose?
He. Does the grey show—unless one looks too close?
She. Could I get on those "sixes"—at a pinch?
He. Must I allow the vest another inch?
She. Did Lady LINDA mean that as a snub?
He. Will they blackball me at the Buffers' Club?
She. Is the dear fellow right about Confession?
He. How stands my chance if they dissolve this Session?

AT FIFTY.

She. Will FLORA hook the wealthy cotton-spinner?
He. Must I drop drinking port wine after dinner?
She. Not meet! Great Heavens! am I getting stout?
He. By Jingo, was that twinge a touch of gout?
She. Did he mean anything by that warm glance?
He. Shall I have "go" to get through this round dance?
She. Will it be Brighton or the Continent?
He. My dear, can that last cheque be wholly spent?

AT SIXTY.

She. Will Lady JANE before those JONES's bow?
He. Shall I, I wonder, get my knighthood now?
She. Doctor, dear doctor, what does all my back?
He. Will Lord FITZ-FADDLE give that berth to JACK?
She. Is NELLY really sweet on that young BROWN?
He. Are Costa Ricas going up or down?
She. He seemed so sparkish! Is it quite too late?
He. Dull, this! Am I too old a bird to mate?

FASHION.

GIVEN a legion of visages various,
Different powers and instincts gregarious,
How to sway all by some dominant passion?
Set up a something and make it the Fashion,
And make every person find joy in *exceclsis*
In being precisely as every one else is,
Why should Fashion's follies excite us to passion?
Were Fashion not foolish it could not be Fashion.

MUFFS AND MARQUISATES.

LOBD M's a muff; but shrewd Mammas determine
Muffs have a value when they're trimmed with ermine!

"A CONSUMMATION," &c.—Much is said and written about the "Consolidation of the Statutes;" but when shall we hear of a "Consolidation of the Statues," by which all the bronze horrors in our streets shall be melted down into one shapeless mass?

Q. What's the difference between a fraudulent Bank Direction and a Servant's Registry Office?
A. The former cooks books, the latter books cooks.

"PRECIOUS hard lines"—as the Locomotive said to the Railway.

CELESTIAL INFLUENCES FOR 1879.

(Applicable to every Month in the Year.)

3rd. Avoid marrying to-day—
—if you have already a wife alive in any part of the world.

4th. Sign contracts which are immediately beneficial to your pocket, and which do not bind you to anything.

18th. Travel. Avoid creditors.

19th. Travel further. Avoid more creditors.

20th. Travel further still. Avoid all creditors.

21st. Stay where you are. Receive no letters or telegrams. Don't come back.

25th. Good day to tell old stories to deaf persons.

28th. Go into the City. Borrow money without giving security, at one per cent. Lend it at ten, taking property worth three times the amount, as security.

THE TABLES TURNED.—The complaint about schools nowadays is that instead of being a case of "Dotheboys" it is one of "Dotheparents."

KEATS (for Smokers' Wives).—"One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days."—*Endymion*, Book II.

THE SUBLIME.—The fashions of this season. THE RIDICULOUS.—The fashions of last season.

THE BEST FRENCH EXERCISES FOR GIRLS.—A series of practical studies in cookery à la Française.



NEVER JUDGE PEOPLE BY EXTERNALS.

Boy (with Game). "Is this SQUIRE BROWN's?"
Boy. "ARE YOU SQUIRE BROWN'S BUTLER?"
Boy. "WHOSE BUTLER ARE YOU?"

Squire Brown. "IT IS I!"
Squire Brown. "I AM NOT!"

GENERAL PREDICTIONS.

(By our own private Astrologer—especially engaged.)

Autumn Quarter.—Good time to stay with friends at their country-houses. Bad time to go out shooting with anyone who has never had a gun in his hands before. Bad time for persons going out hunting for the first time in their lives on young untrained horses.

APPROPRIATE QUOTATIONS.

"ALL's Swell that ends swell," as ARRY remarked when he purchased a pair of "misfits."

"Pleasant it is when the woods are green," as Paterfamilias observed when all the doors in his new villa took to warping.

"For this re-leaf much thanks," as the trees said at the coming of Spring.

LIGHT WEIGHTS.—Formerly the "fancy" name of a small class of pugilists, now the real name for the means of plunder employed by a large class of small tradesmen.

HOW TO SUPPLY A COMMON DEFICIENCY.—"If you haven't an idea"—borrow one of somebody who has.

CONSISTENCY.—A gentleman attracted by a beautiful foot, seeks the owner's hand.

MEM. FOR YOUNG HOUSEWIVES.—To make both ends meet—burn the candle at 'em.

A little help's worth a great deal of fuss

*Dear
Ethel tears her
dress and Captain
Fitzbrowne is ever so
long trying to get
the piece
off
for her*

*Charles flower
will not
keep in his button hole
AND SO &c &c*

*Lady Alice's shoe
persists in
slipping
off
AND SO &c &c*



LADY AND GENTLEMEN HELPS.



WEDDING GIFTS.

Bride. "OH, MAMMA!—SEE WHAT'S JUST COME!" Mamma. "CHARMING!—HOW KIND OF THEM! WHO SENT IT!" Bride. "OH, I DIDN'T LOOK. BUT IT MAKES NO. 248!"
Sister (who is writing out the list of presents). "248, DARLING: 248 CAME JUST AFTER LUNCH!"



JUST IN TIME.

Veteran Piscator. "HECH! BUT YON'S A MUCKLE FISH LOUPIN' AHINT ME!" — (It was lucky he looked round!—his Friend from London had preferred Sketching on the Banks, had stumbled over a Boulder, and "Gone a Header" into a deep hole. He was gaffed at his last kick!)



THE SWEETS OF THE MORNING.

She (*sentimental*). "Oh, I call this quite too exquisitely lovely! So delightful to see the little early birds! They seem so happy."
He (*hurri-up*). "Yes; with their bills all over dew, too! Lively little beggars!"

SPORTS FOR THE SEASON.

On eaves and twigs hang icicles,
With frost the mud is dried.
So now put by your bicycles,
And skate, brave boys, and slide.

NEWSPAPER.—A journal is projected to consist exclusively of complaints, grievances and grumbles. It is to be called *The Ventilator*.

TOAST AND WATER.—A Teetotal charity dinner.

PERFECT RECOGNITION OF THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.—Production of a pantomime with a Lady in the part of Clown.

CHRISTMAS CURIOSITIES.—A naval Yule Log, accompanied with a Table of Yule Logarithms.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.—Go to Rosher-ville. Take notice. No admission except on pleasure.

THE BEST PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR.—His dinner-table.



END OF COOK'S VOYAGES.

INFURIATED AND OVERWROUGHT TOURISTS "FINISH OFF" THEIR CONDUCTOR, ON ONCE MORE THANKFULLY PUTTING FOOT ON THEIR NATIVE SHORE.

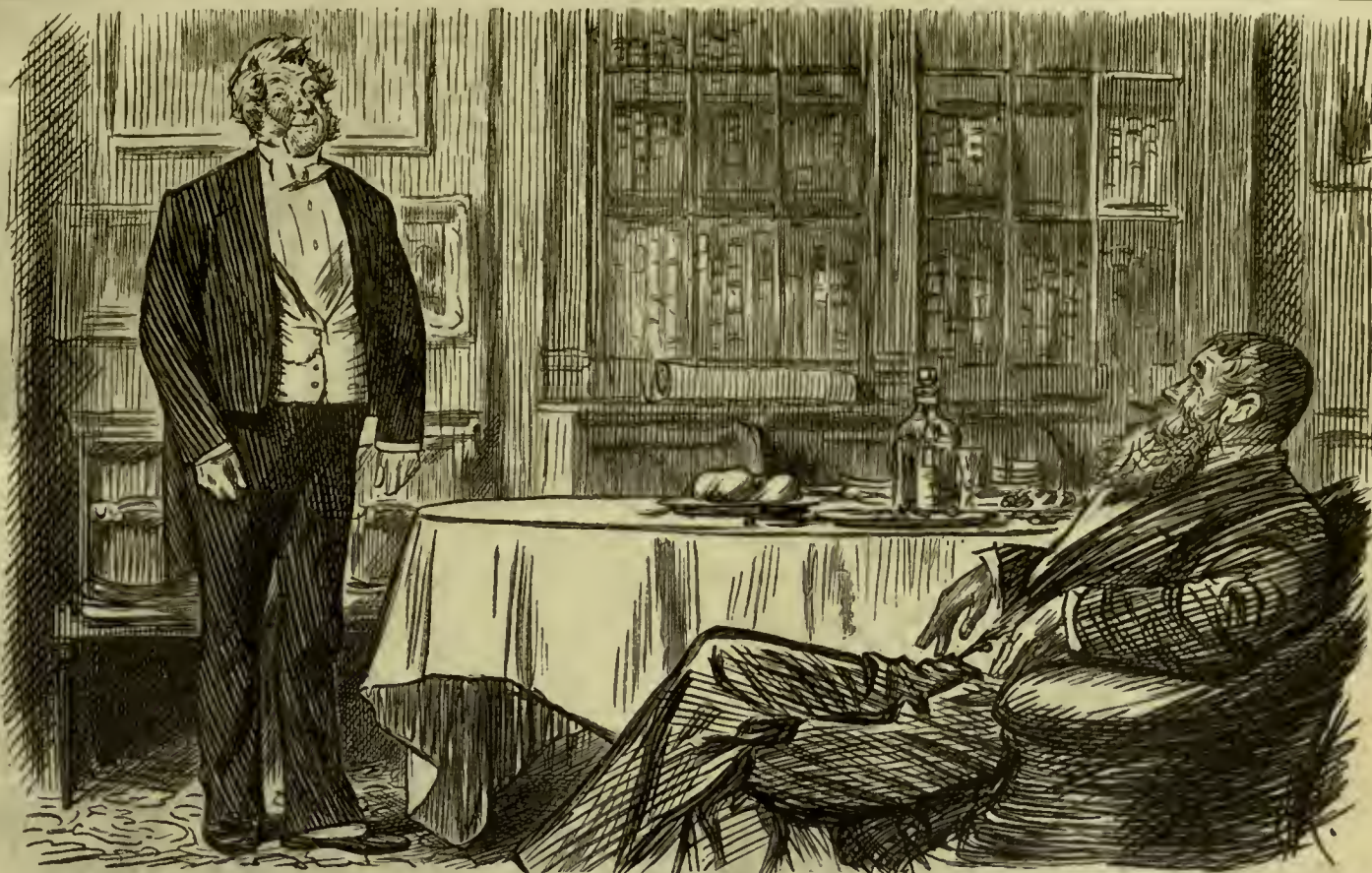
SMALL CHANCE FOR SILENCE.—The Foreign Office does not, in practice, acknowledge the maxim that "silence is golden." To copy diplomatic records of the most momentous State secrets, it employs writers at tenpence an hour. At this rate, silence is copper.

HOMAGE OF THE HEART.

(To a wealthy Wife.)

My wife weighs more than good twelve score;
She weighed scarce seven of old.
She has now grown fat—but what of that?
She is worth her weight in gold.

POLICE.—A South London Tradesman is pulled up at Lambeth for using false weights and measures. The Magistrate commits him to prison without the option of a fine, where he is set to learn prosody, by way of correcting his false quantities.



THE COMMISSARIAT.

Squire (to *new* Butler). "I HAVE THREE OR FOUR CLERGYMEN COMING TO DINE WITH ME TO-MORROW, PRODOERS, AND——" Mr. Prodgers. "TOW OR LOW, SIR?"
Squire. "WELL—I HARDLY—— BUT WHY DO YOU ASK, PRODOERS?"
Mr. Prodgers. "WELL, YOU SEE, SIR, THE 'TOW' DRINKS MOST WINE, AND THE 'LOW' EATS MOST VITTLES, AND I MUST PERWIDE ACCORDIN'!"

SCIENTIFIC ANNOUNCEMENT.

LECTURES will shortly be delivered on the following subjects:—

Natural Selection.—As instanced in the choice of eligible bachelors. By Miss Honeycrab Husbandhunter, M.C. (Matrimonial Candidate).

On Organic Development.—From the days of BAB-AGE to the present time. By a Confirmed Barrelor-ganophobist.

The Struggle for Existence.—As illustrated in the lives of poor City Clerks. By One of Them.

The Survival of the Fittest.—As exemplified in the longevity of donkeys and delusions. By Iconoclast.

FOOD AND PHYSIC.—According to *Mistress Quickly*, prawns were "ill for a green wound," but modern science has discovered them to be a sovereign remedy for indigestion, eaten whole. Their shells, consisting principally of carbonate of lime, or chalk, absorbent and antacid, are an infallible antidote to acidity in the stomach.

NOTHING like "cheek"—provided you do not provoke a slap on it.



INTERNATIONAL COMPARISONS.

Henri Dubois (who can speak English) to his friend 'Arry Smith (who can't). "PARDON ME, MON AMI! YOU ARE VERY PRETTY BOY, YOU DRESS IN ZE MOST PERFECT 'CHIC'; BUT VY DO YOU SPEAK YOUR OWN LANGUAGE SO UNGRAMMATICAL?"

'Arry. "WHY DO I SPEAK MY HOWN LANGWIDGE SO HUNGAMMATICAL? 'ANG IT, YER DOWN'T SUP-POUSE AS I WERE HEDDERRIT AT HETON OR 'ARROW LIEE A BLOOMIN' SWELL, DO YER!"

Henri. "VOYEZ DONC CA! NOW IN FRANCE ZERE IS NO ETON, NO HARROW: ALL ZE PUBLIC SCHOOLS ARE ZE SAME, AND ZE BUTCHER AND BAREN'S LITTLE BOYS GO ZERE, AND ZE LITTLE CANDELTICK-MAKERS, AND ZE LITTLE BOYS OF ZE MERCHANTS OF CHEESE LIKE YOU AND ME!"

'Arry. "COME, I S'T, WALKER, YER KNOW! AND WHERE DO THEIR CUSTOMERS' LITTLE BOYS GO?"

Henri. "PARSLEV! ZEY GO ZERE TOO!"

[Arry, suddenly conscious of his deficiencies, feels bitterly towards his country.

CELESTIAL PHENOMENA FOR 1879.

THERE will be a disappearance of Mars in the early part of the year. Pars will go after her. The result will probably be a suit before Mr. Justice HANNEN.

Saturn's rings will disappear about the end of March. From information received at Scotland Yard, the Police will take the case in hand. The case, however, will be empty.

During the bathing-season there will be strict regulations issued along the coast about observing the transit of Venus with the naked eye.

During the summer months there will be several "superior conjunctions" by special licence. There will be a larger number of "inferior conjunctions" by ordinary banns.

TO PERSONS ABOUT 'O MARRY.—What is enough for one, is half enough for two, short commons for three, and starvation for half a dozen.

MUSICAL MULTIPLICATION.—In writing one opera the composer always produces a score.

Hold Hard Charlie, or they
will ride over us!

DIANA IN 1879

You need not have
waited dinner. I only want
a Cutlet & cigarette

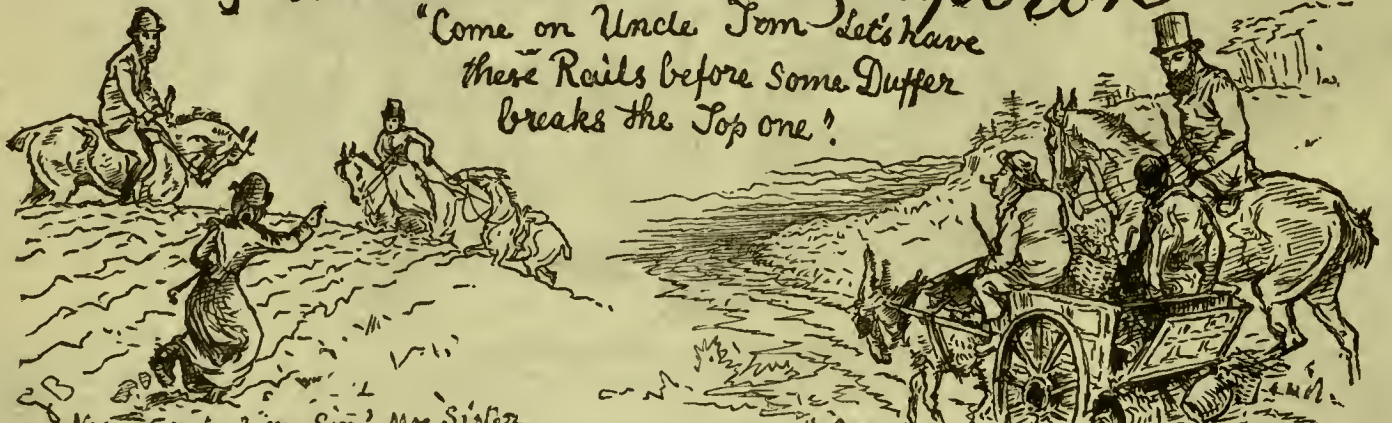


OR
WE ARE COMING



Pleasures of a Chaparron

"Come on Uncle Tom Let's have
these Rails before some Duffer
breaks the Top one!"



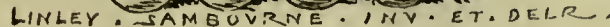
Never mind me Sir? My Sister
has caught my horse;

Yes, I said my horse, borrowed a
coat and got it left home? SWAIN 6.

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Never call a cab
when you can hail a 'bus.

QUERY FOR POLITICAL ECONOMISTS.—The
influence of earthquakes on ground-rents!

ECONOMICAL COOKERY.—To prepare a dinner
from a pair of old boots—Fry the soles.



January xxxi Days.

1	Th	Grooman.
2	F	S. ch. 8m.
3	S	S. ch. 4 m.
4	Th	St. Cath. 1.
5	F	(Jomone)
6	Th	St. Epiphany
7	F	St. John d.
8	S	St. James d.
9	Th	St. Nelson's
10	F	Sept. 11 d.
11	S	St. 2. 3m.
12	Th	St. Hilary T.
13	F	St. 2. 3m.
14	Th	St. 2. 3m.
15	F	St. 2. 3m.
16	Th	St. 2. 3m.

May xxxi Days.

1	S	P. Athol's
2	Th	S. 5 a. h. 8m.
3	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
4	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
5	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
6	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
7	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
8	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
9	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
10	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
11	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
12	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
13	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
14	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
15	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
16	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
17	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
18	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
19	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
20	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
21	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
22	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
23	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
24	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
25	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
26	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
27	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
28	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
29	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
30	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
31	S	S. 5 a. h. 3m.

September xxx Days.

1	W	St. Oliva
2	Th	Cap. Sedan
3	F	St. An. 17m.
4	S	St. 1. 17m.
5	Th	St. 1. 17m.
6	M	Cabert d.
7	Th	Kassnera
8	S	St. V. M.
9	Th	R. Flooden
10	F	St. Quency
11	S	St. 2. 3m.
12	Th	St. 1. 17m.
13	F	St. 1. 17m.
14	S	St. 1. 17m.
15	Th	St. 1. 17m.
16	F	St. 1. 17m.
17	S	St. 1. 17m.
18	Th	St. 1. 17m.
19	F	St. 1. 17m.
20	S	St. 1. 17m.
21	Th	St. 1. 17m.
22	F	St. 1. 17m.
23	S	St. 1. 17m.
24	Th	St. 1. 17m.
25	F	St. 1. 17m.
26	S	St. 1. 17m.
27	Th	St. 1. 17m.
28	F	St. 1. 17m.
29	S	St. 1. 17m.
30	Th	St. 1. 17m.

February xxxix Days.

1	S	St. 2. 3m.
2	Th	St. 2. 3m.
3	F	St. 2. 3m.
4	Th	St. 2. 3m.
5	F	St. 2. 3m.
6	S	St. 2. 3m.
7	Th	St. 2. 3m.
8	F	St. 2. 3m.
9	S	St. 2. 3m.
10	Th	St. 2. 3m.
11	F	St. 2. 3m.
12	S	St. 2. 3m.
13	Th	St. 2. 3m.
14	F	St. 2. 3m.
15	S	St. 2. 3m.
16	Th	St. 2. 3m.
17	F	St. 2. 3m.
18	S	St. 2. 3m.
19	Th	St. 2. 3m.
20	F	St. 2. 3m.
21	S	St. 2. 3m.
22	Th	St. 2. 3m.
23	F	St. 2. 3m.
24	S	St. 2. 3m.
25	Th	St. 2. 3m.
26	F	St. 2. 3m.
27	S	St. 2. 3m.
28	Th	St. 2. 3m.
29	F	St. 2. 3m.
30	S	St. 2. 3m.
31	Th	St. 2. 3m.

June xxx Days.

1	Th	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
2	F	S. 5 a. h. 3m.
3	S	St. 2. 3m.
4	Th	St. 2. 3m.
5	F	St. 2. 3m.
6	S	St. 2. 3m.
7	Th	St. 2. 3m.
8	F	St. 2. 3m.
9	S	St. 2. 3m.
10	Th	St. 2. 3m.
11	F	St. 2. 3m.
12	S	St. 2. 3m.
13	Th	St. 2. 3m.
14	F	St. 2. 3m.
15	S	St. 2. 3m.
16	Th	St. 2. 3m.
17	F	St. 2. 3m.
18	S	St. 2. 3m.
19	Th	St. 2. 3m.
20	F	St. 2. 3m.
21	S	St. 2. 3m.
22	Th	St. 2. 3m.
23	F	St. 2. 3m.
24	S	St. 2. 3m.
25	Th	St. 2. 3m.
26	F	St. 2. 3m.
27	S	St. 2. 3m.
28	Th	St. 2. 3m.
29	F	St. 2. 3m.
30	S	St. 2. 3m.

October xxxi Days.

1	F	St. 2. 3m.
2	Th	St. 2. 3m.
3	F	St. 2. 3m.
4	S	St. 2. 3m.
5	Th	St. 2. 3m.
6	F	St. 2. 3m.
7	S	St. 2. 3m.
8	Th	St. 2. 3m.
9	F	St. 2. 3m.
10	S	St. 2. 3m.
11	Th	St. 2. 3m.
12	F	St. 2. 3m.
13	S	St. 2. 3m.
14	Th	St. 2. 3m.
15	F	St. 2. 3m.
16	S	St. 2. 3m.
17	Th	St. 2. 3m.
18	F	St. 2. 3m.
19	S	St. 2. 3m.
20	Th	St. 2. 3m.
21	F	St. 2. 3m.
22	S	St. 2. 3m.
23	Th	St. 2. 3m.
24	F	St. 2. 3m.
25	S	St. 2. 3m.
26	Th	St. 2. 3m.
27	F	St. 2. 3m.
28	S	St. 2. 3m.
29	Th	St. 2. 3m.
30	F	St. 2. 3m.
31	S	St. 2. 3m.

March xxxi Days.

1	M	St. David
2	Th	St. Wesley d.
3	F	St. 2. 3m.
4	S	St. 2. 3m.
5	Th	St. 2. 3m.
6	F	St. 2. 3m.
7	S	St. 2. 3m.
8	Th	St. 2. 3m.
9	F	St. 2. 3m.
10	S	St. 2. 3m.
11	Th	St. 2. 3m.
12	F	St. 2. 3m.
13	S	St. 2. 3m.
14	Th	St. 2. 3m.
15	F	St. 2. 3m.
16	S	St. 2. 3m.
17	Th	St. 2. 3m.
18	F	St. 2. 3m.
19	S	St. 2. 3m.
20	Th	St. 2. 3m.
21	F	St. 2. 3m.
22	S	St. 2. 3m.
23	Th	St. 2. 3m.
24	F	St. 2. 3m.
25	S	St. 2. 3m.
26	Th	St. 2. 3m.
27	F	St. 2. 3m.
28	S	St. 2. 3m.
29	Th	St. 2. 3m.
30	F	St. 2. 3m.
31	S	St. 2. 3m.

July xxxi Days.

1	Th	St. 2. 3m.
2	F	St. 2. 3m.
3	S	St. 2. 3m.
4	Th	St. 2. 3m.
5	F	St. 2. 3m.
6	S	St. 2. 3m.
7	Th	St. 2. 3m.
8	F	St. 2. 3m.
9	S	St. 2. 3m.
10	Th	St. 2. 3m.
11	F	St. 2. 3m.
12	S	St. 2. 3m.
13	Th	St. 2. 3m.
14	F	St. 2. 3m.
15	S	St. 2. 3m.
16	Th	St. 2. 3m.
17	F	St. 2. 3m.
18	S	St. 2. 3m.
19	Th	St. 2. 3m.
20	F	St. 2. 3m.
21	S	St. 2. 3m.
22	Th	St. 2. 3m.
23	F	St. 2. 3m.
24	S	St. 2. 3m.
25	Th	St. 2. 3m.
26	F	St. 2. 3m.
27	S	St. 2. 3m.
28	Th	St. 2. 3m.
29	F	St. 2. 3m.
30	S	St. 2. 3m.
31	Th	St. 2. 3m.

November xxxi Days.

1	M	All Saints
2	Th	St. Paul
3	F	St. 2. 3m.
4	S	St. 2. 3m.
5	Th	St. 2. 3m.
6	F	St. 2. 3m.
7	S	St. 2. 3m.
8	Th	St. 2. 3m.
9	F	St. 2. 3m.
10	S	St. 2. 3m.
11	Th	St. 2. 3m.
12	F	St. 2. 3m.
13	S	St. 2. 3m.
14	Th	St. 2. 3m.
15	F	St. 2. 3m.
16	S	St. 2. 3m.
17	Th	St. 2. 3m.
18	F	St. 2. 3m.
19	S	St. 2. 3m.
20	Th	St. 2. 3m.
21	F	St. 2. 3m.
22	S	St. 2. 3m.
23	Th	St. 2. 3m.
24	F	St. 2. 3m.
25	S	St. 2. 3m.
26	Th	St. 2. 3m.
27	F	St. 2. 3m.
28	S	St. 2. 3m.
29	Th	St. 2. 3m.
30	F	St. 2. 3m.
31	S	St. 2. 3m.

April xxx Days.

1	Th	All Fools
2	F	St. 2. 3m.
3	S	St. 2. 3m.
4	Th	St. 2. 3m.
5	F	St. 2. 3m.
6	S	St. 2. 3m.
7	Th	St. 2. 3m.
8	F	St. 2. 3m.
9	S	St. 2. 3m.
10	Th	St. 2. 3m.
11	F	St. 2. 3m.
12	S	St. 2. 3m.
13	Th	St. 2. 3m.
14	F	St. 2. 3m.
15	S	St. 2. 3m.
16	Th	St. 2. 3m.
17	F	St. 2. 3m.
18	S	St. 2. 3m.
19	Th	St. 2. 3m.
20	F	St. 2. 3m.
21	S	St. 2. 3m.
22	Th	St. 2. 3m.
23	F	St. 2. 3m.
24	S	St. 2. 3m.
25	Th	St. 2. 3m.
26	F	St. 2. 3m.
27	S	St. 2. 3m.
28	Th	St. 2. 3m.
29	F	St. 2. 3m.
30	S	St. 2. 3m.

August xxxi Days.

1	S	St. 10 a. h.
2	Th	St. 10 a. h.
3	F	St. 10 a. h.
4	S	St. 10 a. h.
5	Th	St. 10 a. h.
6	F	St. 10 a. h.
7	S	St. 10 a. h.
8	Th	St. 10 a. h.
9	F	St. 10 a. h.
10	S	St. 10 a. h.
11	Th	St. 10 a. h.
12	F	St. 10 a. h.
13	S	St. 10 a. h.
14	Th	St. 10 a. h.
15	F	St. 10 a. h.
16	S	St. 10 a. h.
17	Th	St. 10 a. h.
18	F	St. 10 a. h.
19	S	St. 10 a. h.
20	Th	St. 10 a. h.
21	F	St. 10 a. h.
22	S	St. 10 a. h.
23	Th	St. 10 a. h.
24	F	St. 10 a. h.
25	S	St. 10 a. h.
26	Th	St. 10 a. h.
27	F	St. 10 a. h.
28	S	St. 10 a. h.
29	Th	St. 10 a. h.
30	F	St. 10 a. h.
31	S	St. 10 a. h.

December xxxi Days.

1	W	St. 7 a. 4m.
2	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
3	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
4	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
5	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
6	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
7	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
8	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
9	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
10	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
11	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
12	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
13	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
14	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
15	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
16	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
17	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
18	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
19	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
20	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
21	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
22	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
23	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
24	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
25	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
26	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
27	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
28	S	St. 7 a. 4m.
29	Th	St. 7 a. 4m.
30	F	St. 7 a. 4m.
31	S	St. 7 a. 4m.



IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE A SPORTING MAN, AND ARE OUT FOR A QUIET RIDE, IT'S VERY ANNOYING WHEN YOUR HORSE INSISTS UPON JOINING THE HOUNDS THAT ARE RUNNING A FIELD OR TWO OFF THE HIGH-ROAD.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

January.

JANUARY! Tailor's bill comes in.
Blow that blooming Snip! I'm short o' tin.
Werry much enjoyed my Autumn Caper,
But three quid fifteen do look queer paper.
Want another new rig out, wuss luck,
Gurl at Boodle's bar seems awful struck.
Like to take her to the pantermime;
That and oysters after *would* be prime.
FAN's a screamer; this top coat would blue it,
Yaller at the seams, black ink won't do it.
Wonder if old Snip would spring another?
Boots, too, rayther seedy; beastly bother!
Lots o' larks that empty pockets "queer."
Can't do much on fifty quid a year.

CHARACTERS IN CONTRAST.—
"So they're building a Church in memory of Bishop WILBERFORCE at Southampton," said SMELFUNGUS. "He was 'all things to all men.'" How different from me! I'm "nothing to nobody?"

THE TAX WHICH NO CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER HAS DISTURBED, OR IS EVER LIKELY TO DISTURB—Syn-tax.

FORECAST FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL.—Month opens with a shower of frogs. Ranc weather.



"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Suspicious Bidder (on a dozen of "Gooseberry" being put up). "What's the Brand, Mr. Auctioneer?"
Auctioneer. "'BRAND'! What! FOR THIS CHAMPAGNE? A MAGNIFICENT WINE LIKE THAT, SIR, DON'T WANT ANY BRAND! WE SELL IT ON ITS MERITS. SHALL WE SAY FIFTEEN SHILLINGS?"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

February.

FEBRUARY! High old time for sprees!
Now's yer chance the gals to please or tease.
Dowds to guy and pooty ones to wheedle,
And to give all rival chaps the needle.
Crab your enemies,—I've got a many,
You can pot 'em proper for a penny.
My! Them Valentines do 'it 'em 'ot.
Fast-rate fun: I always buy a lot.
Prigs complain they're spiteful.
Lor' wot stuff!
I can't ever get 'em strong enough.
Safe too; no one twigs your little spree,
If you do it on the strict Q. T.
If you're spoons, a flowery one's your plan,
Mem: I sent a proper one to FAN.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.—If you are blest with a large family, and have, besides, numerous relations whom you don't wish to disoblige, always dress yourself and household in black; and thus you will escape the expense of mourning.

FOR THE APOTHECARIES' COMPANY'S DINNERS.—Toast and Sentiment: "May we never want a patient, or a six-ounce bottle to send him."

THE FLUNKY MILLENNIUM.—When every valet shall be exalted.

A HALFPENNY ROLE.—The Echo's.



—AND IT IS NOT PLEASANT TO BE OVERTAKEN IN A NARROW LANE BY A TROOP OF HUNTING PEOPLE WHO HATE BEEN THROWN OUT, AND ARE TRYING HARD TO CATCH THE HOUNDS.

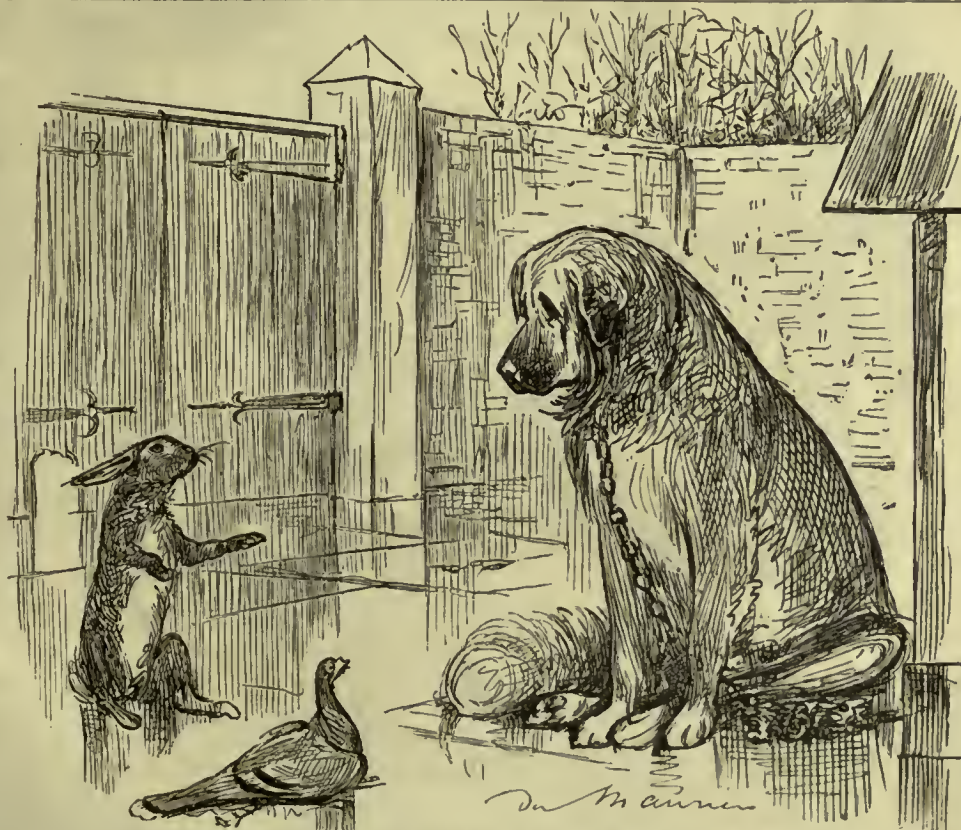
THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

March.

MARCH! I'm nuts upon
a windy day,
Gurls do git in such a
sawful way.
Petticoats yer know, and
pooty feet;
Hair all flying,—tell you
it's a treat.
Pancake day. Don't like
'em—flabby, tough,
Rayther do a pennorth
o' plum-duff.
Seediness shows up as
Spring advances,
Ah! the gurls do lead
us pretty dances.
Days a-lengthening.
Think I spotted FAN
Casting sheep's eyes at
another man.
Quarter-day, too, no
more chance of tick.
Fancy I shall 'ave to cut
my stick.
Got the doldrums dread-
ful, that is clear.
Two d. left!—must go
and do a beer!

SUGGESTIONS FOR SONG-TITLES.

For Borrowers.—
"Always a loan!"
For Ladies loving
Shopping.—"The sweet
buy and buy."
For passé Beauties.—
"The Song of the Old
Belle."
For Disappointed
Sportsmen.—"Never
Moor!"



A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THREE MALCONTENTS.

The Hunted Hare. "I DO CALL IT HARD TO BE CHIVED ABOUT AS I AM. I OWN I'M NICE TO EAT, WITH CURRANT-JELLY, AND MAKE SCRUMPTIOUS SOUP! BUT IT'S NOT FOR THAT; IT'S BECAUSE I'M OOOO AT RUNNING AWAY!"
The Chained St. Bernard. "AT ALL EVENTS, YOU'RE FREE TO GET ABOUT AND SEE THE WORLD BEFORE YOU'RE CAUGHT! HERE HAVE I BEEN CHAINED UP IN THIS BEASTLY YARD FOR TEN YEARS, AND I'VE ONLY GOT TWO MORE TO LIVE. I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD—HAND IT ALL!—AND THEN MARRY, AND SETTLE!"
The Wounded Pigeon. "DON'T YOU TALK! LOOK AT ME! TWO DAYS AGO, I WAS SHOT IN BOTH LEGS BY A DUFFER, AND, LIKE A FOOL, I FLEW AWAY! I'VE BEEN FLYING EVER SINCE, FOR I CAN'T WALK, AND I CAN'T SIT, AND I CAN'T LIE DOWN, AND I DAREN'T FLY HOME! OH! OH! OH! VIVISECTION'S A JOKE TO THIS. AND AT LEAST THEY GIVE YOU CHLOROFORM!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

April.

APRIL! All Fools' Day's
a proper time.
Cop old gurls and guy
old buffers prime.
Scissors! don't they
goggle and look bine
When you land them
with a regular "do"?
Lor! the world would
not be worth a mivvey,
If there warn't no fools
to cheek and chivy.
Then comes Easter. Got
some coin in 'and,
Trot a bonnet out and
do the grand.
FAN all flounce and
flower; fellows mad
Hoye us henvious; nuts
to me, my lad.
'Ampstead! 'Ampton!
Which is it to be?
FAN—no flat—prefers
the Crystal P.
Nobby togs, high jinks,
and lots o' lotion,
That's the style to go
it, I've a notion!

GOLDEN - WEDDING -
GIFTS.—A wig, a pair
of crutches, and a set
of false teeth.

MEMORANDUM FOR
MARCH.—Mariners, on
St. David's Day, look out
for leaks.

A SECRET FOR THE
SCHOOL OF COOKERY.—
How to curry favour.

LUSH-US FRUIT.—
The Grape.

MEMS. FOR MIDSUMMER.

(By a Man of Foresight.)

Mem.—As the season is now drawing to a close, and one probably has few dinner engagements still in prospect, it might be politic perhaps to ask some country friends to come and stay a week with us. N.B.—After Goodwood.

Mem.—In the not improbable event of their declining, and suggesting we had better visit them instead, my wife must not omit, while expressing our regret that we cannot come just yet, to hint that I am still extremely fond of shooting.

Mem.—With a view to the contingency of my getting in this manner a few days on the moors, and a week or two in Subble-shire, I had better look up my old shooting-boots, and borrow BOB's new breech-loader.

Mem.—When accepting invitations we must bear in mind the need to make our visits dove-tail nicely, so as not to waste a day in useless travelling.

Mem.—Supposing I am asked if I want any game sent anywhere, I must take care that I don't forget my Uncle BOB, who stood god-father to baby.

Mem.—And perhaps it might be well to send a brace of birds to dear old CHARLEY CRACKLETON, who has hinted more than once that it is not at all unlikely he may leave us his old china.

Mem.—EMMY said the other day that her dear Mamma desired to come and see us very shortly. If this desire be realised, as probably it will be, I must arrange for being summoned unexpectedly to Paris, to serve upon a Special Exhibition Jury.

Mem.—If I return before the dear old lady leaves us, I must devise some dodge for shortening her visit.

Mem.—Don't let me forget to look up FREDDY FOKESL, and find out where his yacht will be for the next six weeks.

Mem.—If no grouching's to be had, I had better chum with him till the partridges are ready, and let EMMY take the chicks to spend a quiet month at Margate.

Mem.—I must not forget to tell EMMY to remember that when the Landlord's fellow calls again for rent, he is to be told that I am out of town, but that, to save him further trouble, I will have a cheque quite ready for him when he calls at Christmas.

Mem.—As the house is to be painted in the Spring, we had better go abroad then, and get some one to hire it till the smell has quite evaporated.

Mem.—Let me be sure to lock my study-door when I leave home, lest I find my things all "put to-rights" when I return to it.

Mem.—That cheap sherry at the Club is stronger than it tastes, and, while the weather is so hot, I had better, for my health's sake, stick to Pom-mery and Margaux.

Mem.—I must really bear in mind that EMMY has reminded me (and more than once, I fear) that Cook has twice asked for her wages.

Mem.—While thinking over household matters, I ought to recollect that the cistern has begun to leak and the coal-cellar is empty.

Mem.—If we chance to come across that charming little Mrs. SHUGRA CANDIE in our wanderings this autumn, I must not get too intimate, for EMMY so dislikes her.

the plate and lock up the piano while the house is being cleaned; or else, the carpets being up, a ball is pretty certain to be given in our absence.

WHYS FOR THE WISE.

Why do bosom friends entreat you to "drop in on them at any time," when they know you know quite well that if you were to do so you would find them not at home to you?

Why, when men are bored to death at an "At Home," do they somehow feel constrained to murmur out their thanks for "such a very pleasant evening"?

Why, when Ladies want to sing, will they persist in pleading that they have a dreadful cold, and really cannot get a note out?

Why cannot Actors be content with the applause of their own conscience, and the Stalls, and not gag their part to gain the plaudits of the Gallery?

Why do hired Waiters always breathe upon your head, particularly, alas! if it happens to be a bald one?

Why, when a man likes a thigh or a liver-wing, does he insist on saying that "any part will do for him?"

Why, if a friend wins a five-pound note at cards, do you find him take such care to calculate his gain at about a dozen shillings?

Why do Critics chronicle a "genuine success," when they know full well the piece won't run above a fortnight?

Why cannot a Hair-cutter perform that operation without hinting that your hair will soon be hardly worth the cutting?

Why do friends exclaim, "How very well you're looking!" when you see by their expression they are thinking just the contrary?

Why do Orators crave leave to say a few words on the subject, when they really mean to talk for half-an-hour, or more?

Why is it deemed no sin to steal a friend's umbrella, or outwit him in a horse-deal?

PAN.

PAN, whom the pagan poets still invoke,

Cool common-sense has placed beneath its ban,

For all last year he seemed—and 'twas no joke—

Always a dripping—or a frying-Pan.

Talk of "the great god Pan" is therefore rot,

Now Pan 'tis plain, has gone to watering-pot.

NEW NAME FOR AN OLD

SALT OF DOUBTFUL CHARACTER.—Piratic Saline. (With thanks to Mr. Lamplough.)

EBONY BLACKING.—An abusive article in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

TRIPARTITE AGREEMENT.—Three friends loving and lushy.

A FOG SIGNAL.—A Respirator.



SWEET SIMPLICITY.

Young Housekeeper (just married). "WHAT CAN YOU RECOMMEND, MR. BRISKET?"

Butcher. "WELL, MISS—M'UM—A NICE LEG O' MUTTON, M'UM—"

Young Housekeeper. "OH, DEAR! COULDN'T YOU LET US HAVE ONE OF THE FRONT LEGS? THEY'D BE SMALLER, WOULDN'T THEY, MR. BRISKET?"

Mem.—The housemaid is quite welcome to open the portfolios and to look at "Master's drawings" when he is away, but she really must not use them to cover up the furniture.

Mem.—To tie another knot in my handkerchief to-morrow, that I may not forget that EMMY's pin-money is due, and that she desires, ere leaving town, to buy a new rig-out for TOMMY.

Mem.—We really must remember to send away



"TEMPORA MUTANTUR."

The Bishop (to his youngest and favourite Son). "Now, why shouldn't you adopt the *STAGE* as a Profession, Theodore? Lord Ronald Beaumanoir, who's a Year younger than yourself, is already getting *SIXTEEN GUINEAS A WEEK* for Low Comedy Parts at the Criterion! The Duchess told me so herself only yesterday!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

May.

MAY! The month o' flowers.
Spooney sell!
"Rum 'ot with," is wot I likes to smell.
Beats yer roses holler. A chice wced
Licks all flowers that ever run to seed.
Nobby button'oler very well
When one wants to do the 'cavy swell;
Otherwise don't care not onc brass farden,
For the best ever blowed in Covent Garden.
FAN, though, likes 'em, costs a pretty pile,
Rayther stiff, a tanner for a smile.
Blued ten bob last time I took 'er out,
Left my silver ticker up the spout.
Women are sech sharks! If I don't drop 'er,
Guess that I shall come a hawful cropper!

LUCUS A NON LUCENDO.

(At a Municipal Election.)

First Voter. I've just been and plumped for CARTER.

Second Voter. Plumped for CARTER! Why I don't believe you know him.

First Voter. No; that's why I vote for him. He *may* be an honest man. I know the others.

HINT TO THE TRADE.—Bring out a new choker, and call it the "*Sus: per coll:*"



CUMULATIVE!

Tourist (on Scotch Steamer). "I SAY, STEWARD, HOW DO YOU EXPECT ANYBODY TO DRY THEIR HANDS ON THIS TOWEL? IT'S AS WET AS IF IT HAD BEEN DIPPED IN THE SEA!"
Steward. "AWELL—DEPPED OR NO DEPPED, THERE'S A HUNDRED FOUR HAE USED THE TOOWL, AND YE'RE THE FURREST THAT'S GRUMMELT!"

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

June.

JUNE! A jolly month; sech stunning weather!
FAN and I have lots of outs together:
Rerty on the river, sech prime 'unts,
Foul the racers, run into the punts.
Prime to 'ear the anglers rave and cuss,
When in quiet "swims" we raise a muss.
Snack on someoue's lawn upon the quiet,
Won't the owner raise a tidy riot
When he twigs our scraps and broken bottles?
Cheaper this than rustyrongs or hottles.
Whitsuntide 'ud be a lot more gay
If it warn't so near to Quarter-day.
Snip turns sour, pulls "county-courting" faces.
Must try and land a little on the Races.

AN UNFAIR PROCEEDING.

BRUNETTA protests against the partiality shown by public writers in addressing her sex as "our fair readers." She hopes in future that this formula will be changed to "our fair and dark readers."

A THEATRICAL SPECULATION.
—Take Drury Lane, produce *Druriolanus* gorgeously, and call it *Druriolanus*.

AN INCORRIGIBLE OFFENDER.
—A Drinking Fountain.



CETEWAYO IN LONDON.

Mrs. PONSONDY DE TOMPKYNS REALISES HER LIFE'S AMBITION AT LAST, AND RECEIVES ROYALTY AND SUITE IN HER OWN HOUSE.



THE KNIGHT AND THE FLEA—AN UNRECORDED TRIAL OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

AN AUTUMNAL DUET.

(Rather out of tune.)

MATERFAMILIAS. The Doctor says dear MAY lacks tune.

PATERFAMILIAS. Oh, yes, I know! Sea-baths, ozone!

Catch-words to cover the old claim
For holidays.

MATERFAMILIAS. It is a shame
So to misconstrue him—and me,
For on this point we do agree.

PATERFAMILIAS. On principles of abstract reason!
Man always finds, though, at this season
Doctors and wives for once at one.
But Stocks are down—it can't be done!
I can't afford it.

MATERFAMILIAS. The old tale!
I hope you'll own that tune is stale.
You get more stingy every year.

PATERFAMILIAS. You sing a little sharp, my dear.
Con troppo brio! Try cantabile.

MATERFAMILIAS. How can you, JOHN, behave so shabbily?

Well, let MAY die!

PATERFAMILIAS. Oh, fiddle-de-dee!

"Twixt man and wife it ought to be
Case of duet, and not of duel.

MATERFAMILIAS. Well, whose fault is it? You're so cruel! (Weeps.)

PATERFAMILIAS. Come, come, my dear, no *lagrimoso*!

MATERFAMILIAS (wiping her eyes). Then you consent, love?

PATERFAMILIAS (dryly). I suppose so.

No matter how long women parley,
Married duets have one finale.

Change of air's what all wives say,
Though to the old tune hub must pay!

TAKE CARE OF THE PENCE!

PICKED up my daily pin. Have now exactly 183 pins carefully laid by, so that one half of the proverbial groat is secured.

SKINNER, FLINT, and myself again met and talked over our great scheme of joining at a halfpenny daily paper when the General Election takes place.

Put a happy thought into execution—bought a penny loaf, and called at two or three cheesemongers and tasted their Cheddar, Cheshire, &c. Made quite a substantial meal.

Obliged by urgent business to use the Underground Railway Took a third class (parly.) ticket, but the train was so crowded that I had to be put into a second class carriage, the only time in my life I have ever travelled in this luxurious manner.

Another piece of good luck—some careless

person had left a *Daily News* on the seat; put it in my pocket to add to my waste-paper store.

Found a half-penny (French).

This evening was very cold, but instead of lighting a fire I went to the South Kensington Museum, which was both warm and free.

Full moon; so I went to bed without a dip.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS.

WHEN the wind blows east away,
And the roads like rink-floors ring,
And you cough and sneeze all day,
Then men say it's "merry Spring"!

When the rain pours day and night,
Skies look glum, and faces glummer,
And hay-fever's at its height,
Then, of course, it's "glorious Summer"!

When sole change from catching colds
Is in wondering how you caught 'em,
And grey mist the land enfolds,
Then you know it's "genial Autumn"!

When cold water takes two shapes,
Drenching *douche* and icy splinter,
And the world's all coats and capes,
Then be sure it's "jolly Winter"!

MEM. BY A LAUNDRY-MAID.—The fastest colours are those that won't run.



HAPPY THOUGHT!

SOME LADIES HAVE TAKEN TO WEARING JERSEYS—AND VERY HEALTHY AND BECOMING THEY ARE! NOW, WHY SHOULD NOT GENTLEMEN CONTENT THEMSELVES WITH MERE UNDERCLOTHING, AND DISCARD THE HIDEOUS CHIMNEY-POT, FROCK-COAT, AND TROUSERS OF THE PERIOD, SO FATAL TO PICTORIAL DESIGN?
(N.B.—THE UNDER-VEST TO BE WORN OUTSIDE THE DRAWERS. (A YA SANS DIRE!))



OF AN EVENING, THE VEST, DRAWERS, AND SOCKS MIGHT BE BLACK. WHAT MORE CALCULATED TO SHOW OFF A FINE FIGURE! BESIDES WHICH, IT WOULD BE A NATIONAL COSTUME, SINCE NO COUNTRY CAN VIE WITH OURS IN THE ELEGANCE OF ITS UNDERCLOTHING.
(N.B.—HIGH ART MIGHT REVIVE IN ENGLAND IF MODERN DRESS WERE REFORMED IN THE DIRECTION INDICATED.)



[December 12, 1878.]

(A DAMP DEPUTATION.)





CHINAMANIA MADE USEFUL AT LAST!

"Hand-painted china is all the rage as a trimming for Ladies' Dresses."—*Paris Fashions.*

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

July.

'OT JULY! Just nicked a handy fiver,
(Twenty-five to one on old "Screw-Driver"!)
New rig-out. This mustard colour mixture
Suits me nobly. FAN appears a fixture.
Gurls like style, you know, and colour ketches 'em,
But good show of echre,—that 's what fetches 'em.
Wimbledon! I 'm not a Welunter.
Discipline don't suit this child—no fear!
But we 'ave fine capers at the Camp,
Proper, but for that confounded scamp:
Punched my 'ead because I guyed his shooting.
FAN I fancied rather 'ighfaluting;
Ogled the big beggar as he propped me.
Would 'a licked 'im if she 'adn't stopped me.

OLD PROVERBS RE-POINTED.

A MAN and his molars are soon parted.
A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.
Watched levers never "spoon."
Too many broths spoil the cook.
Short reckonings make long faces.
One good kiss deserves another.
A hitch in time is no crime.
(By one without an ear.)
Lace in haste and lament at leisure.

Where there is smoke there 's 'baeco.
Good weeds go apace.
Bad words button no shirt-fronts.
When the wine comes in, the ladies walk out.
Little Jews have long noses.
A nod is as good as a bow to a poor acquaintance.
People with corns should never kick.
All is fare to an extortionate Cabby.
Never say "dye"—nor do it either.
A lazy glazier breaks the most panes.
Grace before meat.—Pay milliners' bills and hang butchers'.

THE COACH TO HIS TEAM.

"Thus sang they in the torpids' boat,
A lively more than tuneful note."

PULL now, Number Three!
Out again, man; hang you!
Six, oh (big big D—)
One 's obliged to slang you!
One, two—one, two—bah!
(Jumble adjectival)
Hear that scornful "yah"?—
Comment from a rival!
Now, then, bow, my boy!
Blew it, do wake up, man!
Think bew-oar 's a toy,
Fit fer—Tracy Tumpman?
Stroke! Sharp off the chest!
Dash it, man!—more "devil"!
Good; Now you may rest,
And I—may be civil!

'ARRY'S MOTTO. — "Youth on the prowl and pleasure at the 'elm."

"SMALL ARMS."—Baby's.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

August.

AUGUST! Time to think about my outing.
No dibs yet, though, so it 's no use shouting.
Make the best of the Bank 'Oliday.
FAN "engaged!" Den't look too bloomin' gay.
Drop into the bar to do a beer,
Twig her talking to that Volunter.
Sling my 'ook instanter sharp and short,
Took JEMMER down to 'Ampton Court.
Not arf bad that gurl. Got rather serewed,
Little toff complained as I was rude.
'It 'im in the wind, he went like death;
Weak, consumptive cove and short o' breath.
Licked 'im proper, dropped 'im like a shot,—
Only wish that FAN had seen that lot.

PERFVERIDA INGENIA.—Scotch and Scandinavian—Burns and Scalds.

FAIRIES' DRINKING VESSELS.—Cuckoo-pints.

WEATHER REGULATIONS FOR 1880.

RAIN to fall only in the night.
A Committee of Weathercocks, to regulate the winds. Chairman *ex officio*, Clerk of the Weather. Members of the VANE family *ex officio* members.

East winds not to be allowed at the West End.

Mountain dew to be taken without water. None allowed to get beyond mountain dew points of highest saturation.

When the Baremeter falls, the housemaid to pick it up and report the occurrence to the nearest Weather Station.

Squalls to be confined to nurse-rics

Barometrical pressure not to be unfairly increased by tapping the glass.

The rate of the wind may be ascertained from those who have succeeded in raising it.

Licences for the introduction of the weather into conversation will be granted by the Meteorological Society.

Interesting and valuable experiments with the "dry bulb" and "wet bulb" may be made by means of an onion and a glass of water.



THE TIDY COSTUME.

A HINT TO ART NEEDLEWORKERS.



"COMMINATORY."

Scotch Field Preacher. "AH SEE YE AHINT THE STANES THERE, LADDIES! SMOCKEN,—E-H! BUT YE MAY SMOCK,—AN' YE MAY SMOCK"—(*crescendo*)—"AN' YE MAY SMOCK—BUT YE 'LL SMOCK GEY AN SAIBER WHAUR YE'RE GAUN TAE!!"



"LINKED SWEETNESS LONG DRAWN OUT."

Country Lass (to Policeman who takes them over the road at Oxford Street Circus). "I'M SO MUCH OBLIGED TO YOU FOR TAKING THE TROUBLE——"
Gallant Constable. "LOR' BLESS YER, MISS, I WISH THE CROSSIN' WAS TWICE AS LONG!"



LEO ET VIRGO TRIUMPHANTES.

(EXEUNT OMNES.)

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.—Ponto had kept on standing most provokingly at larks. "Call that a pointer!" exclaimed WAGO. I should call him a disap-pointer!"

COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO!—Complaints are often heard of the disturbance caused by the crowing of cocks in the early morning. In this educational age couldn't cocks be trained to crow the hour?

ANOTHER COUNCIL OF TRENT.—The Town-Council of Burton-on-Trent. Convoled by the Mayor. Principal Fathers, Messrs. BASS and ALLSOPP.



AN INNOCENT OFFENDER.

WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT? WHY, IT IS AGAINST THE LAW TO CARRY PLANTS OF ANY KIND, ALIVE OR DEAD, INTO ITALY, AND THE OFFICIALS AT THE ITALIAN DOGANA (CUSTOM-HOUSE) NEAR MENTONE HAVE JUST BEEN TOLD THAT AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, WITH A ROSE IN HIS BUTTON-HOLE, HAS STROLLED BY, TOWARDS VENTIMIGLIA. SO THEY ARE AFTER THE UNSUSPECTING CRIMINAL!

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

September.

'ERE'S September! 'Ooliday at last!
Off to Margit—mean to go it fast.
Mustard-coloured togs still fresh as paint,
Like to know who's natty, if I ain't.
Got three quid; have cried a go with FAN,
Game to spend my money like a man.
But stickin' tight to one gal ain't no fun—
Here's no end of prime 'uns on the run;
Carn't resist me somehow, togs and tile
All A 1—make even swell ones smile.
Lor! if I'd the oehre, make no doubt
I could ent no end of big pots out.
Call me Cad? When money's in the game,
Cad and Swell are pooty much the same.

POLITE INQUIRIES.

How old are you? How much have you a year? Do you derive your income from property, or live by your wits? Who are your bankers? What is your father? Who was your mother? Is there insanity in your family? What is the skeleton in your cupboard? Were you ever



AN IRREVERENT SAXON.

"MY CARD, MON? I HANNA GOT ONE! BUT I'D HAE YOU TO KEN THAT I'M A MACKINTOSH!"
"YOU MAY BE A HUMBERELLER, FOR ALL I KNOWS, BUT MY FARE'S HEIGHTENPENCE!"

in gaol? Are your teeth all sound? Did you ever pawn your watch? Have you paid your rates and taxes? And your rent? Did you ever shoot the moon? Where did you borrow your dress-coat? Did you buy those clothes ready made, or do you employ a tailor? What credit does he give you, and how much do you owe him now?

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

October.

Now October! Back again to collar,
Funds run low, redooiced to last 'arf-dollar.
Snip on rampage, boots a getting thin,
'Ave to try the turf to raise some tin.
Evenings getting gloomy; high old games;
Music 'Alls look up the taking names.
Proper swells them pros. I
If I'd my choice,
There's my mark. Just wish I'd got a voice;
Cut the old den to-morrow, lot's o' Cham.,
Cabs and diamonds,—ain't that real jam?
Got the straight tip for the Siezerwitch,
If I honly land it, I'll be rich.
Guess next mornin' wouldn't find me sober—
Allays get the blues about October.

MOTTOES FREELY TRANSLATED, AND EASILY APPLIED.

"AMOR" *nummi*—EVANS'S, Covent Garden.
Cadit questio—The subject is 'ARRY.
Carpe diem—A carp a day (*Fisher's motto*).
Con amore—Probably brother of RORY O'-MOOREY.

"D.T. *fabula narratur*"—Drink at the Princess's.

Dies non—Never say die.
Dum spiro spero—SPIERS AND POND.

Ex post facto—Done out of a post.

Ecce uno disce omnes—Lord BEACONSFIELD and party.

Festina lente—Get Lent over.

Fieri facias—Jolly nose!
Fuimus—We're going a small party.

Hent—Motto for Mr. Gladstone's axe.

Hinc ille lacrymæ—Tears—idle tears!

In 'esse—Darmstadt.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter, &c.—To have utterly diddled the clever ones, &c.
Jus gentium—Sauce for Gents.

Litera scripta manet—"Heavens! I forgot to post them!"

Magna est veritas—Truth! extra edition!

Mi-nus—Not your nuss.

"*Mos*" *pro lege*—Sixty per cent. first—then the Law.

Nemine dissentiente—An eminent Dissenter.

Ne plus ultra—Knickerbockers.

No-lens volens—No chance for a photographer.

Non bis in idem—Never cry Encore!

Non tali auxilio—Never hold on by the tail.

● *Ore rotundo*—"Round in the mouth."

Pro forma—The swan-bill corset!

Quidquid exeesit modum—"Two quid's" too much.

Quid rides?—Why get astride a horse?

Rebus in angustis—Small minds like riddles.

Rem acu tetigisti—A good stroke!

Sui generis—A sort of a pig.

Tot idem verbis—Don't say the same thing so often.

Vice versa—The bad habit of rhyming.

Virtas semper viridis—A young man from the country.

MEM. BY A MARRIED MAN.

Now pert, now pensive, as a maiden, MAY
 Was a sweet mixture of the grave and gay.

A clever matron now, with aims extensive,

I find that MAY's *ex-pert* and most *ex-pensive*.
 A sylph she then flung flowers by the armfull,
 Now—one can't call her figure an *ex-ample*.
 Ah me! these unknown quantities, these *exes*,
 Quite alter the equation of the sexes!

OUR Cook, who is *very* stout, says there is no waste in *her* kitchen.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

December.

DULL November! Didn't land that lot.
 Fear my father's son is going to pot.
 FAN jest passed me, turned away 'er eyes,
 Guess she ranked me with the other guys.
 Nobby larks upon the Ninth, my joker;
 But it queers a chap to want the oshre.

NURSERY GARDEN OPERATIONS.

(With the Nurse's kind permission—of course.)

Sow buttons everywhere.

February is the month for cutting teeth. Keep the cuttings.

Trim your little sister's hair with the scissors.

You may expect a fine crop.

In harvest time offer to eat nurse's corn. If you are the fortunate possessor of two ears, get a box for each, and keep them.

Dig the baby in the ribs, plant a blow on your little brother's nose, and wait to see what the result will be. Probably some birch.

Go into the fruit garden and improve your arithmetic by going into the currant accounts.

If your little brother takes a nectarine, and you take another and then tell of him, why will you have more than he has? Because you will take a nectarine and peach.

THE CAD'S CALENDAR.

December.

DUN December! Dismal, dingy, dirty.

Stillshortcommons—makes a chap feel shirty.

Snip rampageous, drops a regular summons.

FAN gets married; ah! them gurls is rum 'uns!

After all the coin I squandered on 'er!

Want it now. A 'eap too bad, 'pon honour.

Snow! ah that's yer sort though, and no error,

Treat to twig the women seud in terror.

Hot 'un in the eye for that old feller;

Cold 'un down 'is neck, bust his umbreller.

Ha! ha! Then Christmas, —'ave a jolly feast!

The Boss will drop a tip,—'ope so, at least.

If I don't land some tin, my look-out's queer.

Well, let 's drink, boys—"Better luck next year!"

SCIENTIFIC CONUNDRUMS.

WHY was Chiron, the sage preceptor of Achilles, an important element in statics and shipbuilding?—Because he was a Centaur of gravity.

When "Beauty draws us with a single hair," what force does it forcibly illustrate?—Capillary attraction.

On what scientific subject are the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, Colonel HENDERSON, and Mr. SMITH presumably the best authorities?—The composition and resolution of forces.

Can you furnish two instances of a perfect equilibrium of forces?—Yes; latent caloric and a "dead heat."

FURNITURE FOR SCHOOL-BOARD ROOMS.—All in Birch and cane.

"NOT A SOUND WAS HEARD."—Master SILENCE at a Quakers' Meeting *did* hear a pin drop.



"SCIENCE."

Curate (with sudden exultation, whilst taking a walk with his new Rector). "GOOD GRACIOUS! I DO BELIEVE I SEE A MAGNIFICENT——"
 Rector (startled). "WHAT'S THE—— WHAT IS IT?"
 Curate. "A 'FAINTED LADY' IN THE NEXT FIELD!" [Rushes off like "mad," and vanishes over the gate!
 [No wonder the Reverend Gentleman was shocked. He was not entomological, and did not know this was the common name of a fine Butterfly ("Vanessa cardui") very numerous this year!

Nothing like a crowd for regular sprees,
 Ain't it fine to do a rush, and squeeze?
 Twig the women fainting! Oh, it's proper!
 Bonnet buffers when the blooming copper
 Can't get near yer nohow. Then the fogs!
 Rare old time for regular Jolly Dogs.
 If a chap's a genuine 'ot member,
 He can keep the game up in November!







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